B.M.S.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII JULY, 1897 NO. 1

UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT YALE

By Henry E. Howland

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ORSON LOWELL

Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo; solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

THE atmosphere of a university is the subtle creation of its history, traditions, and surroundings, and is an element as vital as its more tangible properties. If, as Syrus says, "Discipulus est priori posterior dies," antiquity is a factor in its influence which neither wealth nor equipment nor even a high order of instruction can supersede. If we wish to take a true estimate of the genius of the institution, we must consider the character of the men who attended its birth and impressed themselves upon its youth, the moulding force of the events through which it has passed, and the ideals toward which it has always striven.

The foundations of Yale University were laid by John Davenport, the leader of the colony planted at New Haven in 1638. To establish it his labors were for many years persistent and unwearying, and although he was not to see the fruition of his efforts, the tradition of them led at last to the consummation of his original design. The colonists who made up his company were men of superior wealth, culture, and knowledge of affairs; they recognized in no way dependence upon Royal favor. Under their leader they proposed to found an independent State which should acknowledge allegiance only to God. Their scheme of government included provision for universal education, schools where the learned languages should be taught, a public library, and, to crown all, "A college in which youth might be fitted for public service in Church and State." Their appreciation of the importance and dignity of their undertaking is shown in the building of their new town. They erected "fine and stately houses," and there was nothing in those days in New England which for beauty and fair situation could equal their streets and public square.

Their zeal in the cause of education was not local. In the fifth year after their landing, at the request of the Commissioners of the United Colonies of New England, they took up a contribution of corn for the support of the College which had already been established in Massachusetts, and continued it for several years. A cash gift of £40 is also gratefully acknowledged by the historian of Harvard, received from Governor Eaton of New Haven, to assist in the erection of the requisite buildings in Cambridge; and, "for the encouragement of such persons as showed a disposition to bring up their children in learning," money was voted repeatedly from the public treasury "to maintain hopeful youth at Harvard College." But in the closing years of the seventeenth century exhausting Indian wars, the destruction of chartered rights, to satisfy the greed of the needy favorites of Charles II.,

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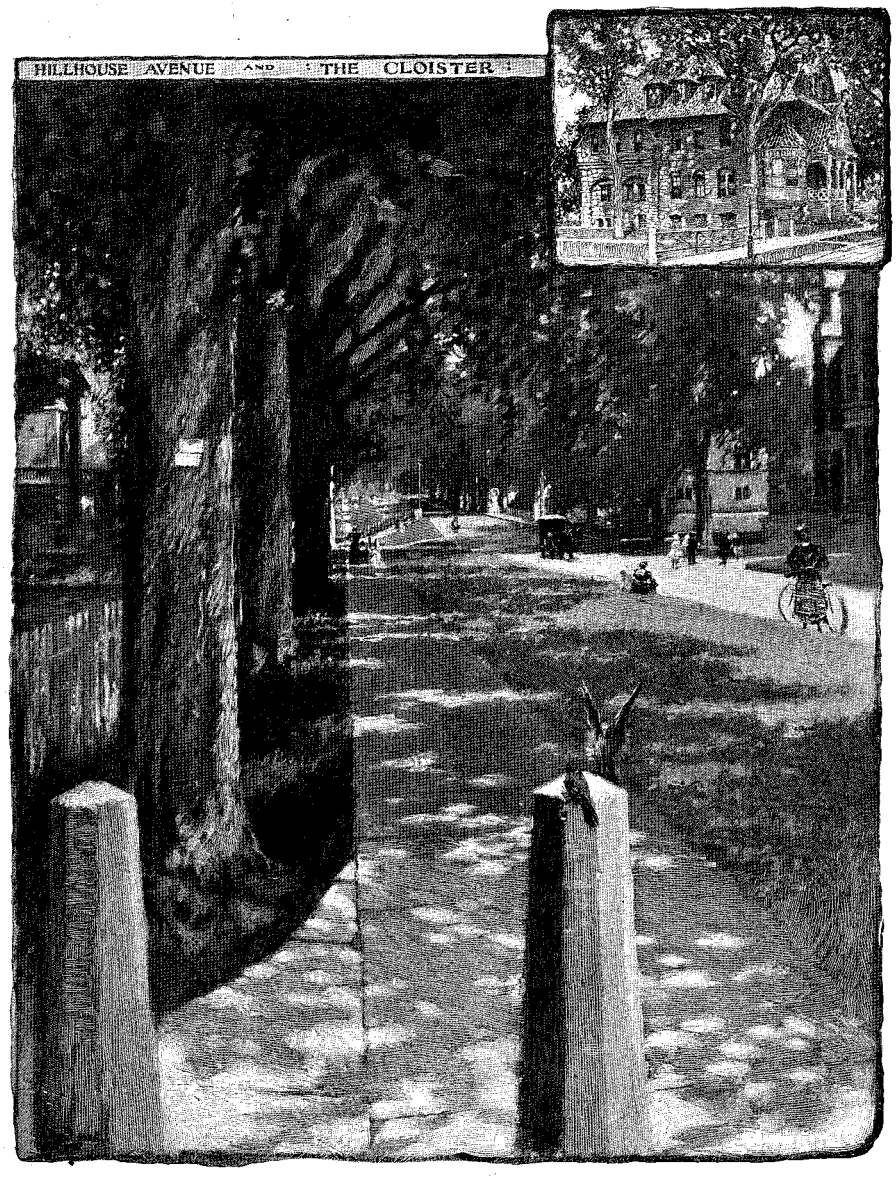

Hillhouse Avenue and the Cloister.

and the Revolution accomplished by Sir Edmund Andros, scarcely tended to the promotion of the higher education.

The Colonists were known to the Crown as the friends of Cromwell, and although they had declined his invitation to return when he became Lord Protector, it was notorious that they were in sympathy with his views, and their protection of the regicides, Goffe, Whalley, and Dixwell, who were concealed in Davenport's house and in the Judges' Cave at West Rock, had brought down upon them the Royal displeasure. Instead of an independent community supported by all the institutions which can make it glorious, the colony had been brought into subjection to Connecticut, and the college, whose motto, "Lux et Veritas," was to have illuminated the world, had not risen above the grade of a grammar-school. But the love of learning had been deeply planted in the hearts of the people of New Haven: of the graduates of Harvard from its foundation in 1636 to 1700 as many as one in thirty were from the distant town of New

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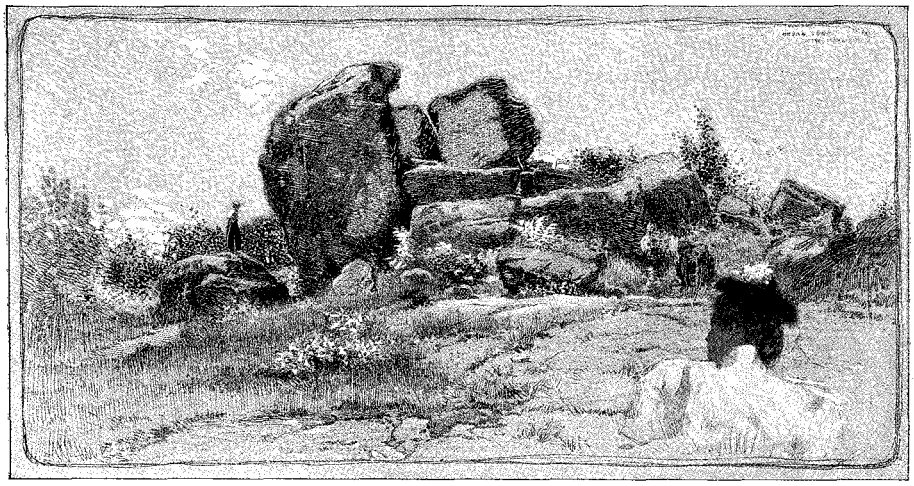
Monument to the Regicide back of Center Church

Haven, whose population did not exceed five hundred; and in the fulness of time the aspirations of those early years have been realized by a grateful posterity.

In 1700, William and Mary being on the throne of England, in an interval of peace following the treaty at Ryswyck, under the inspiration of James Pierpont, who had married the granddaughter of John Davenport and was the heir to the traditions and hopes of the family, eleven trustees selected by him, nine of whom were graduates of Harvard, "met at Branford, each member brought a number of books and presented them to the body, and laying them on the table said words to this effect: 'I give these books for the foundation of a college in this colony.'" The framers of its charter, to avoid Royal jealousy, gave it the name of the Collegiate School, "that it might better stand wind and weather," and to avoid local dissensions it was at first established at Saybrook as a central position. The times, however, were unpropitious; within two months of the entry of its first student, Jacob Hemingway, the War of the Spanish Succession began, and the American colonists were again involved in a French and Indian war. There was an empty treasury and there were no powerful friends. Strong enemies were intriguing to deprive the colony of its charter; the whole able-bodied population was on the frontier from the eastern border of Connecticut to the St. Lawrence. Amid these dangers and difficulties the



The Judges' Cave.

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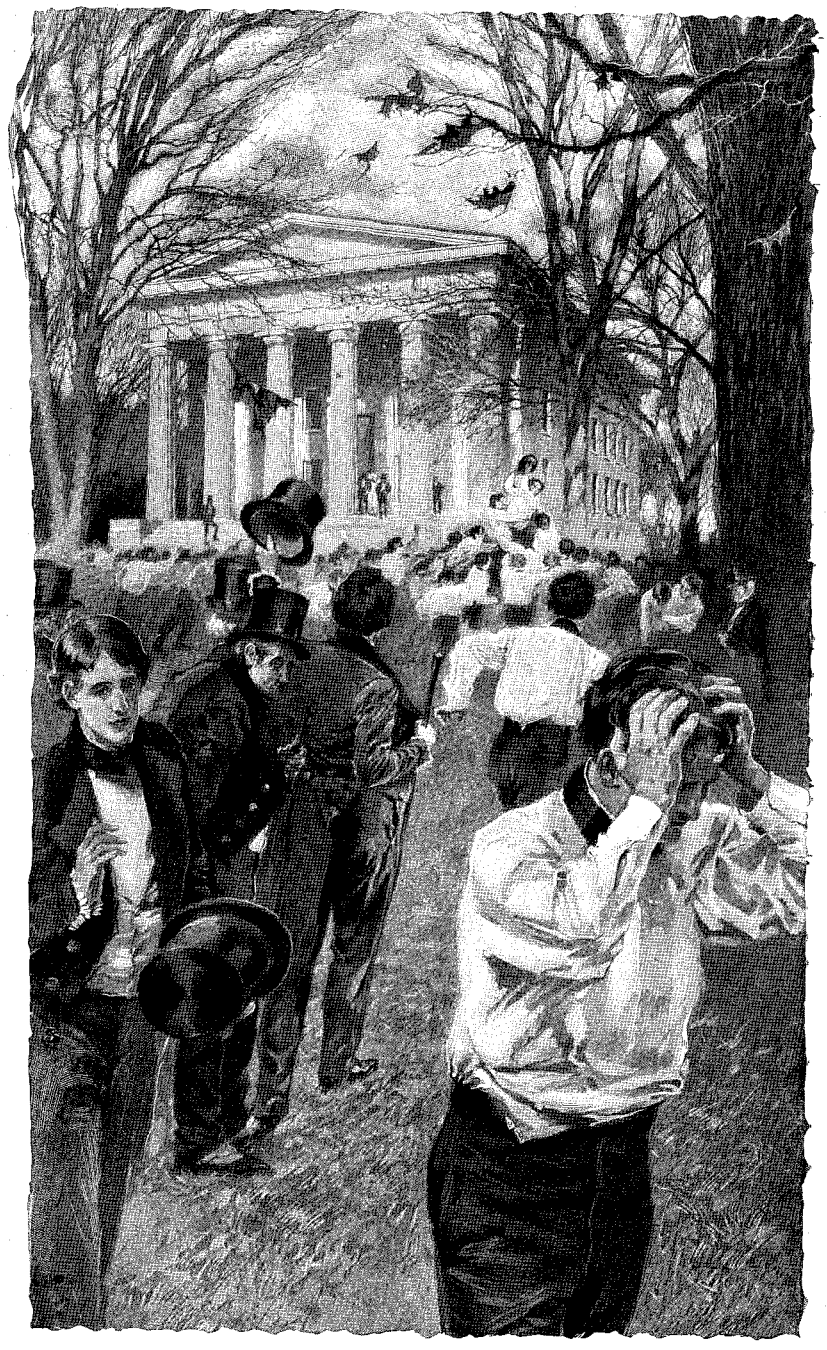

Football Rush on the New Haven Green in the Fall of 1850.

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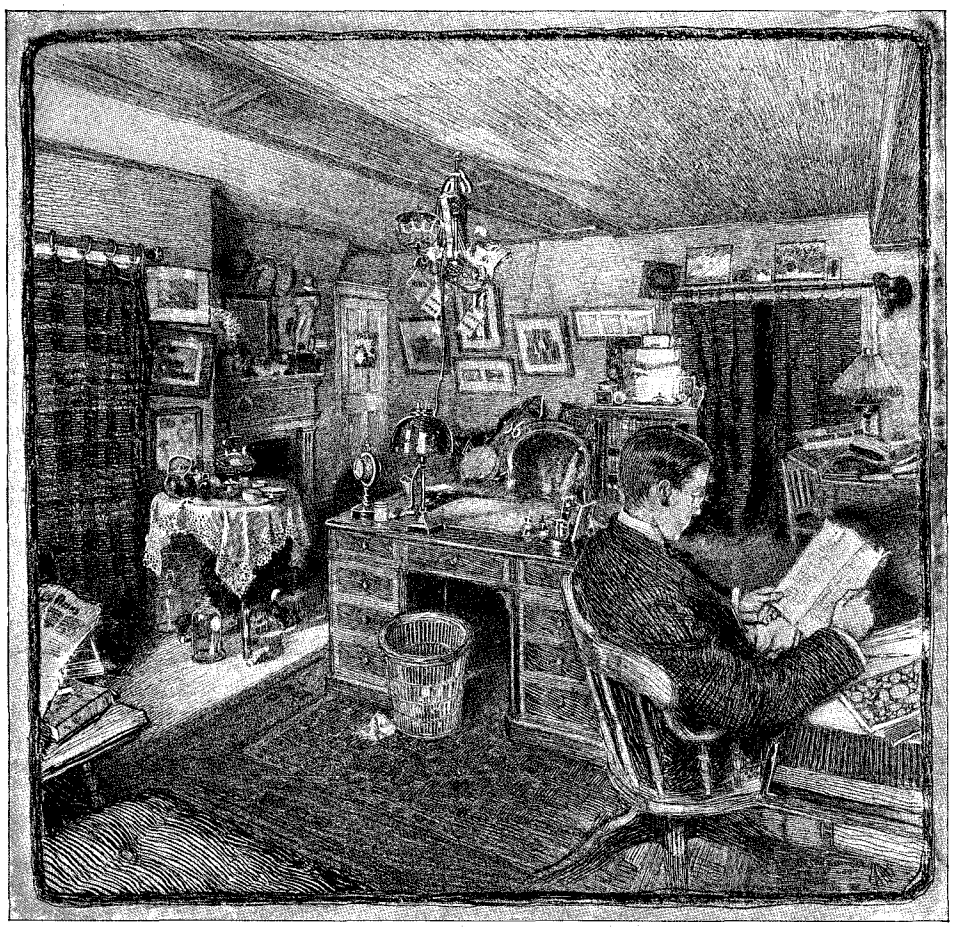

Room in South Middle.

trustees kept the college alive. In estimating the obligation due them the history of those trying years should never be forgotten. All that those eleven ministers had to cheer them as they rode slowly on horseback through the woods to their stated meetings in Saybrook were their faith in God, and the echoes of the Protestant cannon of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, which came to them over the water from Blenheim and Malplaquet.

In 1717, after a lapse of eighty years, the original plans of the founders of the colony were fulfilled in the removal of the college from Saybrook to its present location, where it celebrated its memorable commencement in its first building, 170 feet long and 22 feet wide, known as Yale College, whose "architectonic part" had been designed by Governor Saltonstall. At this time it was endowed by Elihu Yale "with a liberal and bountiful donation," and received his name, which has thus been perpetuated in all times and in all lands; a tribute to high and unselfish action, justifying the inscription upon his portrait:

Dum mens grata manet nomen laudesque
Cantabunt soboles unanimique Yalenses Patres.

They were strong and earnest men, those old Presidents, who successively assumed the direction and development of the nursling which was eventually to become the Alma Mater of so many thousands of American youth. They were prominent figures in the stern theological controversies of the times, served as fighting chaplains in the colonial armies, cultivated polite learning when not in service, read Hebrew, wrote books, paid tribute to the muses and

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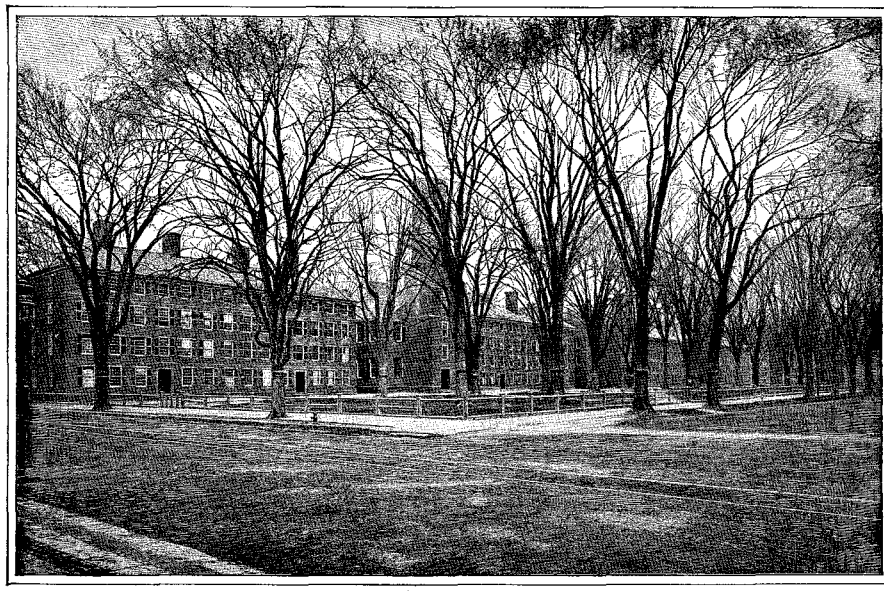

The Old Brick Row.

watched anxiously over the growth of the college. The report of the change in the religious views of Rector Cutler, the successor of Abraham Pierson, the first President, leading him to abandon the communion of the churches in the colony and to apply for Episcopal orders, "roused the whole country, and many people came to New Haven expecting some strange occurrence." As President Woolsey has said, "Greater alarm would scarcely be awakened now if the theological faculty of the college were to declare for the Church of Rome, avow their belief in transubstantiation, and pray to the Virgin Mary." The Rev. Elisha Williams was at one time a chaplain in the expedition against Louisburg, and a colonel in the invasion of Canada, and yet, in addition to these martial qualities, he is described as "a man of splendor" who spoke Latin freely, and delivered orations gracefully and with animated dignity.

In the Grove Street cemetery lie the remains of many of the succeeding Presidents of Yale, beginning with the Rev. Thomas Clap, whose lot was cast in troubled times. His term of office began with the Spanish war in 1739 and ended during the excited discussions preceding the Revolution; but in spite of widespread controversy on religious subjects, which carried division into every town and household, in a low state of public credit, in the face of the expense of a costly war amounting to half a million sterling, he secured from the Legislature of Connecticut in 1752 an appropriation for a building now standing on the campus and known as South Middle, a link binding the old and the new. As the President and fellows marched into it in solemn procession at Commencement, the beadle, by order, made the following proclamation:

"Cum e Providentiæ Divinæ Favore per Colonii Connecticutensis munificentiam gratissimam hoc novum Ædificium Academicum Fundatum et Erectum fuerit; in perpetuam tantæ generositatis memoriam Ædes haec nitida et splendida Aula Connecticutensis nuncupetur."

For eleven years, marked by great political excitement preceding the Revolution, the Rev. Naphtali Daggett acted as President *pro tempore*, retaining his position as Professor of Divinity. During the later years of his term the college was dispersed because of the war, and the confusion of the times was such that a President was

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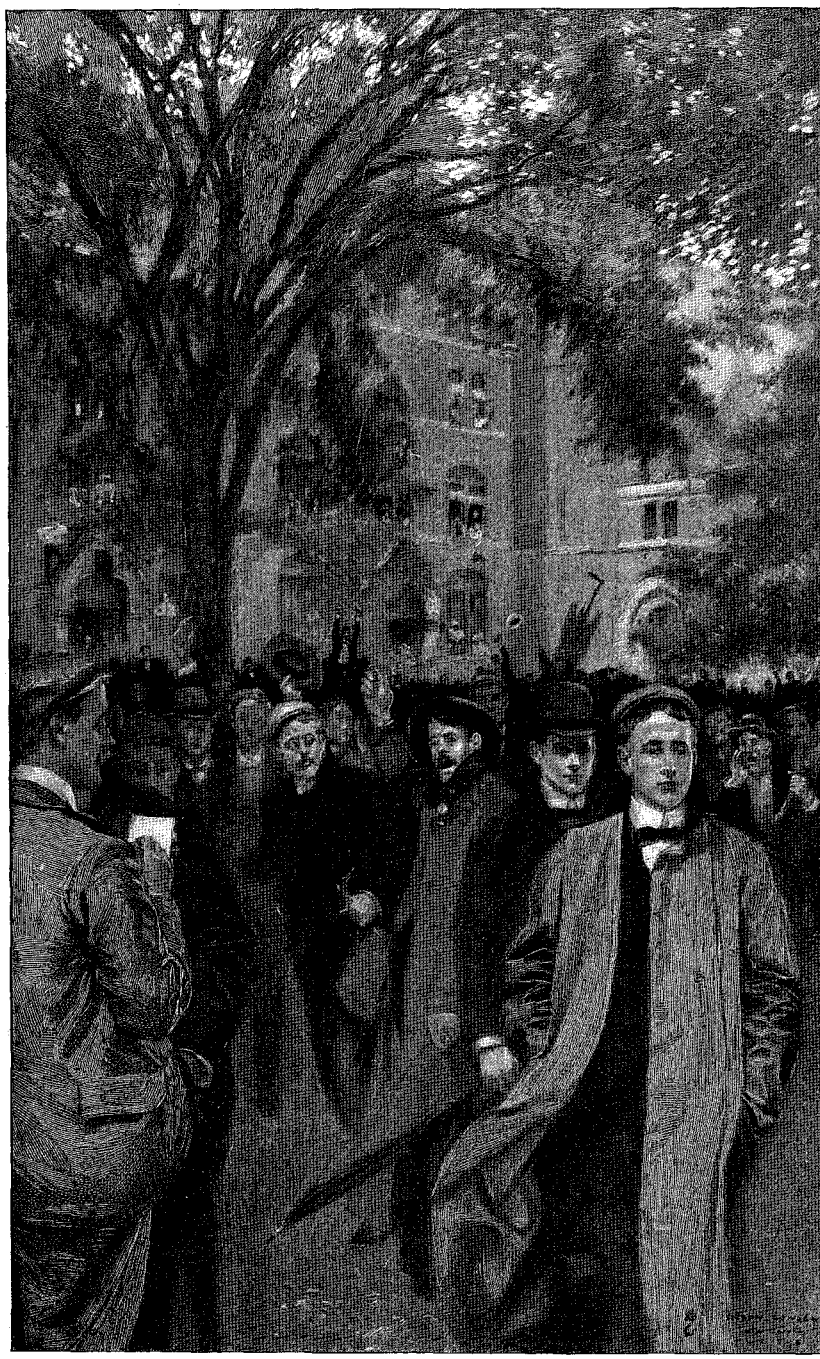

"Tapping"—a Senior Society Election on the Campus.

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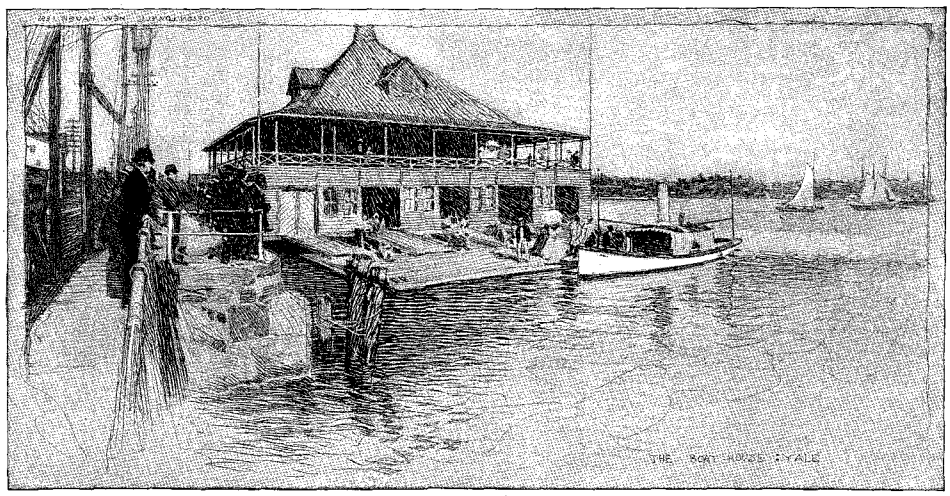
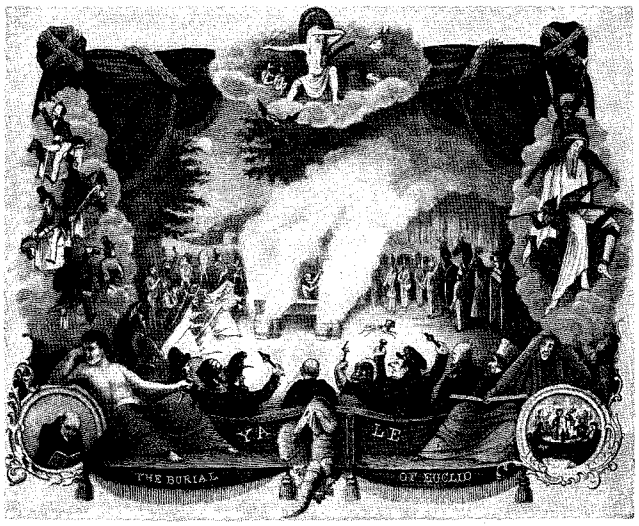


never chosen. "Dr. Daggett," inquired a friend, "I understand that you are only President *pro tempore*; is that so?" "Certainly," retorted the Doctor. "Would you have me President *pro eternitate?*"

Dr. Daggett was an ardent patriot and sacrificed his life to his devotion, his death being caused by exposure in the field in resistance to the British troops when they entered New Haven. The democratic tendencies of his time are indicated in the foundation of the "Brothers in Unity" as a protest against the aristocratic and exclusive Linonia; in a compliance with the wishes of the Legislature by the disuse of Latin in the laws of the college, and in the arrangement of the names of the students in alphabetical order. Previously the names were inserted according to the rank of their fathers. One of the severest punishments consisted in placing the name of an offending student below his proper rank; and there is a story of a shoemaker's son, who was placed above his order upon his statement that his father was on the bench.

It was the darkest period in the war of the Revolution when Ezra Stiles came to the presidency in 1778. The resources of the State were exhausted in raising soldiers and furnishing supplies to the army. Although it had a population of only two hundred thousand, twenty-two regiments were in service beyond its limits; the senior tutor, Timothy Dwight, had resigned to become a chaplain of a brigade of troops in General Gates's army, and the students were dispersed; yet through these troubled times President Stiles brought the college into harmony with all classes of people in the State, re-established its prosperity, built South College, delivered ora-



Burial of Euclid, from an Old Lithograph.

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One of the Rooms in Vanderbilt Hall.

tions in Hebrew on "Oriental Literature" at Commencement in the morning, and in Latin in the afternoon; established the principal chapter in this country of the Phi Beta Kappa, and gave dignity and reputation to the institution at home and abroad.

Of student life at Yale in the eighteenth century but little is recorded. The earliest disorders were not rioting and dissipation, but theological differences, often marked by errors and extravagances. David Brainerd, of the Class of 1741, "whose religious character was of a high order," and who was afterward a most distinguished clergyman, was overheard to say of Tutor Whittlesey, who had been unusually pathetic in prayer, that "he had no more grace than this chair," and was expelled. Whitefield was creating great revivals and destroying the established order of things. The authorities were alarmed at the growing propensity of the students to disobey not only the rules of the college but the law of the land, by running away from the appointed place of worship to the Separate meeting. John and Ebenezer Cleaveland, who had attended the Sunday services at a Separatist Church with their parents, refused to confess that what they had done was in violation of the laws of God, of the colony, and of the college, and met the fate of Brainerd.

The disciplinary spirit of the times is illustrated in the laws governing the servitude of freshmen; they were forbidden to wear hats in the President's or Professors' door-yards, or within ten rods of the President, eight rods of a Professor, or five of a tutor. They were not allowed to run in the college yard, or up or down stairs, or call to anyone through a college window. Seniors could regulate their conduct in every particular. "Every freshman is obliged to do any particular errand or message required of him by anyone in an upper class, which, if he shall refuse to do, he shall be punished." They could not appear unless completely dressed, nor could they play with members of another class without being asked. Fines and penalties for misdemeanors ran from a half

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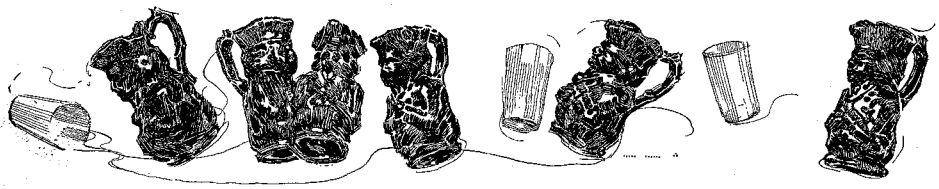
Mory's.

penny up to three shillings, and sophomores and freshmen had their ears boxed before the assembled college by the President or a member of the faculty for an infraction of discipline. All classes learned humility from the conclusion of the college prayer: "May we perform faithfully our duties to our superiors, our equals, and inferiors."

Complaints of Commons were not so much of the quality of the food as of its cost. There were pipes of wine at commencement, and some mention is made of rioting in President Clap's time. Contests between "town and gown" are indicated by the attempted revenge of some Frenchmen in 1764, who for some real or fancied insult arising out of the hatred engendered by the late war, attempted to obliterate the college by mixing arsenic with the food in Commons, a catastrophe which was happily averted by the use of the domestic remedy of mustard and hot water.

The refinement of modern days was possibly somewhat undeveloped. In the history of Connecticut, published anonymously in London, in 1781, we are told: "Yale College is built with wood and painted of a sky color; it is one hundred and sixty feet long and three stories high besides the garrets. It is the first of Amer-



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ican colleges. Its students have no polite accomplishments. It is always painfully apparent that they have been educated in Connecticut."

The times favored the development of strong men, and while in the earlier years the Church claimed the majority of graduates, in later years statesmen and soldiers outnumbered all others. Four Yale graduates, Livingston, Morris, Wolcott, and Hall, signed the Declaration of Independence; eighteen were in the convention that framed the Constitution. Thirty-four ministers served as chaplains in the army, and there are records of one hundred and fifty graduates who served in the Continental line, including Wooster, Humphreys, Talmadge, Wadsworth, and Wyllys, the last of whom was in the leading battalion that stormed one of the Yorktown redoubts.

It is a notable fact that the descendants of James Pierpont, well called the founder of the college, have been closely associated with the conduct of its affairs for nearly two hundred years. Timothy Dwight, who was at the head of the college at the beginning of the present century, was his great grandson through the line of Jonathan Edwards of the Class of 1720, the wonderful preacher and theologian whose name to this day is the most illustrious in the Church of New England. Theodore D. Woolsey, the late honored President of the college, was a great great grandson of that James Pierpont, and the Timothy Dwight of to-day is his lineal descendant. The first President Dwight was a man of large mind, a believer in all kinds of knowledge, and a generous friend of all good learning and thought. He was, by the testimony of all who knew him, remarkable for his personal magnetism over all sorts of men and for the fulness and symmetry of his powers. He developed largely the atmosphere of the early days of the New Haven Colony of individual freedom, of mutual re-

Princeton-Yale Game at the Field.

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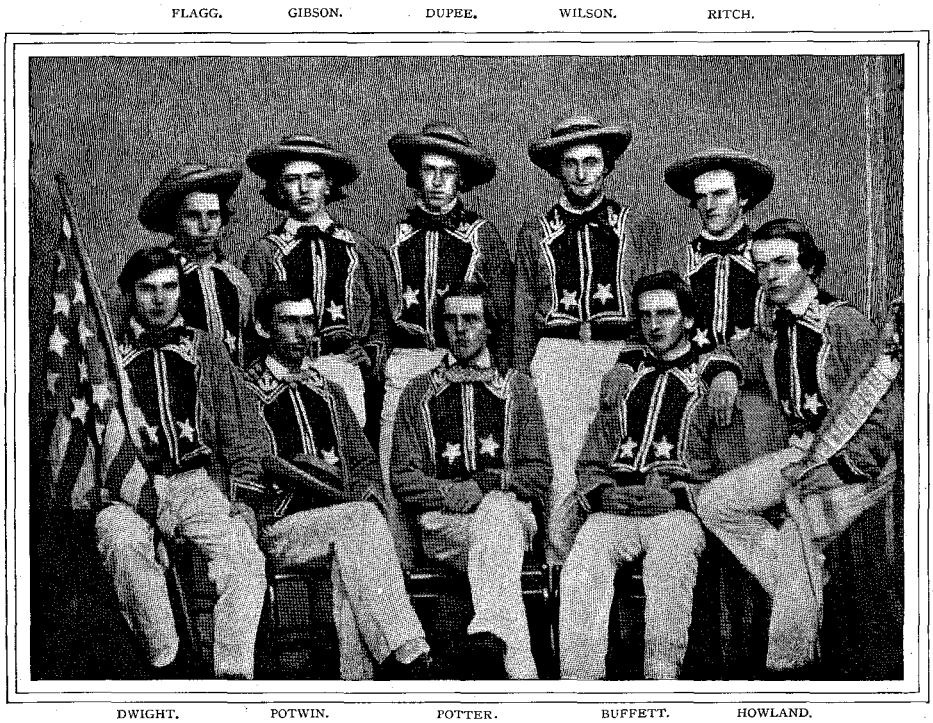
gard, creating a generous, tolerant community. Through him and those whom he influenced the new century was made at its beginning to strengthen and establish the characteristics of the earlier time. The discipline of the institution was changed; the whole system of pecuniary fines was swept away; the theory was established that the students should be treated as gentlemen. The custom of placing freshmen in a degrading dependence on the members of the upper classes was abolished as a relic of a barbarous age.



Yale Crew of 1854.
From an old daguerreotype.

One of the greatest services he rendered to the college was the selection of some graduates of unusual promise whom he influenced to become instructors, unconsciously shaping its educational policy for the next fifty years. Three of them were for more than half a century associated with one another in the service. The heading of the catalogue of 1806, at that time printed only upon a card, contains their names. There are men yet living in all parts of the world who will bear witness to the influence which the example and instruction of Jeremiah Day, Benjamin Silliman, and James L. Kingsley had upon their lives. Their term of service began in the last century and continued until 1852, and their successors in the various chairs of instruction have undoubtedly received inspiration from the tradition of their service. By their individual prominence in their own departments and by their united labors, they heightened the reputation of the college which President Dwight had extended throughout the whole country. Those who followed them proved worthy of the inheritance: Chauncey A. Goodrich, in service from 1817 to 1860, who clothed the dry bones of classic rhetoric and criticism with the flesh and blood of a living enthusiasm; Theodore D. Woolsey, the very embodiment of a ripe and versatile scholarship, a master of the Greek language and literature, and an honored President for twenty-five years; Noah Porter, psychologist and lexicographer as well as President; Thomas A. Thacher, counsel-

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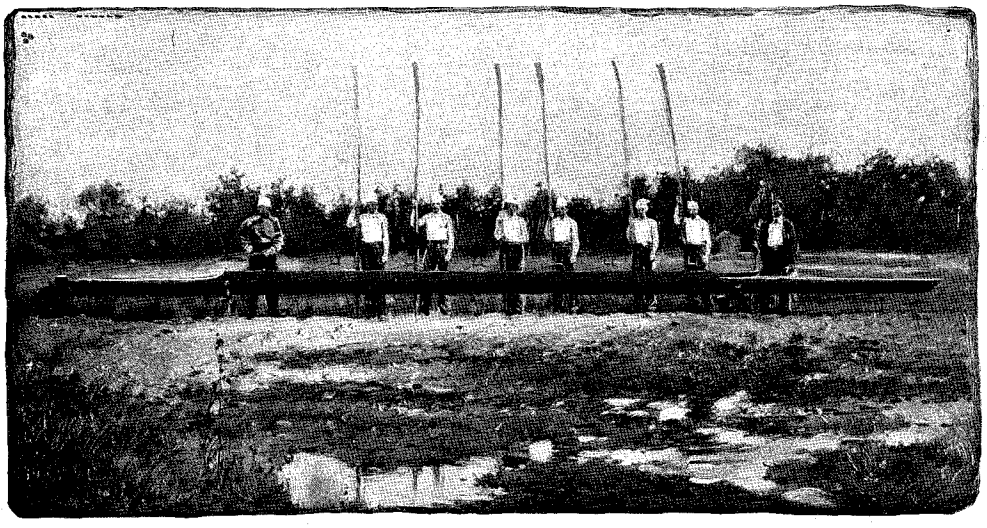
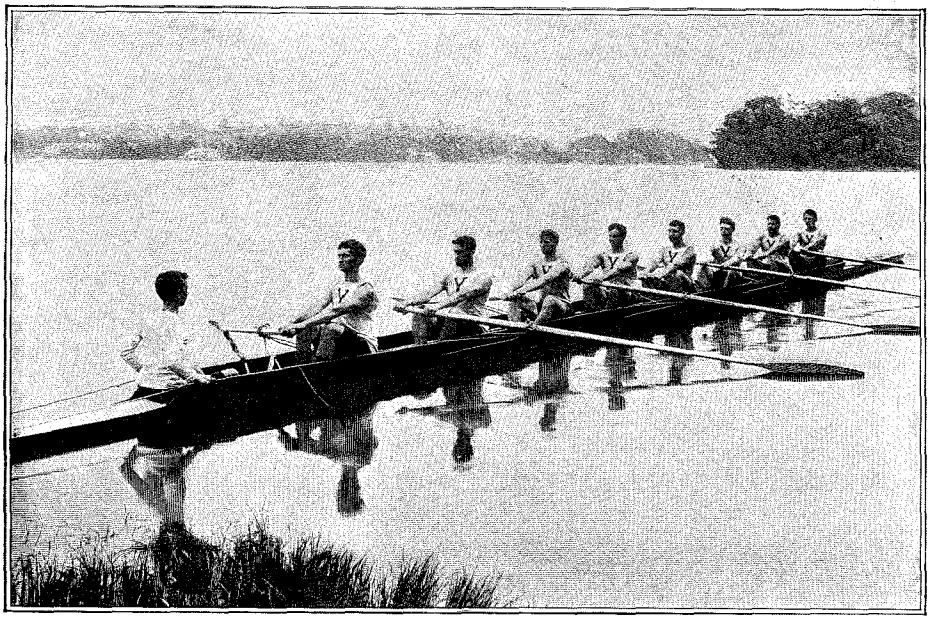


WATKINS (COXSWAIN). JOHNSON. STANTON. CAMP. TWICHELL. OWEN. COLTON. PAGE (COMMODORE).

The Victorious Crew of 1859.

lor and friend to many grateful college generations. The history of the university shows perhaps no scholar more conspicuous in any branch of learning than James Hadley was in all. It seems to us now a waste of splendid talent that he should have been chained to the task of plodding beside the stumbling feet of beginners in fields over which he could so proudly soar. The world knows his great achievements in Oriental philology, but he was also mathematician, essayist and poet, and all his qualities of intellect received a charm from rare modesty, patience, and gentle courtesy. There was about him, too, a quiet humor which would often appear in a shadowy



OLMSTEAD. GALLAUDET. IVES. HARTWELL (CAPT.). GRAVES. PAINE. VAN HUYCK. BALLIET. JOHNSON.

The Winning Crew of 1892. *Photo by Pach Bros.*

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The Old Fence at the Corner of College and Chapel Streets.

smile at some incredible blunder and a soft "Yes?" followed by a statement in exact variance with the adventurous answer.

It was natural that a college whose professors continued so long in service should maintain a conservatism in its external appearance as well as in its administration. Many years must elapse before the architecture of the modern campus will be infused with the associations of the old brick row which it has supplanted. The plain buildings had no charm of fretted masonry or solid costliness. They made the background for a long vista of elms which dappled them with flickering light and shade and varied to the eye the soft wide slopes of the Green beyond. At night they stored, like reservoirs of sentiment, the harmonies of "Gaudeamus," the blithe strains of "The Sheepskin" or "Cocachelunk" or the more tender songs of Francis M. Finch of '49:

Floating away like the fountain's spray,
Or the snow-white plume of a maiden.

And the echoes of his Alumni Song:

Clasp ye the hand 'neath the arches grand
That with garlands span our greeting,
With a silent prayer that an hour as fair
May smile on each after meeting;
And long may the song, the joyous song,
Roll on in the hours before us,
And grand and hale may the elms of Yale
For many a year bend o'er us.

In the memory of older graduates, too, the simplicity and dignity of the old chapel were of higher worth than any structural splendor. In and out of its portals daily, morning and evening, poured for many years the whole college body, saluting with reverent bow the President as he passed down the centre aisle. From that plain pulpit flanked by tutors' pews on either side were preached sermons on the Nature of Sin, the Freedom of the Human Will, and the Divine Decrees, the effusions of a consistent and conservative theology. A restless, mercurial throng listened to them from below, watched over by vigilant tutors in sentry-like boxes on the side aisles. Over all in the galleries sat the reverend professors and their families, watching in majestic serenity the throbbing tide of youthful life. What devotion there was in the beautiful music of the college choir and how that grand old hymn swelled out among the elms as it does to-day from eight hundred voices:

If through unruffled seas
Toward heaven we calmly sail
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee
We'll own the favoring gale;

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But should the surges rise
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

Morning prayers were less solemn. A gathering for worship at five in the summer and at six in the winter was more like the penance of a cloister than a devotional exercise. The chapel was cold, the lights were dim, the prayers were long. The gibing rhymster sang:

Day's prayers they are delightful,
They last from morn till nightfall;
And when to pray Day's once begun,
Day never stops till day is done.

The singing furnished the only relief, and Professor Silliman felt this when after reading eight verses of a hymn, he finished with the line—"And sing to all eternity—omitting the last two stanzas." The congregation were dressed in motley, with a general predilection for a shawl or circular cloak and a pair of rubber boots to hide their naked frailties, and make them presentable for the hour of recitation which preceded a long-deferred breakfast.

In the social life of the college the great debating societies always held a prominent place, and contributed largely to that capacity for organization and that cohesion which has always been and is to-day a noticeable characteristic of Yale. Linonia, established in 1753, and Brothers in Unity, founded by David Humphreys in 1768, were intended to supply a literary culture which the curriculum did not furnish, and they fulfilled this office for one hundred years. They did much toward breaking down the barriers between the classes and promoting harmony and good-fellowship in college; they furnished ample opportunity for the display of forensic and literary ability and political activity. Extemporaneous disputes, orations, compositions, and humorous dialogues are mentioned in the earliest recorded proceedings. Questions which passed the scrutiny of a committee that they might correct any "bad grammar, wrong spelling, or the like," were entered together with the answers on the minutes of the scribe. Here are some of them: "How is the greatest common measure discovered in algebraic quantities?" "To extract the square root of $\frac{1}{9}\frac{6}{9}$ths?" "What is the reason that tho' all rivers run into the sea, the sea doth not increase?" Nathan Hale, of the Revolution, propounded the following: "How are the parts of life divided?" The answer, "Into three—the vegetive, the sensitive, the rational." "What thing is the most delightful to man in the world?" Answer, "It is much as the person is; if he is luxurious, he delights most in what he ought most to be ashamed of. Virtuous men will take greatest delight in virtuous actions; but what is most delightful to most men is getting money." The first question in extemporary debates in 1772 was, "Is it right to enslave the 'Africans?'" Most of the subjects were theological and indicated a spirit of free inquiry for that time. "Can a finite nature commit infinite sin?" "Is infant baptism a damage to religion?" "Was the punishment threatened to Adam in case of disobedience anything more than a temporal death?"

Announcement of Senior Furniture Sale. —Page 26.

When a new government was in process of formation, many political subjects found their way into the field of society debate. "Have the United States any right to oblige any one of the States to come into the Constitution?" "Ought not the slave-trade to be abolished?" "Is commerce on its present footing beneficial to the United States?"—were questions discussed by men who afterward had an active part in building States and the nation. The names of David Humphreys, friend and staff-officer of Washington, Timothy Dwight, Nathan Hale, James Kent, Jeremiah Mason, John C. Calhoun,

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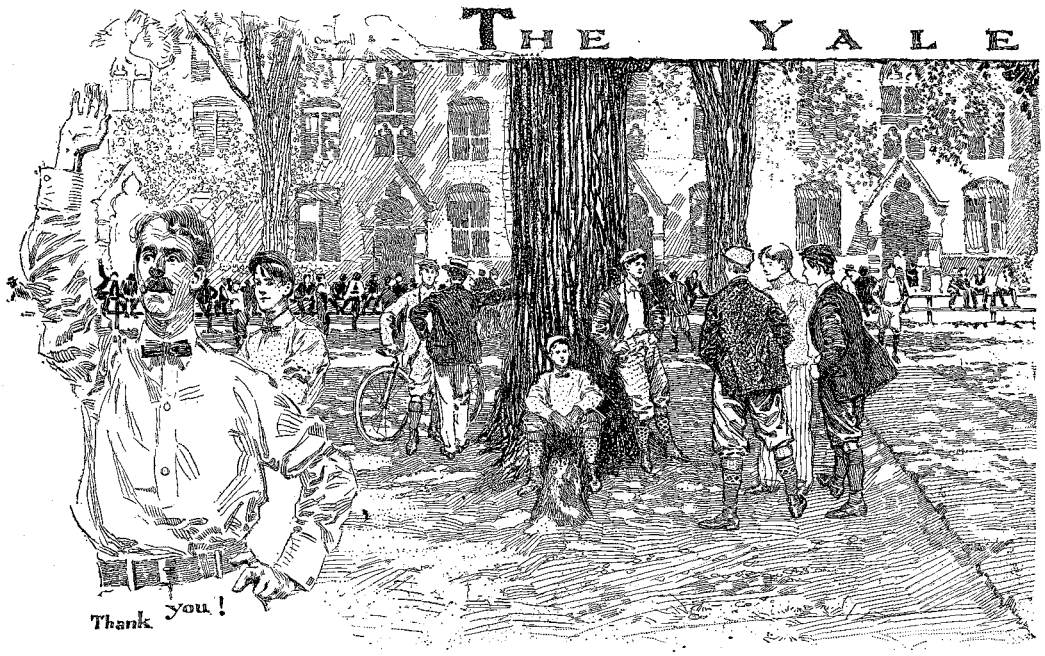

and later the members of one class—1837—who have been conspicuous in public affairs, William M. Evarts, Morrison R. Waite, Edwards Pierrepont, and Samuel J. Tilden, suggest the value of their training. There were exhibitions, plays, and prize debates. The campaigns for securing freshmen reached back into the preparatory schools, were conducted on railway trains coming into New Haven, and culminated in the "Statement of Facts," held a week after the opening of the term, when orators from the societies set forth alternately the incomparable history, the superior prize-list, and the immense advantage of one or the other in fervid oratory. Who can forget the playful humor, the sarcasm, the cross-fire of repartee, which that exciting occasion exhibited to the novice in college associations? The most spirited meetings of the commencement week were held in their halls, and men eminent in public life paid tribute to their usefulness. A third society, the Calliopean, was established by Southern students in 1819, and was an expression of their sectional feeling.

But these societies became too large; with the growth of the college the members scarcely knew each other by sight; fluent and confident public speech came to be less highly esteemed than it had been fifty years before; the course of study became more comprehensive and exacting, and the development of class societies and the expansion of college life rendered unnecessary the excitements of the society evenings; the two great literary camps which used to fill the air with their rival cries, and parade their trophies at annual commencement, passed into honorable oblivion. The Brothers men said Linonia never died because there was not a quorum at the funeral, and the Linonians retorted:

> Three hearers heard in a sleepy state,
> Three speakers spoke with eloquence great
> To gain three prizes in Brothers hall;
> Three judges judged, and that was all.

The mention of the Calliopean Society suggests the numbers and influence of Southern men at Yale before the war. They brought with them manners and a culture foreign to the sober atmosphere of the North, but fascinating to the untravelled eyes of the boys of New England. To the charm of their aristocratic bearing and address there was added a picturesqueness of attire—Byronic collar, velvet waist-

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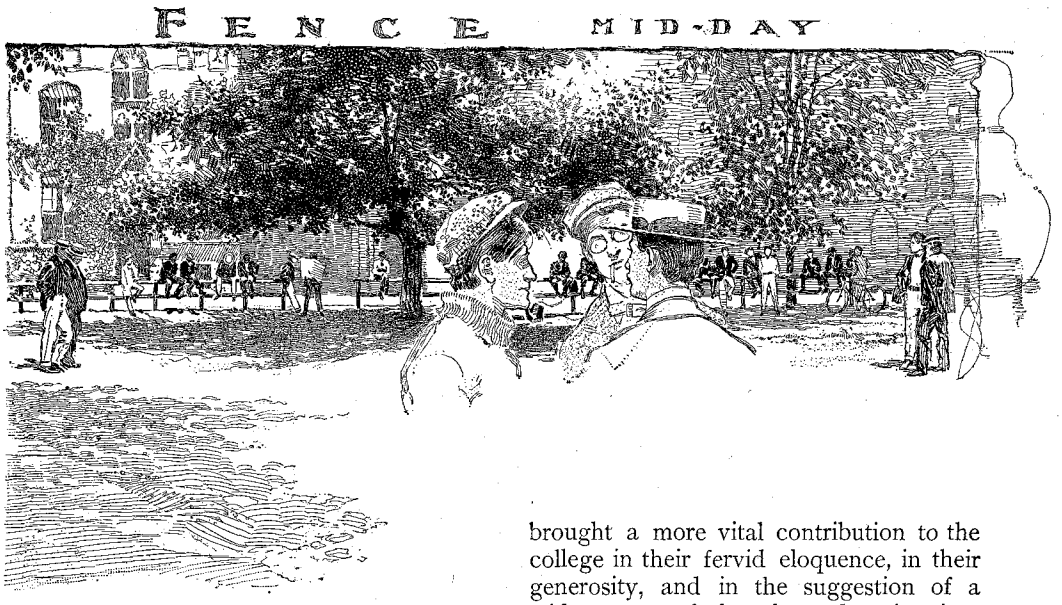

coat, flowing scarf, and sumptuous watch-chain, all crowned with the glory of locks which Hyperion might have envied—the cynosure of college fashion. But they brought a more vital contribution to the college in their fervid eloquence, in their generosity, and in the suggestion of a wider range of thought and action in a world outside the college gates.

College customs and amusements are transitory in their nature; they rise, run their course with greater or less length of life, change with varying surroundings, or give place to others. Many in the older times were recognized institutions. The Bully Club, won in battle from sailors at the Dragon—ancient name of Fair Haven—was for forty years the symbol of leadership in the college, an ægis in combats with the town, and invested with the mystery of legendary awe. Each class had a Bully of its own, but the Senior class furnished the Bully for the college, the autocrat of the undergraduate world. The institution was abolished in 1841 in consequence of a *mêlée* on Commencement Day between its adherents and those who opposed the old order of things as savoring of barbarism. The memory of it is recalled in the dirge written by Nathaniel P. Willis, of '27, for the funeral of the Bully of his class:

Entrance to Old South Middle.

Ye've gathered to your place of prayer
With slow and measured tread;
Your ranks are full, your mates all there—
But the soul of one has fled.
He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all;
Why lies he at that fearful length
And ye around his pall?

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There are old graduates who remember the grotesque hilarity of the burial of Euclid, which braved the faculty ban for nearly half a century with all the zest of lawless adventure. The old print of its ceremonies is thus described: "Over all and above all is seen the Presiding Genius of Mathematics, in despair at the sad fate of the great geometrician. He sits on a throne of hyperbolas and arching parabolas, circumscribed by spherical fiends and segments of oblique-angled devils, while his great right hand is grasping the tangents and cycloidal curves which compose his mathematical thunderbolts."

The freshman Pow-wow, a substitute for the annual foot-ball game, and the Thanksgiving Jubilee, which took the place of the more orderly exercises on Thanksgiving-eve in the staid old debating

societies, were the occasions for the display of much dramatic ability, wit, and eloquence; but their excessive exuberance brought upon them the displeasure of the authorities, and led to their abandonment.

The memory quickens at the name of the "Wooden Spoon," and recalls a crowded theatre, the vivacity of eager maidens and their gallants, a brilliant exhibition of undergraduate wit and eloquence and all the glamour of youth and unaccustomed festivity. The presentation of the coveted emblem under the charge of the Cochleaureati, as non-appointment men were called, was the great entertainment of a year less subject than now to feminine distraction. It was adopted from the custom at the University of Cambridge of naming the Junior Optime, or last man in the honor list, the "Wooden Spoon," and although the distinction was first bestowed upon a third colloquy man at Yale, in later years the desire of exalting the most popular man in his class made it the absolute gift of the undergraduates. The enchanting music, the elaborate wit of the programme, the unequalled acting, and the brilliant, fluttering audience still dazzle the mind's eye. The men of humble scholarship studied more Latin for the purposes of burlesque, paid more attention to original composition and developed more latent talent than the most sanguine of their instructors could have wished for, so great was the incentive and so eagerly sought the honor. As one of the songs had it:

Old Yale has many honors
In reach of every son,
And scarce a son departs from her
Without some honor won;
While hundreds take these honors
'Twixt every twelfth full moon,
But one a year, and only one
Can take the Wooden Spoon.

When college life has passed away,
And battle-life's begun,
This Wooden Spoon will ever be
A type of college fun.
. . . . . .
But soon you'll choose your better-half,
You'll be a fraction soon,
And fractions of a fraction then
May use this Wooden Spoon.

The Junior Promenade with an accompaniment of concert, ball, senior and soph-

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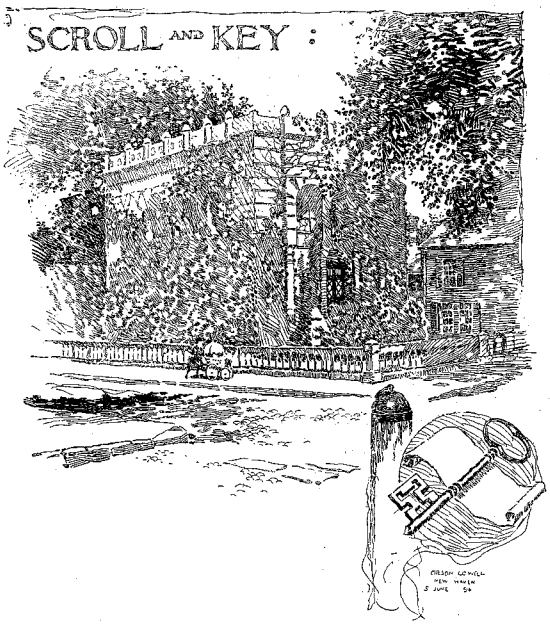
omore German, has become its successor and brings a burst of color, gayety and temporary freedom from restraint into the round of college occupations.



For a short period, a sort of dark ages in the fifties, Fate and the Faculty saw fit to institute a system of intellectual torture, a revival of the *peine forte et dure*, which laid the crushing weight of Analytical Geometry, Differential and Integral Calculus, the influence of the Greek accent and Butler's ponderous "Analogy" upon a helpless college. Biennial examinations were imposed upon sophomores and seniors, and covered the entire work of the two preceding years; an unearned tribute to the mental powers of boys of eighteen. Into some minds the rills of learning never ran; and even from the diligent much must have escaped, but in the eyes of the faculty they should have been reservoirs brimming with learning to be drawn upon at will. Succeeding generations know not the nightmare of that time. Annuals and later term examinations took their place, but their memory still haunts the corners of the campus in the refrain:

No more for us yon tuneful bell shall ring to morning prayers,
No more to long Biennials we'll mount yon attic stairs;
Examinations all are past'; alumnuses you know,
We'll swell the praises loud and long of Alma Mater, O.

The inauguration of the society system which now exists at Yale was one of the most important steps in the evolution of the old simple college into a life of humming organized activity. In the year 1832, there came into being a society which is at the very core of Yale life and upon which the whole unique system is based, the ancient Society of the Skull and Bone, now known as "Skull and Bones." It was followed, in 1841, by Scroll and Key, and in 1883 by Wolf's Head, each in turn called into existence by the increasing numbers of the classes, or, as it was less euphemistically put, "to give community and sweetness to the eating of sour grapes." This was only in the birth of each, however, for they are now more nearly equal, although the prestige of age and achievement remains with "Bones," and this triumvirate sways the college world, raises to preferment or proscribes with absolute power.

These are societies of the senior class alone. The societies of the other classes —for in obedience to the Yale class-feeling each year has its own—have been ephemeral in their life and without any strong influence; their secrecy has never been profound, and a union of their forces for a college celebration has not been unusual. They generally serve as steps to the pinnacle of college success. A possible exception to this generalization should be made in favor of the Junior Societies Δ. Κ. Ε., Ψ. Υ., and Α. Δ. Φ., which have a history of fifty years, and though without the attraction of exclusiveness, keep Yale in touch with fraternity life in other colleges.

Except for the curriculum itself no force in the college is to be compared with the senior societies. The bond among their members lasts through life, and so close is it that even the college world knows nothing of their proceedings, and can only conjecture their purposes. Their cardinal principle in the selection of members is the recognition of character and achievement. The

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various activities of a college career are all recognized — literary ability, scholarship, athletic energy, the liking of many friends are all avenues to the temple of fortune. This is the highest honor which a Yale man can receive from his fellows, and because it comes from them he sets it above scholastic distinction or any titles which the faculty can confer. All the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it, for it is itself a crown of victory for whatever task a man may have undertaken.

The society halls are retired and guard their own secrets. Curiosity stops abruptly at the iron doors. The members do not even breathe the name of any one of the three societies, and the little gold badge of membership never leaves the person. By so much the more is their glamour increased in the eyes of the unthinking, but their real strength lies in the character of the men they choose and in the stand they take for the better things in academic life.

The timorous freshman sees afar the shining mark, and his footsteps take a purpose in their course. The swashing sophomore, in the hurly-burly of midnight, casts a backward glance of prudence at upperclass dignity, conscious of the ordeal to come. Juniors are, of course, as men on trial for their lives, and walk accordingly with guarded, and alas! sometimes worldly eyes. Sir Senior himself, in the full panoply of success, with the consciousness of deeds well done, feels the responsibility of great place and does his best to meet it. He has passed through the valley of tribulation and over the hill of difficulty, and now he sits serene in the enjoyment of his garnered wisdom. It may be inferred that the system has its defects—few institutions are better than the men who compose them. A world of perfect retribution is an unrealized ideal, and the mimic world of college does not always weigh with perfect scales. The genus "Swipe," anglicè toady, is not unknown; and individuality of thought is sometimes sacrificed to public opinion, crystallized by the society men and the society standards. But what a sane, what an impartial, what a tremendous public opinion it is! The writer, the debater, the scholar, the athlete, each is goaded to the full measure of his abilities. Life is strenuous and eminently practical because success is tangible. The organization of effort, carried to its highest development at New Haven in athletics, debate, or the different phases of social life, which is the "Yale spirit" upon its tangible and mechanical side, is due in large measure to the society influences which concentrate into channels of efficiency all the diffuse and vagrant energies of the college. The system is at once the child and supporter of that vigorous democracy which endures because it recognizes the achievements of worth, and yet acknowledges no claims of birth or station.

The only public manifestation of the effect of these senior societies upon college life is at the annual choice of members from the incoming Senior Class. For weeks before the announcement the elections have been taking place in the society retreats, and the results are disclosed in a manner at once mysterious and dramatic, which gives to the ceremony the sombre tone of a Nemesis tragedy.

On a certain Thursday afternoon in the

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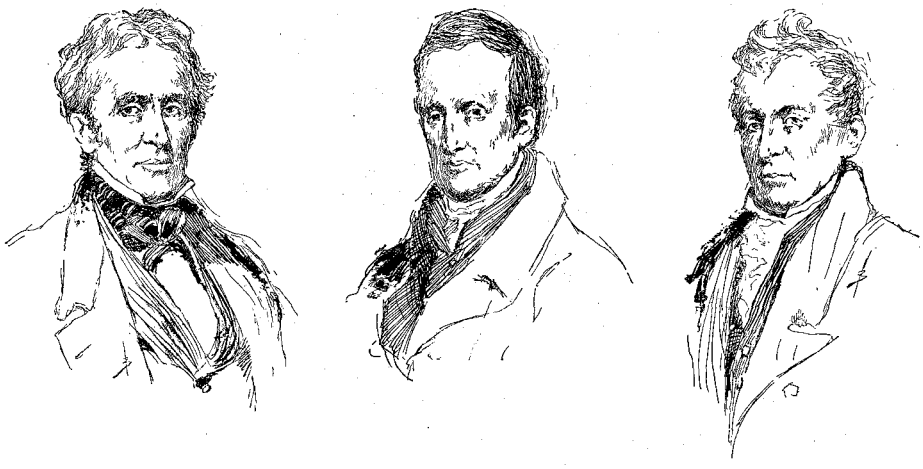

B. Silliman, Sr. Jeremiah Day. James L. Kingsley.

Professors of Fifty Years' Service.

last week of May groups of men begin to thicken about the campus. Underclassmen, juniors, heroes of the day, seniors, sceptics, and scoffers, to whom the future offers nothing, all but the forty-five society members who are withdrawn into their remote temples, sweeps, conversational mothers, graduates ruminant of the past, and professors, swell a crowd which wavers about the fence in thrilling anxiety, the perfect type of a ΧΟΡΟΣ ΓΕΡΟΝΤΩΝ, eager to praise or blame, sagacious after the event, but impotent before the march of fate.

As the college chimes ring five o'clock a senior from each society comes upon the campus into a hush of expectation. He walks solemnly to the crowd of men, enters it, threads his way about with a fixed gaze at nothing, and often passes by the object of his search until finally he comes up behind his man, taps him on the back, and with the accolade bids him sternly "Go to your room." With relaxation of the strain comes applause, varying with the popularity of the elected man, and generally louder if his fortune was unexpected. In an embarrassed rapture he goes to his room as a hero to the abode of the gods, attended by the senior as his sponsor Valkyrie. What happens there is the first mystery. From this point the elections are given out in rapid succession as the after-

CATALOGUE

Of the Officers *and* Students *in* Yale College, *November*, 1806.

REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.
President, and Professor of Divinity.

Hon. ELIZUR GOODRICH, Esq. Professor of Law.
Mr. JEREMIAH DAY, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.
BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, Esq. Professor of Natural History and Chemistry.
Mr. JAMES L. KINGSLEY, Professor of Languages and Ecclesiastical History.

TUTORS.

Mr. NOYES DARLING, Mr. JOHN HALL, Mr. DAVID A. SHERMAN, Mr. SERENO E. DWIGHT, Mr. MILLS DAY.

Class.

Places of Residence.	Rooms.
Columbia, S. C.	*No.* 14
Columbia, S. C.	14
North-Milford,	32

JUNIOR CLASS—*continued.*

Names.	Places of Residence.	Rooms.
Burr Bradley,	*Fairfield,*	42
John Brainard,	*Haddam,*	23
John D. Chandler,	*Elizabethtown, N. J.*	38
Jonathan E. Chaplin,	*Brooklyn,*	60
Noah Coe,	*Durham,*	38

SOPH

Names.
John Rice,
George H. Richards,
Hezekiah Sanford,
Benjamin F. Shelton,
Henry Sherril,

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noon wears away, and within an hour all hopes are realized or defeated. For a few days the elected men may receive the congratulations of their friends, but on the following Tuesday they pass the frowning portals of the hall and their lips are sealed.

If there appears something of the childish in these observances, as no doubt there is, especially in this particular demonstration, the unfamiliar critic should consider that Yale men almost unanimously applaud their influence and cherish their existence. In 1884, when their selection of members had not met with the complete approval of the college, a proposition was made for their abolishment and a mass meeting called. A prominent man who had failed of an election delivered an enthusiastic eulogy upon the system, and the proposition to abolish was defeated by an overwhelming majority.

The moral and intellectual atmosphere of the training of older Yale was in keeping with the physical aspect of the recitation-rooms, formal and ascetic, with an uncompromising ugliness of bare whitewashed walls and blackboard, mourning badge of learning, which stood for discipline and arduous effort. The turbulent youth crowded on the yellow benches were subjected to violent temporary repression beneath the grim looks of the tutor who faced them in his little pulpit, presiding over the sacrifice, an unrelenting ἱερος. In other relations he was a good fellow—over beer and pipe he might rise to heights of geniality, but the ordinary tutor was in the class-room a sphinx before whose questions many ambitious youths perished miserably. The intellectual rigidity which his severity enforced always became painful before the lapse of the full hour of recitation, so that the explosion welcoming some touch of humor in the proceedings was as violent as the repression had been austere, and the unhappy tutor often found himself suddenly confronted with a crisis not necessarily included in the experiences of a high-stand past.

"What was the laticlavius?" said the tutor to a pitiable wretch of that order whose intellects transfuse the solid facts of positive knowledge into a nebula of vague conjectures. Boldly he concealed the weakness of his defences and faced the enemy: "It was the garment which the Roman matrons wore when they went into the Cloaca Maxima."

Equally unfortunate was the youth who volunteered to give the parentage of Trojan Ganymede. "He was," said he, "the son of Mount Olympus and an eagle." Some doubt being expressed as to the exactness of this biological statement, he proved his faith in authorship, and shocked a drowsy room into clamorous applause by reading triumphantly from the preface to his Ovid: "And Ganymede was borne to Mount Olympus by an eagle."

Even the mathematics recitation, usually a desiccated repast, was sometimes flavored with a taste of humor. A much-loved professor was deeply pained to see an estimable young man, whose knowledge was at his fingers' ends, put that knowledge into his pocket upon the professor's approach. In a voluble attempt to cover his manœuvre he said: "Professor, I think this sine of alpha can be computed upon a different theory." "Sir," mildly replied the professor, "it is a condition and not a theory that confronts you."

The men were unruly enough in those older days to justify the faculty restraint which was laid upon their irresponsible doings. The unpopular tutor was an object for humane pity. Regularly upon Saturday nights the vandal brick aimed by the hand of some Bacchic celebrant would bring with it through his window the cool night air of January. Uproarious bursts of mirth in his class-room would be so frequent as to suggest that they were not altogether adventitious. Had he a propensity for exceeding the hour of recitation, some hidden alarm clock would rattle out a reminder or a concerted shuffling of feet would express the impatience of his scholars. Mr. Washington Value, the ancient teacher of dancing when that polite accomplishment was a feature of a New Haven education, was goaded into such a Gallic frenzy that he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, if the Lord were to come down from Heaven and say, Mr. Washington Value, vill you be the dancing-master of Yale College or vill you be etairnally damn? I should say to him—Sare, if it is all the same to you I vill be etairnally damn." Citizens of the town were occasionally obliged to select their

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front gates from a pile of such pieces of real property erected on the green, and a subsequently distinguished professor of Columbia College developed his taste for physical experimentation by shooting an arrow into the clock with the philanthropic purpose of delaying the arrival of the hour for morning prayers.

The practice of stealing signs was once accounted honorable, and many tablets of industrious tradesmen were borne by night into the caverns in the old brick row. It is told in "Sketches of Yale College" (1843) that on one occasion Tutor Divitiacus observed the plunder-laden flight of two of these thieves and followed hastily. The men, conscious of the pursuit, locked their door, thrust the sign into the stove and began a very audible reading of the Holy Word. The pious man would not interrupt the exercise, which ended only with the complete incineration of the sign and the closing verse: "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, but no sign shall be given it except the sign of the prophet Jonah."

Those were the days of hazing, when unduly clever freshmen were haled from their quiet rooms to distant saloons, where they rowed furious races with toothpicks on tables slippery with beer, "browsed," with hands tied, upon paper pinned several inches above their noses upon the wall, or repeated the oration of their school commencement with compulsory gestures. Sometimes they were marched up Chapel Street at the head of a platoon of remorseless infanticides and compelled to announce to the interested townsfolk their names, genealogy, and personal claims to notoriety. Of these and kindred practices the higher civilization of a university has left only the mild disorder of campus bonfires, generally laid so as to consume the few remaining spears of grass dear to the heart of the Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings. With the first flicker of the barrel-fed flame windows fly up with startling rapidity and a chorus of "Fire!" breaks out which lasts for fifteen minutes and drops off with scattering shots from distant South Middle or the Lyceum. An inexhaustible piece of humor is the imputation of the origin of the blaze to some unhappy scholar or immaculate deacon whose light may be burning. This information is disclosed by the Socratic method, a single interlocutor putting the question, "Who lit that fire?" and Durfee, Farnam, Lawrence, and the old brick row responding as one "Highstand lit that fire."

The centre of all campus life is and always has been at the Fence. Up to 1888 this Palladium of liberties stood at the southeast corner of the campus on the spot now occupied by Osborne Hall; in that year it was removed by the faculty to its present position in front of Durfee Hall. From prehistoric times this famous seat of learning has had the sanctity of an institution. It represents the most important article in that unwritten constitution of democratic principles which is the creed of every Yale man. Night and day it receives innumerable rivulets of common leisure, tributary to its havens of idlesse. Thigh to thigh sit scholar, athlete, and Bohemian, in a guild of fellowship far better than the dusty ruts of learning—

> No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
> The past unsigh'd for and the future sure—

learning a mutual respect and an appreciation of life which could not be gathered from the contemplation of a cuneiform inscription, or a journey into the wastes of spherical trigonometry. As the Master Apologist for idlers has it: "There is certainly some chill and arid knowledge to be found upon the summits of formal and laborious science; but it is all round about you, and for the trouble of looking, that you will acquire the warm and palpitating facts of life."

After the manner of all Gaul the Fence, in its material aspect, is by the fiat of tradition divided into three parts—a generous stretch of rails for seniors and juniors, a smaller one for the sophomores, and a little tail-piece for the freshmen, which they may enjoy only if and when they overcome the Harvard freshmen at baseball. In fighting days the juniors, the very Erinys of inter-class warfare, used continually to incite the freshmen to break established law and seize the sophomore fence, and then would the battle rage as over the ships at Troy, and many reputations be won. After a time the freshmen would become conscious of the superiority of sophomore organization and de-

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cline to provide amusement for the unscrupulous juniors.

The Fence fills its peculiar function with each class. The slender freshmen stand without the gates and worship with reverent desire for the days of enfranchisement when they may sit upon it and whistle the Freshman March at other freshmen yet unborn. For the sophomores it tops Olympus. It is a sufficient joy to be envied of the freshmen and with "Procul, procul este, O profani!" to preserve its sanctity from unhallowed touch. With new-fledged pride of worldliness they rub elbows with upper classmen and watch the grave and reverend seniors in their games. Sophomores always act with the united energy of an explosion, and for an escapade the Fence is an unrivalled locus proficiscendi. It is in sophomore year that a man whittles his name upon it. In junior year, when individualities are growing and it becomes a familiar thing, more subtle delights, more intellectual enjoyment of character or of contact made possible by broader experiences come from its use, and elaborate glees and madrigals supplant the roaring songs of sophomore year. The seniors have a touch of sentiment at the thought of approaching dissolution and begin to feel its power as an institution, even when they lay destructive and incendiary hands upon the seat of their affections.

At the Fence the seniors welcome spring with tops and marbles, an indulgence which has always been their especial prerogative, and the freshmen have always assembled on Washington's Birthday for their banger parade, while their natural foes perch upon the rails in the new glory of silk hats. Advertisements of the sale of furniture, signs of spring, plaster the surrounding trees, and here used Hannibal, student emeritus, to sell his wares "of saccharine sweetness." "Gentlemen," he would say, "I vow and assert that the confections which I now present for your consideration are worthy of that reputation which it has been my pride to create and my earnest ambition to uphold. Their perfection is most excellent, and their sweetness unparalleled. De gustibus." A favorite amusement of idleness was to provoke Hannibal and his ancient rival "Davy," now deceased, to debate upon metaphysical subjects. The dead languages were revivified and quotation, aphorism, and, at the last, personal epithet hurtled in full shock until a sated audience would straggle down to Mory's and slake the fever of spring with cool ale.

Has any benighted soul never heard of Mory's or of Mory's ale? That "woody" ale? Those nooks for placid thought and sympathy? The house of Mrs. Moriarty, shining with pewter, hospitable with toby and fragrant coffee, with twin golden eggs and flanking toast, shrines the memory of many quiet hours. An atmosphere of contemplation and reminiscence pervades the rooms and makes them fit for meditation or for confidence. The genius of the spot dislikes merry-making or noisy mirth, and casts his spell only upon those who appreciate the subtle charm of drowsiness and seclusion from garish pleasures. In each class some solitary soul makes it his haunt and drinks lethean ale into his blood. You may find such an one on a warm spring afternoon, when the whole college is afield or afloat, brooding in a corner or hobnobbing with some forgotten author, companion of his slow pensiveness. In the winter season rowing men will settle here some anxious question about the height of foot-braces or the distribution of the weight in this year's boat. Members of X. Δ. Θ. discuss the latest Kipling story or the tendencies of college writing. Many secrets of politics are hidden in the dusky corners, which could startle the world with the real reason why "Bibulus '81 didn't make Bones," or how Sychophantikos got into a sophomore society. Here are libations of "musty" or of the treacherous compound "velvet" poured before the victors in class races, and here do graduates of all ages and degrees lament the decay of manners and mark with an "Eheu, fugaces" the passing of the golden age of their time. Of late years the patrons of Mory's have been used to carve their names upon the round centre table, and when no more space remains, the table-top is removed and hung upon the wall for the gaze of future generations, so that the voices of the past speak with the personality of a name.

Mory's affords no shelter to the wandering freshman. He may not enter its sacred portals except under the tutelage of

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a superior, and even then he is subject to discomfiting ridicule if he order ice-cream or a chicken sandwich. Truly, the eighteenth century laws in restraint of freshmen are but slightly relaxed.

In earlier days the youth who were temperate in their indulgences regaled themselves at a booth opposite South College on fried pies, ginger-bread, and root-beer, the simple products of Pond. Those who preferred stronger waters descended into the town to the cosey taproom of a publican, named Lake, whose pumps drew porter, stout, and half and half. The presence of the great Lake gave a richer tang to the ale, for his early days had been spent in the English prize-ring. He wore knee-breeches, gaiters, a frieze coat, and an air of gentle ferocity in keeping with his past, but he left the serving of beer to Mrs. Lake, a woman with a ruffled cap and portly unruffled dignity, who sat behind the little bar.

A rake's progress from the peace of a boarding-house to Pond's insidious pies and the dissolute haunt of Lake ended at the Woodcock, a supper-room in Court Street, where midnight suppers and champagne, eked out from months of economy, shocked the revellers with a sense of their depravity. No such quail have ever since whistled in the Connecticut wheat-fields, and canvas-back duck have mightily degenerated since the ghost of Lucullus was laid in those golden days.

The organization and development of intercollegiate athletics now absorb much of the energy that used to be given to such dissolute wanderings or to the furious internecine warfare of classes. From immemorial time there were mighty games of football on the New Haven Green, in which whole classes engaged. The freshmen posted their formal challenge on the bulletin of Lyceum, and the supercilious acceptance of the sophomores named the day for the struggle. "Come," cried the Class of '60,

> And like sacrifices in their trim
> To the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
> All hot and bleeding will we offer you.

And the Tyrtæus of '58 cheered his mates with the noble lines :

> Let them come on, the base-born crew!
> Each soil-stained churl—alack!
> What gain they but a splitten skull,
> A sod for their base back!

On the bloody day appointed, both sides massed in heavy column with Napoleonic tactics—while the New Haven fathers surrounded the field. When the round leather ball was kicked, two hundred men clashed together in frantic, shoving, dusty, roaring chaos, the one side striving to kick the ball to the Chapel Street fence, the other to force it to the steps of the State House. Swift runners hung upon the outskirts to seize the ball, chance-directed to their feet, and hurry it amid full-gazing applause to the goal. But it was in the middle press where deeds were uncrowned, where shirts became streamers and rib squeezed rib until they cracked, that the heroes of war and the college Bully were to be found. From this Titanic struggle the degenerates of to-day have evolved the emasculated game which they call football, a wretched sort of parlor pastime!

The particular savagery of '58, who gave battle with painted faces in fearful attire, excited the actual physical interference of one of the faculty, who charged upon the combatants, a member of the church militant, and found immortality in the lines :

> Poor '58 had scarce got well
> From that sad punching in the bel
> Of old Prof. Olmsted's umberell.

Then there was rowing—real rowing—another sport of heroic virtues, for it was done in mighty barges which only strong men could pull, not in attenuated shells with factitious aids to speed, and the gallant craft—that was their poetic way of alluding to it—was put to practical use by carrying Commencement maidens out to New Haven Light, an eight-mile pull. This was of course far more agreeable to the rowers than snatching at the water in a furious effort to get a few inches ahead of eight other unhappy men, and it is very much to be suspected that the girls liked their share in the occasion better, too.

The first race with Harvard took place at Lake Winnipiseogee in August, 1852, and was a sort of agreeable junket for the oarsmen. There were boat parades, evening entertainments and a two-mile race, won by the Oneida of Harvard from the

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Shawmut of Yale by two lengths. A regatta in which Harvard was again victorious was held at Springfield in 1855, and from 1858 to 1870 race-meets were held at Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester. In most of these the Yale men were vanquished, but they generally helped their conquerors to celebrate the occasion in a manner which was the origin of the traditions, long obsolete, that still find their way into the papers in accounts of the excesses of football enthusiasts. The Bay State House was the scene of rejoicing, and after all convivial spirits had been whipped into its net the doors were locked against escape and the proprietor had to deduct from the profit on his wine account the cost of broken crockery and demolished furniture.

In 1872 and 1873 the races were rowed at Springfield, and in 1874 and 1875 at Saratoga, under the auspices of the Rowing Association of American Colleges, and were won successively by Amherst, Yale, Columbia, and Cornell. In 1876 Harvard and Yale rowed again at Springfield, and ever since that year, save for the interregnum which is now so happily ending, the banks of Thames have echoed to the imprecations of the brazen-lunged little coxswains. The life at quarters for the four weeks preceding the race is a serene existence removed from all clamor or utilitarian affairs and devoted to out-of-doors and the apotheosis of youth, health, and strength. Although there are long conferences and debates on rowing matters, the primal forces are dominant and match the wide simplicity of sky and river. The sweating fierceness of four-mile trials, the sharp bursts of practice speed with each man marking the catch with voice and oar, the savage cries of the coach and the evening tingle of stretching muscles bring a man to the realization of the elements of his nature.

The era of modern football at Yale was inaugurated in 1872 by a game with Columbia under association rules with twenty men on a side. A thrilling match was played in the next year with an eleven of old Etonians, most of them in the British diplomatic service. The Englishmen were more adept, but the exchange of international hospitalities had not improved their "condition," and the Yale team carried the day by a score of three goals to two in an exciting game which lasted until after dark. The Englishmen introduced a novelty in the wearing of uniforms, consisting of white flannel jackets and trousers trimmed with broad light-blue ribbon. In 1876 the Rugby rules were adopted, under which Yale, Harvard, and Princeton have ever since played with elevens, except in 1877 and 1878, when Harvard insisted on playing with fifteens.

The public which cheers the skill or marvellous concert of an eleven knows nothing of the process out of which it has come, tried as by fire, the real effort of the college as a whole; knows nothing of the longing of the man on the sidelines who has given his best toil for three months, perhaps for as many years, and finds his only reward in carrying his rival's sweater during the great game. The little band of substitutes who make up the second eleven and who are driven back day after day in practice, doggedly resisting every inch of trampled ground, receive no pæans from the thousands at Manhattan Field or Springfield. Is one of them hurt in practice—"Ah, yes, hard luck, but he couldn't have made the team anyhow;" and perhaps not the least of trials is the indifferent encouragement of a coach, when blame would imply potentiality worth disciplining. The college, which stands about under the cold November sky and measures out impartial criticism at the Field, may praise their efforts, but it is always as efforts, never as results, and no reverent posterity can ever honor them as "the tackle of '84" or "the man who kicked the goal from the forty-five yard line." They represent unselfish loyalty, striving in full consciousness that the heights of fame lie above their climbing, but bringing to the struggle all the enthusiasm, all the devotion, all the persevering courage which are the true spirit of Yale.

There is no mention in these pages of the organization of the University, or its development and progress under President Dwight; nothing of the Sheffield Scientific School, whose growth has doubled the number of undergraduates, of the Divinity, Law, and Medical Schools, of the material expansion of the college, or of commodious and elaborately equipped buildings. These are but random and incomplete allusions, jetsam of the stream of college life and history, and there is in

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them no effort to order the factors of the complex whole. Some glimpses of the life of the college have been here suggested—as one can sometimes learn more of the inhabitants of a distant country from a song or a story than by the aid of a Baedeker; but curriculums, professional schools, or athletic records have no graphic force. Most college graduates, men who have felt the spring in their blood, and tasted the subtle sweetness of college days—

> Days that flew swiftly, like the band
> That in the Grecian games had strife
> And passed from eager hand to hand
> The onward-dancing torch of life—

know how ethereal and intangible is the spirit of their Alma Mater; to all others knowledge can come, not by study, but by inspiration.

Still less to be desired is the trumpeting of virtues. The names of the famous sons of Yale are in the catalogue of graduates for the curious to see. Her learning has been garnered into books, and the love of her offspring has been builded into bronze and stone. But the origin itself of that love, the devotion of the sons, the wisdom of the "kindly mother," are things too fine, too spiritual for deliberate exposition. There is no master-word by which they can be unveiled to stranger eyes.

A REJECTED TITIAN

By Robert Herrick

"JOHN," my wife remarked in horrified tones, "he's coming to Rome!"

"Who is coming to Rome — the Emperor?"

"Uncle Ezra—see," she handed me the telegram. "Shall arrive in Rome Wednesday morning; have Watkins at the Grand Hotel."

I handed the dispatch to Watkins.

"Poor uncle!" my wife remarked.

"He will get it in the neck," I added, profanely.

"They ought to put nice old gentlemen like your uncle in bond when they reach Italy," Watkins mused, as if bored in advance. "The *antichità* get after them, like —like confidence-men in an American city, and the same old story is the result; they find, in some mysterious fashion, a wonderful Titian, a forgotten Giorgione, cheap at *cinque mille lire*. Then it's all up with them. His pictures are probably decalcomanias, you know, just colored prints pasted over board. Why, we *know* every picture in Venice; it's simply *impossible*——"

Watkins was a connoisseur: he had bought his knowledge in the dearest school of experience.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Watkins?" my wife put in. "Tell him the truth?"

"There's nothing else to do. I used up all my ambiguous terms over that daub he bought in the Piazza di Spagna—'reminiscential' of half a dozen worthless things, 'suggestive,' etc. I can't work them over again." Watkins was lugubrious.

"Tell him the truth as straight as you can; it's the best medicine." I was Uncle Ezra's heir; naturally I felt for the inheritance.

"Well," my wife was invariably cheerful, "perhaps he has found something valuable; at least, one of them may be; isn't it possible?"

Watkins looked at my wife, indulgently.

"He's been writing me about them for a month, suggesting that as I was about to go on to Venice, he would like to have me see them; such treasures as I should find them. I have been waiting until he should get out. It isn't a nice job, and your uncle——"

"There are three of them, Aunt Mary writes: Cousin Maud has bought one, with the advice of Uncle Ezra and Professor Augustus Painter, and Painter himself is the last one to succumb."

"They have all gone mad," Watkins murmured.

"Where did Maudie get the cash?" I asked.

"She had a special gift on coming of age,

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and she has been looking about for an opportunity for throwing it away"—my wife had never sympathized with my cousin Maud Vantweekle. "She had better save it for her *trousseau*, if she goes on much more with that young Professor. Aunt Mary should look after her."

Watkins rose to go.

"Hold on a minute," I said. "Just listen to this delicious epistle from Uncle Ezra."

"' . . . We have hoped that you would arrive in Venice before we break up our charming home here. Mary has written you that Professor Painter has joined us at the Palazzo Palladio, complementing our needs and completing our circle. He has an excellent influence for seriousness upon Maud; his fine, manly qualities have come out. Venice, after two years of Berlin, has opened his soul in a really remarkable manner. All the beauty lying loose around here has been a revelation to him——' "

"Maud's beauty," my wife interpreted.

"And our treasures you will enjoy so much—such dashes of color, such great slaps of light! I was the first to buy—they call it a Savoldo, but I think no third-rate man could be capable of so much—such reaching out after infinity. However, that makes little difference. I would not part with it, now that I have lived these weeks with so fine a thing. Maud won a prize in her Bonifazio, which she bought under my advice. Then Augustus secured the third one, a Bissola, and it has had the greatest influence upon him already; it has given him his education in art. He sits with it by the hour while he is at work, and its charm has gradually produced a revolution in his character. We had always found him too Germanic, and he had immured himself in that barbarous country for so long over his Semitic books that his nature was stunted on one side. His picture has opened a new world for him. Your Aunt Mary and I already see the difference in his character; he is gentler, less narrowly interested in the world. This precious bit of fine art has been worth its price many times, but I don't think Augustus would part with it for any consideration now that he has lived with it and learned to know its power.'"

"I can't see why he is coming to Rome," Watkins commented at the end. "If they are confident that they know all about it, and don't care anyway who did them, and are having all this spiritual love-feast, what in the world do they want any expert advice upon their text for? Now for such people to buy pictures, when they haven't a mint of money! Why don't they buy something within their means really fine—a coin, a Van Dyck print? I could get your uncle a Whistler etching for £25, a really fine thing, you know——"

This was Watkins's hobby.

"Oh, well, it won't be bad in the end of the hall at New York; it's as dark as pitch there; and then Uncle Ezra can leave it to the Metropolitan as a Giorgione. It will give the critics something to do. And I suppose that in coming on here he has in mind to get an indorsement for his picture that will give it a commercial value. He's canny, is my Uncle Ezra, and he likes to gamble, too, like the rest of us. If he should draw a prize, it wouldn't be a bad thing to brag of."

Watkins called again the next morning.

"Have you seen Uncle Ezra?" my wife asked, anxiously.

"No. Three telegrams. Train was delayed—I suppose by the importance of the works of art it's bringing on."

"When do you expect him?"

"About noon."

"Mr. Watkins," my wife flamed out, "I believe you are just shirking it, to meet that poor old man with his pictures. You ought to have been at the station, or at least at the hotel. Why, it's twelve now!"

Watkins hung his head.

"I believe you are a coward," my wife went on. "Just think of his arriving there, all excitement over his pictures, and finding you gone!"

"Well, well," I said, soothingly, "it's no use to trot off now, Watkins; stay to breakfast. He will be in shortly. When he finds you are out at the hotel he will come straight on here, I am willing to bet."

Watkins looked relieved at my suggestion.

"I believe you meant to run away all along," my wife continued, severely, "and to come here for refuge."

Watkins sulked.

"Damn the pictures and their influence," I said.

We waited in suspense, straining our ears to hear the sound of a cab stopping in the

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street. At last one did pull up. My wife made no pretence of indifference, but hurried to the window.

"It's Uncle Ezra with a big, black bundle. John, run down— No! there's a facchino."

We looked at each other and laughed.

"The three!"

Our patron of art came in, with a warm, gentle smile, his tall, thin figure a little bent with the fatigue of the journey, his beard a little grayer and dustier than usual, and his hands all a-tremble with nervous impatience and excitement. He had never been as tremulous before an opinion from the Supreme Court. My wife began to purr over him soothingly; Watkins looked sheepish; I hurried them all off to breakfast.

The omelette was not half done before Uncle Ezra jumped up, and began unstrapping the oil-cloth covering to the pictures. There was consternation at the table. My wife endeavored soothingly to bring Uncle Ezra's interest back to breakfast, but he was not to be fooled. My Uncle Ezra was a courageous man.

"Of course you fellows," he said, smiling at Watkins, in his suave fashion, "are just whetting your knives for me, I know. That's right. I want to know the worst, the hardest things you can say. You can't destroy the intrinsic *worth* of the pictures for us; I have lived with mine too long, and know how precious it is!"

At last the three pictures were tipped up against the wall, and the Madonnas and saints in gold, red, and blue were beaming out insipidly at us. Uncle Ezra affected indifference. Watkins continued with the omelette. "We'll look them over after breakfast," he said, severely, thus getting us out of the hole temporarily.

After breakfast my wife cooked up some engagement, and hurried me off. We left Uncle Ezra in the hands of the physician. Two hours later, when we entered, the operation had been performed—we could see at a glance—and in a bloody fashion. The pictures were lying about the vast room as if they had been spat at. Uncle Ezra smiled wanly at us with the courage of the patient who is a sceptic about physicians.

"Just what I expected," he said, briskly, to relieve Watkins, who was smoking, with the air of a man who has finished his job and is now cooling off. "Mr. Watkins thinks Painter's picture and Maud's are copies, Painter's done a few years ago and Maud's a little older, the last century. My Savoldo he finds older, but repainted. You said cinque cento, Mr. Watkins?"

"Perhaps, Mr. Williams," Watkins answered, and added, much as a dog would give a final shake to the bird, "*Much* repainted, hardly anything left of the original. There may be a Savoldo underneath, but you don't see it." Watkins smiled at us knowingly. My wife snubbed him.

"Of course, Uncle Ezra, *that's* one man's opinion. I certainly should not put much faith in one critic, no matter how eminent he may be. Just look at the guide-books and see how the 'authorities' swear at one another. Ruskin says every man is a fool who can't appreciate his particular love, and Burckhardt calls it a daub, and Eastlake insipid. Now there are a set of young fellows who think they know all about paint and who painted what. They're renaming all the great masterpieces. Pretty soon they will discover that some tenth-rate fellow painted the Sistine Chapel."

Watkins put on an aggrieved and expostulatory manner. Uncle Ezra cut in.

"Oh! my dear! Mr. Watkins may be right, quite right. It's his business to know, I am sure, and I anticipated all that he would say; indeed, I have come off rather better than I expected. There is old paint in it somewhere."

"Pretty far down," Watkins muttered. My wife bristled up, but Uncle Ezra assumed his most superb calm.

"It makes no difference to me, of course, as far as the *worth* of the work of art is concerned. I made up my mind before I came here that my picture was worth a great deal to me, much more than I paid for it." There was a heroic gasp. Watkins interposed mercilessly, "And may I ask, Mr. Williams, what you did give for it?"

Uncle Ezra was an honest man. "Twenty-five hundred lire," he replied, sullenly.

"Excuse me" (Watkins was behaving like a pitiless cad), "but you paid a great deal too much for it, I assure you. I could have got it for——"

"Mr. Watkins," my wife was hardly civil to him, "it doesn't matter much what you could have got it for."

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"No," Uncle Ezra went on bravely, "I am a little troubled as to what this may mean to Maud and Professor Painter, for you see their pictures are copies."

"Undoubted modern copies," the unquenchable Watkins emended.

"Maud has learned a great deal from her picture. And as for Painter, it has been an education in art, an education in life. He said to me the night before I came away, 'Mr. Williams, I wouldn't take two thousand for that picture: it's been the greatest influence in my life.'"

I thought Watkins would have convulsions.

"And it has brought those two young souls together in a marvellous way, this common interest in fine art. You will find Maud a much more serious person, Jane. No, if I were Painter I certainly should not care a fig whether it proves to be a copy or not. I shouldn't let that influence me in my love for such an educational wonder."

The bluff was really sublime, but painful. My wife gave a decided hint to Watkins that his presence in such a family scene was awkward. He took his hat and cane. Uncle Ezra rose and grasped him cordially by the hand.

"You have been very generous, Mr. Watkins," he said, in his own sweet way, "to do such an unpleasant job. It's a large draft to make on the kindness of a friend."

"Oh, don't mention it, Mr. Williams; and if you want to buy something really fine, a Van Dyck print—a——"

Uncle Ezra was shooing him toward the door. From the stairs we could still hear his voice. "Or a Whistler etching for twenty-five pounds, I could get you, now, a very fine——"

"No, thank you, Mr. Watkins," Uncle Ezra said, firmly. "I don't believe I have any money just now for such an investment."

"My wife tiptoed about the room, making faces at the exposed masterpieces. "What shall we do?" Uncle Ezra came back into the room, his face a trifle grayer and more worn. "Capital fellow, that Watkins," he said, "so firm and frank."

"Uncle," I ventured at random, "I met Flügel the other day in the street. You know Flügel's new book on the Renaissance. He's the coming young critic in art, has made a wonderful reputation the last three years, is on the *Beaux Arts* staff, and really *knows*. He is living out at Frascati. I could telegraph and have him here this afternoon, perhaps."

"Well, I don't know;" his tone, however, said "Yes." "I don't care much for expert advice—for specialists. But it wouldn't do any harm to hear what he has to say. And Maud and Painter have made up their minds that Maud's is a Titian."

So I ran out and sent off the dispatch. My wife took Uncle Ezra down to the Forum and attempted to console him with the ugliness of genuine antiquity, while I waited for Flügel. He came in a tremendous hurry, his little, muddy eyes winking hard behind gold spectacles.

"Ah, yes," he began to paw the pictures over as if they were live stock, "that was bought for a Bonifazio," he had picked up Maud's ruby-colored prize. "Of course, of course, it's a copy, an old copy, of Titian's picture, No. 3,405, in the National Gallery at London. There is a replica in the Villa Ludovisi here at Rome. It's a stupid copy, some alterations, all for the bad—worthless—well, not to the *antichità*, for it must be 1550, I should say. But worthless for us and in bad condition. I wouldn't give cinque lire for it."

"And the Bissola?" I said. "Oh, that was done in the seventeenth century—it would make good kindling. But this," he turned away from Painter's picture with a gesture of contempt, "this is Domenico Tintoretto fast enough, at least what hasn't been stippled over and painted out. St. Agnes's leg here is entire, and that tree in the background is original. A damned bad man, but there are traces of his slop work. Perhaps the hair is by him, too. Well, good-by, old fellow, I must be off to dinner."

That was slight consolation: a leg, a tree, and some wisps of hair in a picture three feet six by four feet eight. Our dinner that evening was labored. The next morning Uncle Ezra packed his three treasures tenderly, putting in cotton-wool at the edges, my wife helping him to make them comfortable. We urged him to stay over with us for a few days; we would all go on later to Venice. But Uncle Ezra seemed

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moved by some hidden cause. Back he would trot at once. "Painter will want his picture," he said, "he has been waiting on in Venice just for this, and I must not keep him." Watkins turned up as we were getting into the cab to see Uncle Ezra off, and insisted upon accompanying us to the station. My wife took the opportunity to rub into him Flügel's remarks, which, at least, made Watkins out shady in chronology. At the station we encountered a new difficulty. The ticket collector would not let the pictures through the gate. My uncle expostulated in pure Tuscan. Watkins swore in Roman.

"Give him five lire, Mr. Williams."

Poor Uncle Ezra fumbled in his pocketbook for the piece of money. He had never bribed in his life. It was a terrible moral fall, to see him tremblingly offer the piece of scrip. The man refused, "positive orders, *permesso* necessary," etc., etc. The bell rang; there was a rush. Uncle Ezra looked unhappy.

"Here," Watkins shouted, grabbing the precious pictures in a manner far from reverent, "I'll send these on, Mr. Williams; run for your train." Uncle Ezra gave one undecided glance, and then yielded. "You will look after them," he pleaded, "carefully."

"You shall have them safe enough," my wife promised.

"Blast the pasteboards," Watkins put in under his breath, "the best thing to do with them is to chop 'em up." He was swinging them back and forth under his arm. My wife took them firmly from him. "He shall have his pictures, and not from your ribald hands."

A week later Rome became suddenly oppressively warm. We started off for Venice, Watkins tagging on incorrigibly, "I want to see 'Maud,'" he explained. The pictures had been packed and sent ahead by express. "The storm must have burst, tears shed, tempers cooled, mortification set in," I remarked as we were being shoved up the Grand Canal toward the Palazzo Palladio. "There they are in the balcony," my wife exclaimed, "waving to us. Something is up; Maudie is hanging back with Aunt Mary, and Professor Painter is at the other end with Uncle Ezra."

The first thing that caught the eye after the flurry of greetings was the impudent blue and red of Uncle Ezra's "Sancta Conversazione," Domenico Tintoretto, Savoldo, or what not; St. Agnes's leg and all beaming at us from the wall. The other two were not there. My wife looked at me. Maudie was making herself very gracious with little Watkins. Painter's solemn face began to lower more and more. Aunt Mary and Uncle Ezra industriously poured oil by the bucket upon the social sea.

At last Maud rose: "You *must* take me over there at once, Mr. Watkins. It will be such an enjoyment to have someone who really knows about pictures and has taste." This shot at poor Painter; then to my wife, "Come, Jane, you will like to see your room."

Painter crossed to me and lugubriously suggested a cigar on the balcony. He smoked a few minutes in gloomy silence.

"Does that fellow know anything?" he emitted at last, jerking his head at Watkins, who was pouring out information at Uncle Ezra. I began gently to give Charles Henderson Watkins a fair reputation for intelligence. "I mean anything about art? Of course it doesn't matter what he says about my picture, whether it is a copy or not, but Miss Vantweekle takes it very hard about hers. She blames me for having been with her when she bought it, and having advised her and encouraged her to put six hundred dollars into it."

"Six hundred," I gasped.

"Cheap for a Bonifazio, or a *Titian*, as we thought it."

"Too cheap," I murmured.

"Well, I got bitten for about the same on my own account. I sha'n't get that Rachel's library at Berlin, that's all. The next time you catch me fooling in a subject where I don't know my bearings—like fine art—You see Mr. Williams found my picture one day when he was nosing about at an *antichità*, and thought it very fine. I admire Mr. Williams tremendously, and I valued his opinion about art subjects much more then than I do now. He and Mrs. Williams were wild over it. They had just bought their picture, and they wanted us each to have one. They have lots of sentiment, you know?"

"Lots," I assented.

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"Mrs. Williams got at me, and well, she made me feel that it would bring me nearer to Miss Vantweekle. You know she goes in for art, and she used to be impatient with me because I couldn't appreciate. I was dumb when she walked me up to some old Madonna, and the others would go on at a great rate. Well, in a word, I bought it for my education and I guess I have got it!

"Then the man, he's an old Jew on the Grand Canal, Raffman, you know him? He got out another picture, the Bonifazio. The Williamses began to get up steam over that, too. They hung over that thing Mr. Williams bought, that Savoldo or Domenico Tintoretto, and prowled about the churches and the galleries finding traces of it here in the style of this picture and that; in short we all got into a fever about pictures, and Miss Vantweekle invested all the money an aunt had given her before coming abroad in that Bonifazio.

"I must say that Miss Vantweekle held off some time, was doubtful about the picture; didn't feel that she wanted to put all her money into it. But she caught fire in the general excitement, and I may say"—here a sad sort of conscious smile crept over the young professor's face—"at that time I had a good deal of influence with her. She bought the picture, we brought it home, and put it up at the other end of the hall. We spent hours over that picture, studying out every line, placing every color. We made up our minds soon enough that it wasn't a Bonifazio, but we began to think—now don't laugh or I'll pitch you over the balcony—it was an early work of Titian. There was an attempt in it for great things, as Mr. Williams said: no small man could have planned it. One night we had been talking for hours about them, and we were all pretty well excited. Mr. Williams suggested getting Watkins's opinion. Maud—Miss Vantweekle said, loftily, 'Oh! it does not make any difference what the critics say about it, the picture means everything to me;' and I, like a fool, felt happier than ever before in my life. The next morning Mr. Williams telegraphed you and set off."

He waited.

"And when he returned?"

"It's been hell ever since."

He was in no condition to see the comic side of the affair. Nor was Miss Vantweekle. She was on my wife's bed in tears.

"All poor Aunt Higgins's present gone into that horrid thing," she moaned, "and all the dresses I was planning to get in Paris. I shall have to go home looking like a perfect dowdy!"

"But think of the influence it has been in your life—the education you have received from that picture. How can you call all that color, those noble faces, 'that horrid thing,'" I said, reprovingly. She sat upright.

"See here, Jerome Parker, if you ever say anything like that again, I will never speak to you any more, or to Jane, though you are my cousins."

"They have tried to return the picture," my wife explained. "Professor Painter and Uncle Ezra took it over yesterday; but, of course, the Jew laughed at them."

"'A copy!' he said." Maud put in, "Why, it's no more a copy than Titian's "Assumption." He could show us the very place in a palace on the Grand Canal where it had hung for four hundred years. Of course, all the old masters used the same models, and grouped their pictures alike. Very probably Titian had a picture something like it. What of that? He defied us to find the exact original."

"Well," I remarked, soothingly, "that ought to comfort you, I am sure. Call your picture a new Titian, and sell it when you get home."

"Mr. Watkins says that's an old trick," moaned Maud, "that story about the palace. He says old Raffman has a pal among the Italian nobility, and works off copies through him all the time. I won't say anything about Uncle Ezra, he has been as kind and good as he can, only a little too enthusiastic. But Professor Painter!"

She tossed her head.

The atmosphere in the Palazzo Palladio for the next few days was highly charged.

At dinner Uncle Ezra placidly made remarks about the Domenico Tintoretto, almost vaingloriously, I thought. "Such a piece of Venice to carry away. We missed it so much, those days you had it in Rome. It is so precious that I cannot bear to pack it up and lose sight of it for five months. Mary, just see that glorious piece of color over there."

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Meantime some kind of conspiracy was on foot. Maud went off whole mornings with Watkins and Uncle Ezra. We were left out as unsympathetic. Painter wandered about like a sick ghost. He would sit glowering at Maud and Watkins, while they held whispered conversations at the other end of the hall. Watkins was the hero. He had accepted Flügel's judgment with impudent grace.

"A copy of Titian, of course," he said to me; "really it is quite hard on poor Miss Vantweekle. People, even learned people, who don't know about such things had better not advise. I have had the photographs of all Titian's pictures sent on, and we have found the original of your cousin's picture. Isn't it very like?"

It was very like; a figure was left out in the copy, the light was changed, but still it was a happy guess of Flügel.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I said to Maud, who had just joined us.

"Oh, Mr. Watkins has kindly consented to manage the matter for me; I believe he has a friend here, an artist, Mr. Hare, who will give expert judgment on it. Then the American vice-consul is a personal friend of Mr. Watkins, and also Count Corner, the adviser at the Academy. We shall frighten the old Jew, sha'n't we, Mr. Watkins?"

I walked over to the despised Madonna that was tipped up on its side, ready to be walked off on another expedition of defamation.

"Poor Bonifazio," I sighed, "Maud, how can you part with a work of fine art that has meant so much to you?"

"Do you think, Jerome, I would go home and have Uncle Higgins with his authentic Rembrandt, and all his other pictures, laugh at me and my Titian? I'd burn it first."

I turned to Uncle Ezra. "Uncle, what strange metamorphosis has happened to this picture? The spiritual light from that color must shine as brightly as ever, the intrinsic value remains forever fixed in Maud's soul: it is desecration to reject such a precious message. Why it's like sending back the girl you married because her pedigree proved defective, or because she had lost her fortune. It's positively brutal!"

Maud darted a venomous glance at me; however, I had put the judge in a hole.

"I cannot agree with you, Jerome." Uncle Ezra could never be put in a hole. "Maud's case is a very different one from Mr. Painter's or mine. We can carry back what we like personally, but for Maud to carry home a doubtful picture into the atmosphere she has to live in—why, it would be intolerable—with her uncle a connoisseur, all her friends owners of masterpieces." Uncle Ezra had a flowing style. "It would expose her to annoyance, to mortification—constant, daily. Above all to have taken a special gift, a fund of her aunt's, and to apply it in this mistaken fashion is cruel."

Painter remarked bitterly to me afterward, "He wants to crawl on his share of the responsibility. I'd buy the picture if I could raise the cash, and end the whole miserable business."

Indeed, Watkins seemed the only one blissfully in his element. As my wife remarked, Watkins had exchanged his interest in pictures for an interest in woman. Certainly he had planned his battle well. It came off the next day. They all left in a gondola at an early hour. Painter and I watched them from the balcony. After they were seated, Watkins tossed in carelessly the suspected picture. What went on at the *antichità's*, no one of the boatload ever gave away. Watkins had a hold on the man somehow, and the evidence of the fraud was overwhelming. About noon they came back, Maud holding an enormous envelope in her hand.

"I can never, never thank you enough, Mr. Watkins," she beamed at him. "You have saved me from such mortification and unhappiness, and you were so *clever*."

That night at dinner Uncle Ezra was more than usually genial and beamed upon Maud and Watkins perpetually. Watkins was quite the hero and did his best to look humble.

"How much rent did the spiritual influence cost, Maud?" I asked. She was too happy to be offended. "Oh, we bought an old ring to make him feel pleased, five pounds, and Mr. Hare's services were worth five pounds, and Mr. Watkins thinks we should give the vice-consul a box of cigars."

"Let's see; ten pounds and a box of cigars, that's 300 lire at the price of exchange. You had the picture just three weeks, a

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hundred lire a week for the use of all that education in art, all that spiritual influence. Quite cheap, I should say."

"And Mr. Watkins's services, Maud!" my wife asked, viciously. There was a slight commotion at the table.

"May I, Maud?" Watkins murmured.

"As you please, Charles," Maud replied, with her eyes lowered to her soup-plate.

"Maud has given herself," Uncle Ezra said, gleefully.

Painter rose from the table and disappeared into his room. Pretty soon he came out bearing a tray with a dozen champagne glasses, of modern-antique Venetian glass.

"Let me present this to you, Miss Vantweekle," he pronounced, solemnly, "as an engagement token. I, I exchanged my picture for them this morning."

"Some Asti Spumanti, Ricci."

"To the rejected Titian—" I suggested for the first toast.

WHITE PANSIES

By Archibald Lampman

Day and night pass over rounding,
  Star and cloud and sun,
Things of drift and shadow, empty
  Of my dearest one.

Soft as slumber was my baby,
  Beaming bright and sweet;
Daintier than bloom or jewel
  Were his hands and feet.

He was mine, mine all, mine only,
  Mine and his the debt;
Earth and Life and Time are changers—
  I shall not forget.

Pansies for my dear one, heart's-ease,—
  Set them gently, so;
For his stainless lips and forehead,
  Pansies white as snow.

Would that in the flower-grown, little
  Grave they dug so deep,
I might rest beside him, dreamless,
  Smile no more, nor weep.

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THE MODERN BUSINESS BUILDING

(THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES—FIFTH PAPER)

By J. Lincoln Steffens

With Illustrations by W. R. Leigh

The sky-line of New York is changing so rapidly that the American traveller who goes abroad can recognize with more certainty the profiles of the foreign cities he approaches than that of his own metropolis as he sees it from the deck of the steamer on his return. It may be his first visit to Europe; he may know London, Rome, and Paris only from views of them in old prints. But, if he has an eye for such things, his first glimpse of St. Paul's, St. Peter's, or Notre Dame will tell him to what place he is coming, for all the world knows these pinnacles, has known them for centuries. They are as conspicuous and characteristic in the silhouettes of their cities as they were when they were built. One of the Dutch governors of New Amsterdam, seeking in spirit some familiar earthly habitation, might find old Amsterdam, for it cuts the same figure in the sky to-day that it did when he left it, but the last dead boss of New York, if by any chance he should get away from where he ought to be, would search the horizon in vain for the face of his city. The features his eye would seek are there: Old Trinity still stands, its steeple, like the spires of the old cathedrals, uplifted high above the earth; but its solitary prominence is gone. The modern office building has risen higher than the head of the cross, and the church has lost its distinction. The enterprise of business has surpassed the aspiration of religion.

New York, in this, as in so many other things, is but the type of American cities. Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, even Washington—they all are rising bodily, constantly, fast, and their climbing sky-lines are writing with reckless realism across the heavens the same great story of material progress. It is time to read this writing of the walls. It may mean more than the increase of wealth, the growing power of capital, the might of skilled and disciplined labor. These have their own value, and have been the cause of national pride, but now they are the scapegoats of reactionary discontent. Men hate them. Is there nothing better back of these things?

The papers that have preceded this one have been answering the question. It was brains and character, the writers showed, that initiate, organize, and develop such enterprises as the department store, the modern hotel, the factory, and the bank; and this is the story of the sky-lines. They do not tell it so simply as the other businesses, because they are less familiar, but they make it more conspicuous when told, and they leave it in a more enduring form for the future to read. A great building

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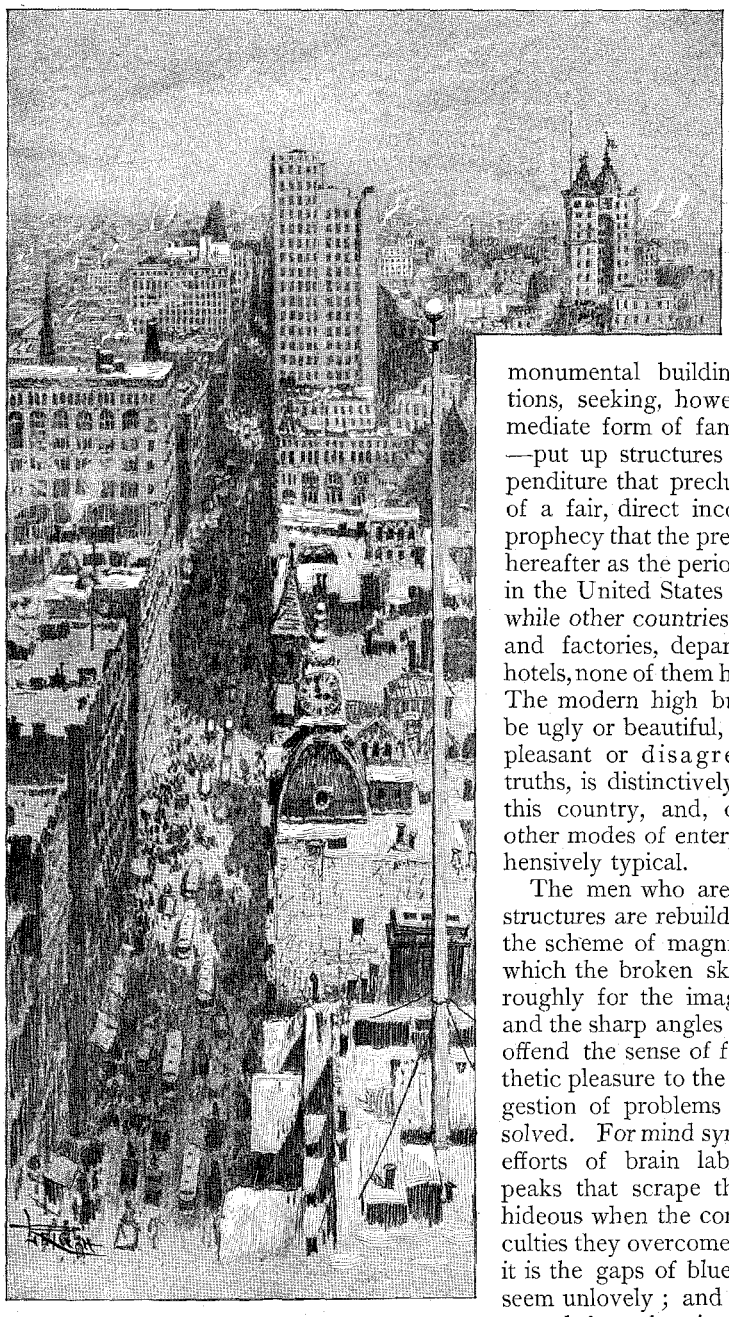

BROADWAY, THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF BUSINESS.

View from twenty-second story of building at Broadway and Pine Street, looking north.

may be a failure financially without disappearing, like a mismanaged store or banking company. It will remain, bearing in its form and plan the traces of its uses, which may be finally the only remnants of the other creations of modern business enterprise, the only legible chapter of the common tale. With this in mind some men build, giving their name to what is called the monumental building; and corporations, seeking, however, the more immediate form of fame—advertisement—put up structures on a scale of expenditure that precludes the possibility of a fair, direct income in rent. The prophecy that the present will be known hereafter as the period of high building in the United States is not absurd, for while other countries have great banks and factories, department stores and hotels, none of them has "sky-scrapers." The modern high building, whether it be ugly or beautiful, whether it express pleasant or disagreeable traits and truths, is distinctively of this day and this country, and, containing all the other modes of enterprise, it is comprehensively typical.

The men who are raising these new structures are rebuilding cities. That is the scheme of magnificent proportions which the broken sky-lines sketch out roughly for the imagination to fill in, and the sharp angles of the outline that offend the sense of form now give æsthetic pleasure to the mind by their suggestion of problems solved and to be solved. For mind sympathizes with the efforts of brain labor. The sudden peaks that scrape the sky are not so hideous when the complication of difficulties they overcome is realized. Then it is the gaps of blue sky between that seem unlovely; and they, too, have an appeal for toleration, since the art of high building is new and crude, and these spaces are opportunities for the builders of to-morrow to perfect the architecture of to-day.

To the minds that are "rebuilding American cities" the work does not appear on the grand scale suggested by that phrase.

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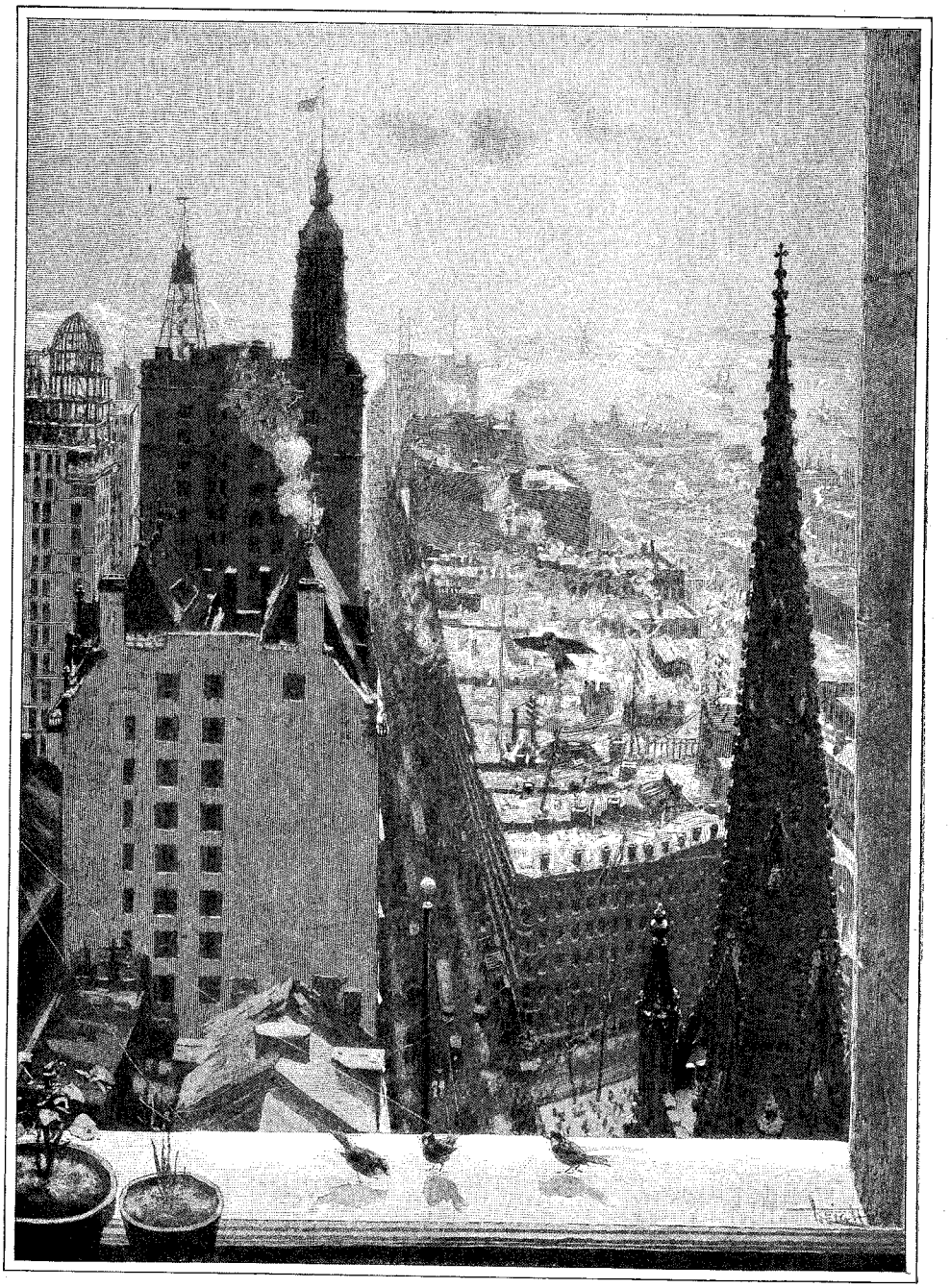

"HIGHER THAN THE HEAD OF THE CROSS."
Looking south from the roof of building at Broadway and Pine Street.

New York and Chicago have not, as London had in Prince Albert and Paris in Baron Haussmann, a representative of the community to mark out a design and to carry through a scheme to which all of the parts should conform. Here the individual is supreme, and, thus far, unchecked. Even the architects, who have to care for

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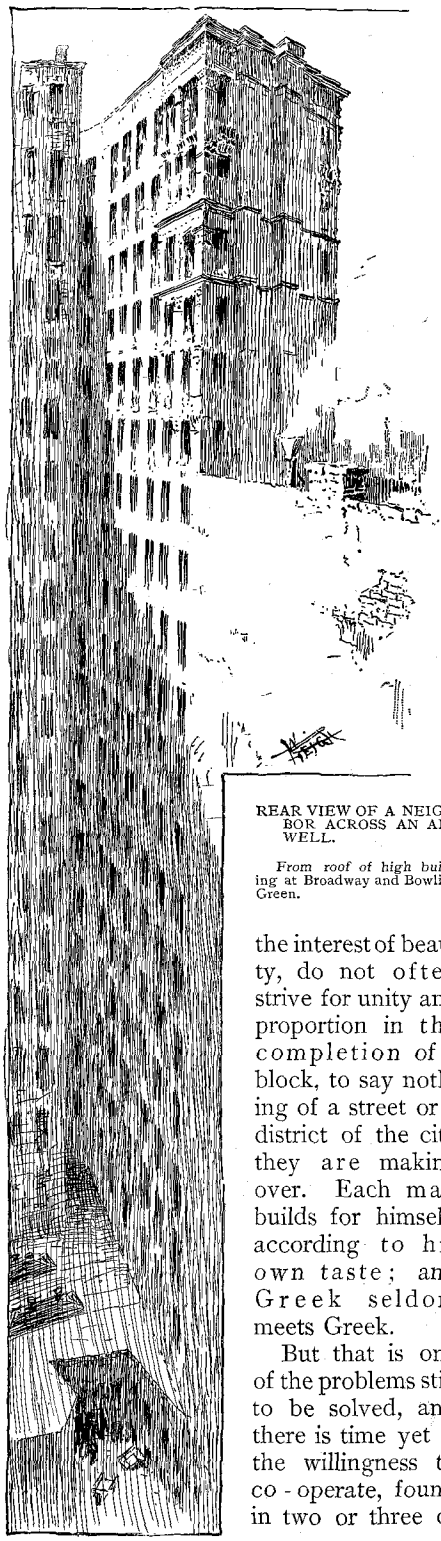

REAR VIEW OF A NEIGHBOR ACROSS AN AIR-WELL.

From roof of high building at Broadway and Bowling Green.

the interest of beauty, do not often strive for unity and proportion in the completion of a block, to say nothing of a street or a district of the city they are making over. Each man builds for himself, according to his own taste; and Greek seldom meets Greek.

But that is one of the problems still to be solved, and there is time yet if the willingness to co-operate, found in two or three of the greater architects, spreads through the profession and meets a responsive spirit among the other callings engaged in modern construction. Heretofore the architect has not always been the master mind, and his considerations have not been the only ones that weighed.

The financier, the real estate expert, the engineer, the machinist, the contractor or builder, and the business manager have all worked with the architect, and sometimes one, sometimes another, has been the predominating influence. Capital and labor have also played important parts. But capital, though an essential, is a small element, and receives little of the reward; as an investment, an office building ranks with and pays not much more than a gilt-edged bond. Labor is the most expensive factor, getting from eighty to ninety per cent. of the total cost of construction, but, like capital, it does none of the brain-work. And the subject of this article is the brains that go into high buildings; we have to do with capital as the financier handles it, and with labor as the contractor directs it. For the rest, our interest is in the foresight, the imagination, the thought, the originality, and the knowledge of these and other experts in this business.

Originally the demand for high buildings presented a purely financial problem. Owners of property in the business parts of cities found they could rent more space than their buildings of two, three, and four stories contained, and they wanted new buildings of five or six stories, or additional floors above the old roof. To finance this operation was easy, and any intelligent carpenter or mason could do the job. After awhile, however, the need in the larger cities for space in the centres where business was most progressive and profitable passed beyond the capacity of the six-story buildings, and a better man than the master-mason was needed.

"Down-town," as the great city marketplaces are called, became overcrowded. It could grow and expand as a whole, but certain parts of it could not move. Some lines of business had taken possession of ground space enough to accommodate them when they settled, and others grouped themselves close around till they hemmed one another in. Then traditions and the

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"HIDEOUS HIGH BUILDINGS."

Looking east from Central Park at night.

habits of customers fixed the limits more and more definitely, making changes almost impossible. To cross a street might mean failure, and the turning of a corner would not be thought of. The wholesale dry-goods firms of New York succeeded in getting out of Cedar, William, and Pine Streets, but it was done with fear and trembling after years of hesitation, and nobody was certain for many months after the moving that a fatal mistake had not been made. Every effort of the jewellers of Maiden Lane to leave their street has been unsuccessful. Their rent is high, the location is not convenient, and other businesses would pay well to be so near the financial centre, but the jewellers are afraid their customers would not find them elsewhere than in Maiden Lane, and that street as an address is invaluable to the firm that writes to the country with it on its letter-head. Then, for a last example, there is "Wall Street;" how far can the stock-brokers go from Wall Street?

Confined on all sides round, the only way out was up. Limited as to the ground, business sought the air. It had to be done; but how? That was the question. To pile more stories on the sixth was useless, since no one would climb up to them; the young brokers and lawyers might be willing to do it, but their customers would not follow. The problem became mechanical, and the financier and the architect were as helpless as the mason.

The passenger elevator was the solution. It was a clumsy hoist moved by a hand-windlass when inventive genius began to study its possibilities, and no one could have foreseen in any of its earlier forms that it was to be to modern building what the steam-engine is to transportation, a rev-

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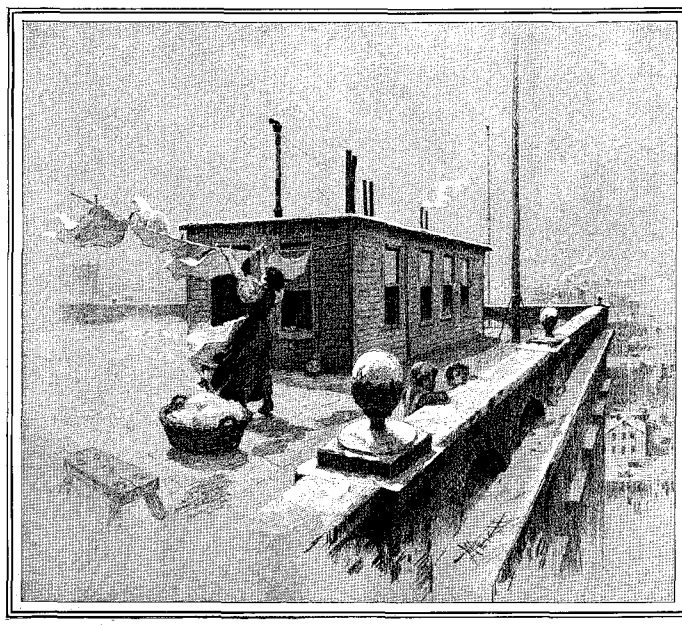

THE ROOF-HOUSE, 290 FEET HIGH, WHERE THE JANITOR BRINGS UP HIS FAMILY.
Broadway and Bowling Green.

olutionary agent. Steam-power was applied to it in 1866. The result was an apparatus with so many faults that it presented clearly all the necessities for success. It was slow, jerky, and dangerous. To overcome these defects the experimenters turned to hydraulic power, in the water-balance elevator. A car was carried up by the weight of a water-vessel filled at the top of the shaft, and was let down by emptying the water at the bottom. Speed and smoothness of motion were thus secured, but the control was doubtful, and though the accidents that occurred were not fatal, they were wet and disagreeable. Absolute safety was first achieved in the direct-acting ram hydraulic elevators; but they, too, were slow and, for high structures, impracticable, since the cylinder had to be sunk as deep below ground as the shaft rose high above it. Having safety, however, the makers clung to the hydraulic power till they eliminated one by one all the defects of their machine. Meanwhile electricity was applied successfully, and now there are several systems that satisfy all the requirements of the highest buildings and the most impatient of human beings.

THE HEAD-PORTER, SOMETIME JANITOR.

With the elevator, long before it was perfected, rose all that made the problem of high building — high rents, high prices for ground space, and high hopes. There was great risk in the first application of the elevator to the office building, but it is capital that is timid, not the financiers, the brains that handle it; they are cautious, but daring. They saw that the new device for lifting passengers to the unbuilt upper stories brought the unclaimed space above the costly ground within easy reach, but no one could foresee how the tenants and their customers would take this mode of transit, nor was there any basis for estimating the rents that would be paid. The whole financial question rested on these unknown elements.

The prices charged for a given space in one of the earliest buildings called high in New York will show how speculative and how far astray were the first reckonings on the effect of the elevator. The building was finished in 1868, and the manager let a suite on the top floor for $850 a year. He raised the rent the next year to $1,250, and, thinking the limit reached in that figure, signed a contract for a five-year lease. Bound by his agreement, he had to refuse offers rising gradually to $4,500, which he got readily at the end of the sixth year. People became accustomed to the elevator as their

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LOWER BROADWAY, NEAR TRINITY CHURCH.

Looking north, on Sunday, when downtown is supposed to be deserted. There is a population, unnoticed on the busy week days, that keeps the streets always alive. It is made up of employees of high buildings.

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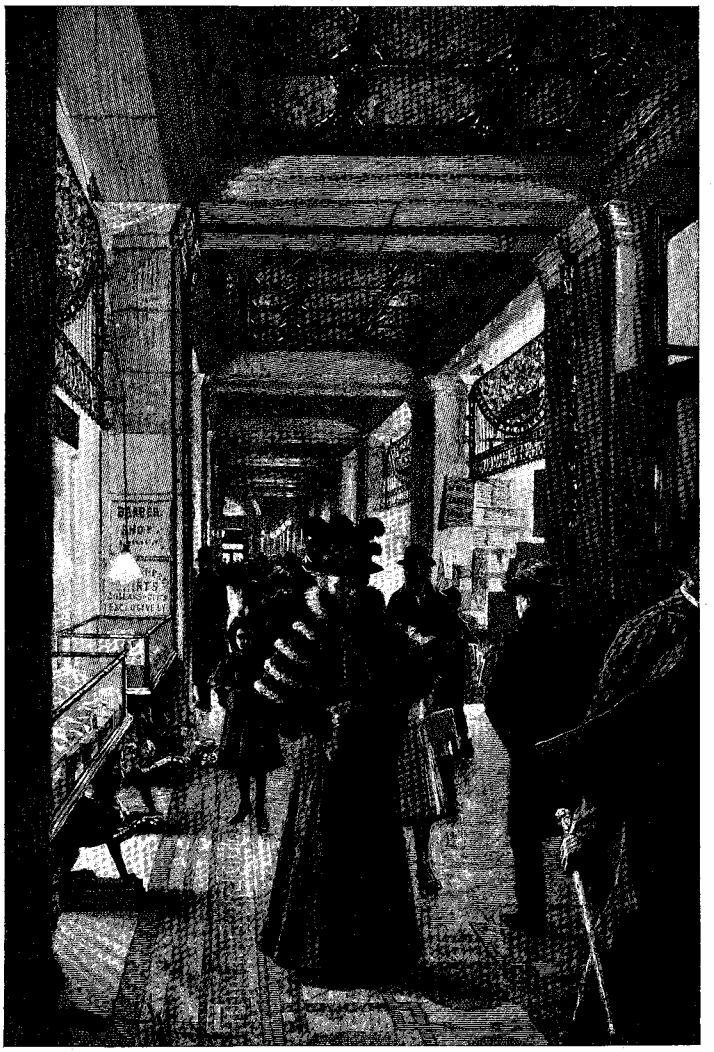

AN ARCADE.

This one is in a comparatively old building and has paid well without suggesting imitation in other buildings till now, when several proposed structures are to have them. They are popular and profitable in many European cities, and in high buildings here are the shopping quarters for the tenants and their customers.

fathers did to the steam-cars, and now the top stories of high buildings bring in more rent than the middle floors. There are men called "high livers" who will not have an office unless it is up where the air is cool and fresh, the outlook broad and beautiful, and where there is silence in the heart of business.

The first builders, trusting that something like this would come to pass, drew the elevator shaft in their plans, and put up eight-story buildings regardless of the gasping scepticism of the crowd. On every trip of the car was an unseen passenger, the value of property in the financial and other centres where the commercial fight was thickest. A lot that was worth forty dollars a square foot rose to fifty, sixty, seventy-five dollars, and owners of low buildings in good locations found themselves receiving an income, fair for half a million, on what was worth a million. They were tempted to sell or rebuild. Those who could afford it held on for a further rise, encouraged by the slower but equally certain advance of rents. Many sold, however, and the new owners had bought to make the property pay, or, if they sought primarily a permanent location for their business, they listened to proposals to improve the property into an independent paying investment.

This was the financial problem, and it is the same to-day that it was twenty years ago, and it will be the same twenty years hence. In general terms its purpose is to make a good security also a good investment; to buy something that has a value above its earning powers because it is first-class security for a loan, like a government bond, and is in demand as a perfectly safe investment for trust funds, and then try to make it pay as a business enterprise. In most of our greater cities a man can borrow money at nearly as low a rate on real estate in the financial centres as he can on high-

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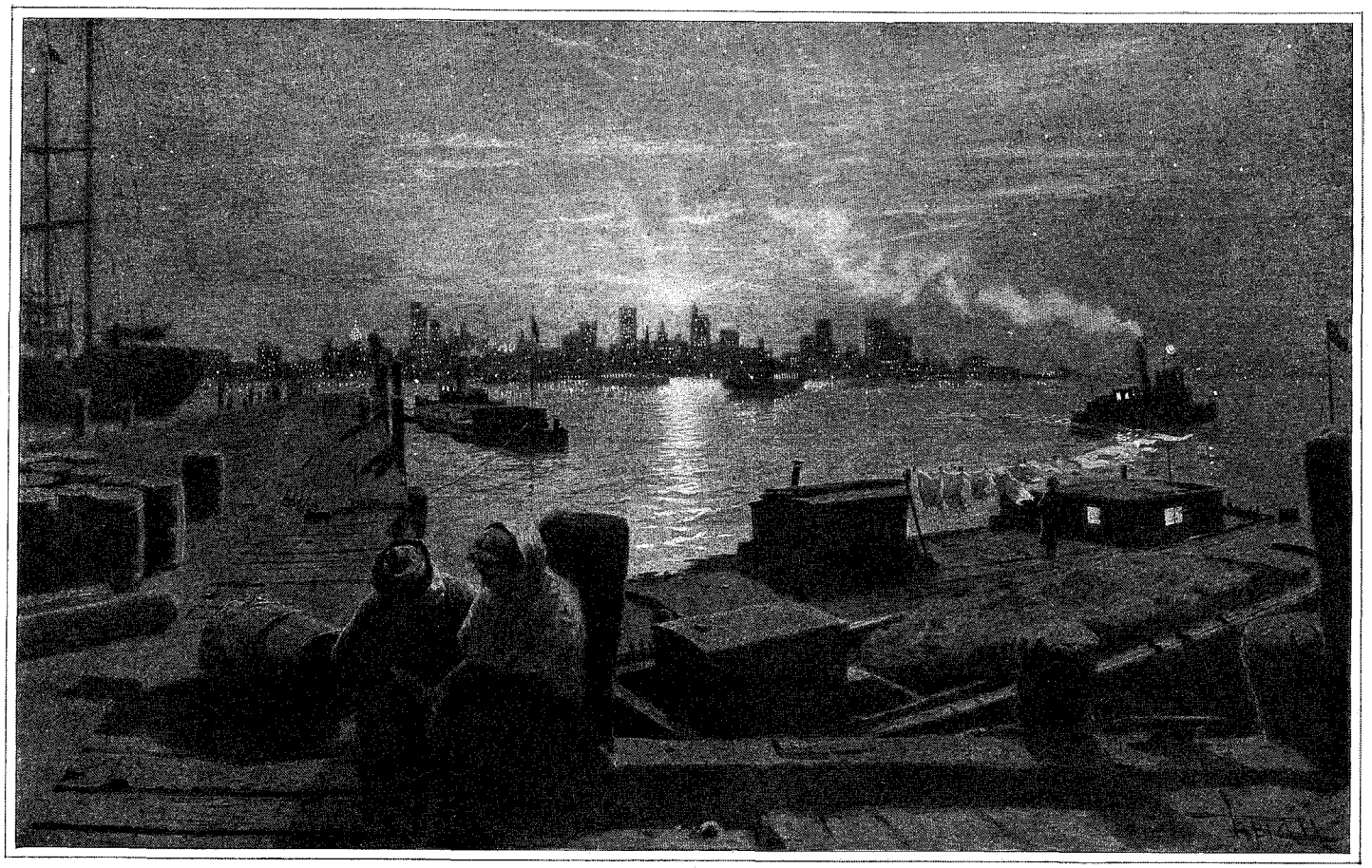

THE RUGGED SKY-LINE OF LOWER NEW YORK FROM THE JERSEY SHORE AT NIGHT.

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THE OUTSIDE WINDOW CLEANER.

On some big buildings he works inside only when the water freezes on the sills. He is strapped or chained in place, but some men who try it cannot, nevertheless, stand the view fifteen or twenty stories down.

class bonds, and the difference is disappearing. The bonds have the advantage of their divisibility; the holder of a million dollars' worth can hypothecate them in any number of parcels at even rates, while the owner of a piece of real estate of equal value has to put a mortgage on the whole to secure a loan however small, and the first lien lowers the value of all subsequent mortgages. To obviate this difficulty, companies are incorporating to fund real estate so that its value can be handled in the form of stocks and bonds, just as the securities of railroads and manufacturing companies are handled in the financial markets.

Thus stated, the financial aspect of the high-building problem may look like another perpetual motion quest. But the financiers, fortunately, do not take that view of it, and their approximations to the solution have been productive at every step. They began the rebuilding of cities the moment the elevator led the way, exercising little mental power in exact calculation, but showing all the more courage and experimental curiosity. Perhaps there was some recklessness in the first ventures. They spent large sums of money, and could not tell whether they would get back any fair portion of it. It has been said that the earliest builders were corporations, the custodians of other people's money; but the exceptions where individuals, however few, entered the field, some in New York and many in Chicago, indicate that it was a natural, general movement, caused by the chase of brains after the rent-ridden rise of real estate values.

In Chicago the great fire of 1871 forced property-owners to reconstruct from the ground up. Having had some experience with values that outstripped the capacity of their old buildings, they rebuilt either temporarily or as permanently as they knew how. They meant to erect structures so cheap that they could be torn down without much loss, or so high that they would be up at any height to which land values might ever rise. They did not build quite as wisely as they thought, it turned out, but they found out how to do it, and as the demand continued to grow, and architects kept on building, the Chicago builders long held their lead in the solution of the structural problems.

The first "high" buildings, which were from eight to eleven stories high, served only to increase the demand for higher

FOR BEAUTY NOT BUSINESS.

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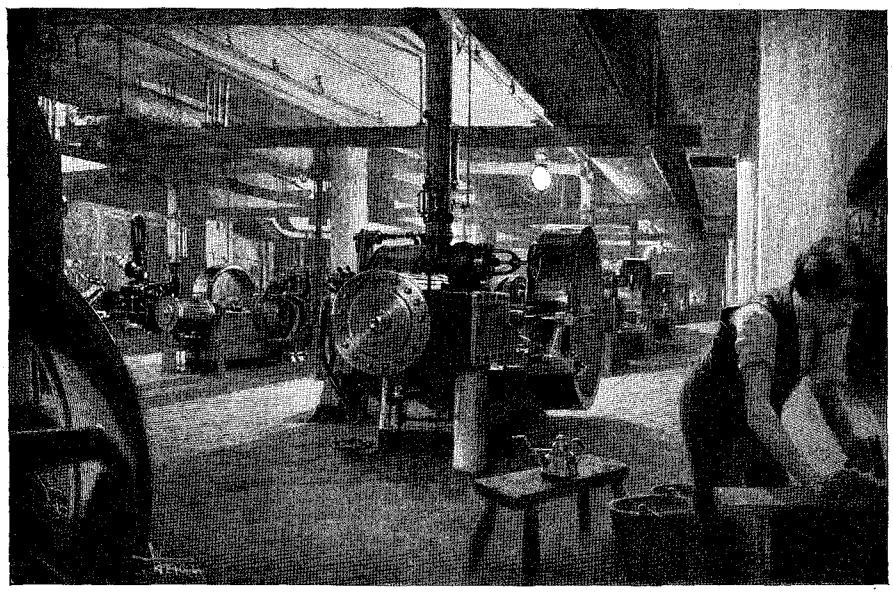
construction, for values kept pace with their growth and the elevator did not stop. It could go on up to any height, and the success of these buildings proved conclusively that tenants would not balk. The financial outlook was clear, but capital waited on the ingenuity of the builders.

From 1865 up to about 1875 the architects planned for solid masonry walls and heavy beams and pillars. The walls carried the weight of the floors and supported themselves. With each additional story, therefore, the walls at their base had to be increased in thickness and strength, so that as the demand for height grew and was satisfied, the lower structure became more and more bulky and costly. The material that went into these sustaining parts was enormous in amount and expensive in quality. It is estimated that the material in a certain high building, erected in 1869, would supply masonry for six modern buildings of its size.

Then, too, most of the high buildings were put up in the streets where ground space was so valuable that even rich men and large corporations could not afford to have very much of it, and one lot or two was so small a space that the thickness of the fattening walls cut appreciably into the rentable room. There came a time when to go higher with the solid masonry method was to lose more income at the bottom than was won at the top. Adding the ever-increasing cost of the foundation and the walls, the financiers saw that their upward course was coming to an end; the beckoning elevator, with its load of rents, had to be disregarded.

There was no time, of course, when either financiers or architects confessed that progress was checked. Nor did the problem set forth here ever appear with the definiteness that it has in the retrospect.



ENGINE- AND DYNAMO-ROOM IN THE BASEMENT; TO THE COMFORTABLE TENANT A SECRET SERVICE.

Men were working on particular buildings; they were studying out devices to overcome the minor difficulties that beset them, and they made progress slowly, step by step. They began early to use metal, for instance. Probably there is not a building anywhere that rises eight stories without cast-iron or steel somewhere in its frame. It was applied as floor beams, as pillars, later for all interior columns, and by and by was recognized as the key to the building problem. But it was new to architects as a means, and was not the material contemplated in the art they had studied; hence they hesitated.

Another expert was needed, if the art of building was to go on supplying the insatiable demands of the real estate market—

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some one who understood the laws of metals. The engineer was the man. The architect, seeing him spinning his suspension bridge, recognized that his was the knowledge wanted, and called him down to consultations about the building of houses. It was a new problem to the engineer, and he had to study its requirements; but it was a promising field, too, and he stayed. He studied architecture, and the architectural engineer was the result. In some conspicuous instances his conversion was so complete that his origin is almost forgotten, and he ranks among the leaders of his adopted art. But while the engineer was mastering architecture, the architect was working into the mysteries of engineering, and among the famous builders of any large American city to-day there are examples of the combination in three ways —the architect who has made himself an engineer, the engineer turned architect, and the firm with one member an architect and another an engineer.

The union of the two arts extended the substitution of metal for masonry. The architect, blocked by the widening base of his brick walls, was taught that a slender pillar of iron could carry as much as his fattest mound. All that stone and brick were needed for was to protect the iron from fire and corrosion. In the superstructure the masonry need be no thicker than was required to give the frame-work rigidity. So they built, throwing more and more of the real work on the iron, and leaving off ever-increasing amounts of masonry.

Without following the transition through the minuter changes, the movement may be divided into two periods, that of the double and that of the single construction. After all the saving of space that seemed possible in the details of pillars and girders, the building of high structures had risen only a story or two, and the demand for more of the free air and light continued. The next step was a brilliant one; the engineer suggested that iron could be made to carry the floors. This would relieve the walls of any weight but their own, and would reduce still further the space they must occupy all the way down the building. There would be two distinct structures—the iron frame, which would be independent and complete in itself, and a shell of masonry around it, closing it in to keep out the weather. They were fastened together, these two buildings, and supported each other somewhat, but theoretically either would stand alone so long as there was no wind or other side pressure.

When done, this revolutionary method of construction stood the test that was considered sufficient by the eager men who were trying to solve the modern architectural problem, and the financiers backed them for more. The price of lots in the neighborhood of the new buildings rose with them, in part because of them. The very solution of the old problem entailed a fresh one. The permanent financial question was revived in altered proportions. The builders overcame the difficulties of details, perfected their construction, and forged ahead a story or two by minor savings. But as the buildings grew in height even the separate walls, which had to bear only their own weight, increased at the base again, and presented the same old obstacle, a wall so thick on the most valuable floors that the rentable space was encroached upon to an extent that cut off below the gains in income above.

Why not let the iron frame that had carried the floors so easily take also the weight of the walls? It meant running the floor beams out under the masonry, a little strengthening of the columns, and it presented a pretty problem in handling wind-pressure. But these were matters of mathematics and engineering, not of rentable space. On the contrary, there would be a saving of room everywhere. It was tried on a small scale in New York in 1881, again on a whole building in Chicago in 1883, and during the next few years was gradually accepted everywhere as a profitable method of high construction on a narrow foundation. Steel was substituted for iron; hot steel rivets closed the connections and secured perfect rigidity, and gusset plates took the lateral pressure not distributable to the floors and interior columns. The steel cage assumed the whole burden of the sky-scrapers. The walls became a veneer, panels to protect the metals and the tenants from fire and weather. A Chicago architect recently began at the top, and put on his walls in succession downward to show that it could be done, and last year a builder in New York, whose

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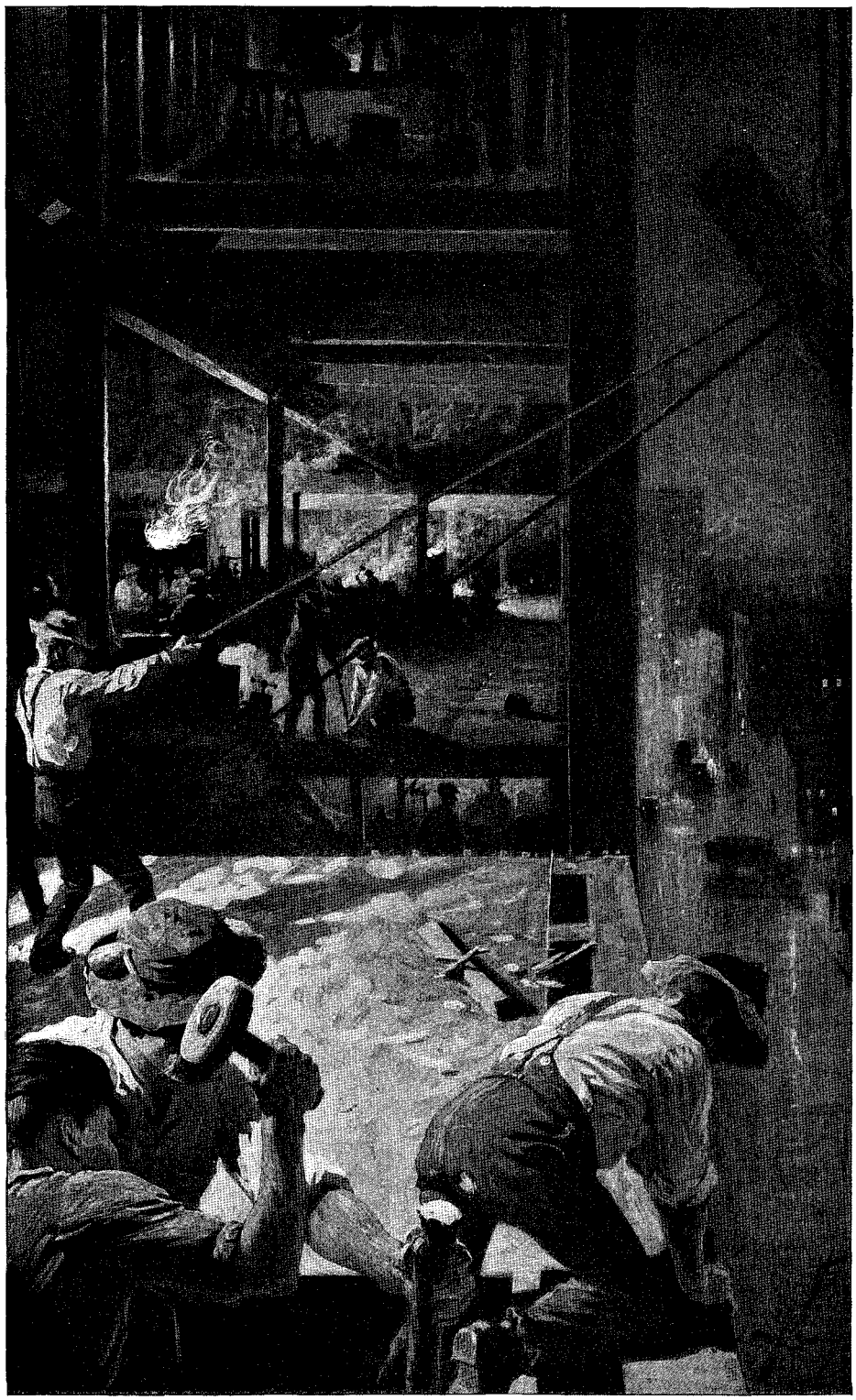

THE NIGHT GANG AT WORK PUSHING A JOB THROUGH.

This scene is in the sixth story of a building at Christopher and Ninth Streets.

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supply of lower-story stone was delayed by the cutters, closed in his upper floors while he waited.

Some architects are still afraid of the Chicago method, as the steel cage construction is called, and lean heavily when they can on their masonry, but for the lofty tower on a small base the steel cage is inevitable. No one can tell how long it will stand the test of time. There are 1,950 tons of steel in a building 370 feet high, which weighs in all 15,000 tons, and the metal will surely corrode; but how long before its sustaining strength will be vitiated to the danger-point is a question that no one can answer empirically, and the present generation of builders is not likely to know how well or how badly it has builded.

They can be sure of this, however, that they have solved their problem; they have reduced the cost of construction from about $5 to 37 cents a cubic foot; they can build as high as the elevator can go, and the elevator knows no limit. Legislation may interfere. The architects and builders themselves have invited legal restrictions to the height of buildings in several of the Eastern States. Otherwise, there is nothing in sight to check the rise of the sky-lines of the great cities. The financier talks of foundation costs and the increasing space required for elevators to serve more than thirty stories. All this means that the problem is back with the financier again, and that to go on would make necessary the combination of capital for the purchase of a large enough ground space to start with to give room for a solid bottom on which to build and plenty of inside room for the numerous elevators, local and express. A building thirty stories high has dug a hole for itself in New York; and, at the time of this writing, in the same city, the plans for fifteen buildings of fifteen stories or more were filed in the Building Department. One heard much grumbling about overdoing, and there was the rub; the builders had outstripped at last the rise of rents, which were handicapped by hard times.

But whether they go higher or not is a question beyond the present theme. The point is that they can. There are engineers who can lay the foundations for fifty stories; there are architects who can plan the construction; there are builders who can realize the conception, and financiers who can manage the scheme. In short, brain can do its work when capital is ready and if the law permits.

The brain that is engaged in this business directly is divided into more than a hundred trades, each one of which has been developing its particular branch with the same strenuousness, boldness, and ingenuity that have characterized the architectural engineering. The architect himself has been laboring with a thousand considerations not even hinted at in this article. He has been studying out such other general problems as ventilation, light, economy of space, convenience, proportion, besides attending to special applications of all his principles, and those of all the other trades that entered the building with his, and add to the ever-varying problem. The engineers have been pondering such essentials as joinings and strains and foundations. In Chicago, where there is no hard pan within reach, they devised a floating "raft" of steel and concrete to lie flat on the shifting sands below the lake level, and on that they can build with such perfectly even distribution of weight that when the whole structure of twenty or more stories settles it sinks plumb. The elevator-builder has achieved such precision that the number of cars put into a building is determined by the cubical contents of the structure. The plumber has applied to his art the principles of sanitary science. The machinist has fitted his enormous plant to the dimensions of the cellar, and has plotted with the elevator man to use for the improved heating-system the exhaust steam from the power engines to warm the tenant after it has lifted him to his floor and lighted his room. The heater man has arranged so that all the tenant has to do is to set a gauge opposite the degree Fahrenheit at which he would like to have the temperature of his room kept, and the machinery automatically keeps it there.

So it is with the roofer and the tile man, the master mason and the carpentry man (no longer a mere carpenter), the manufacturer of hardware and the locksmith; the patent spring on the door closes it quickly, but prevents a slam, and the locks are exclusive for each door, with a master-

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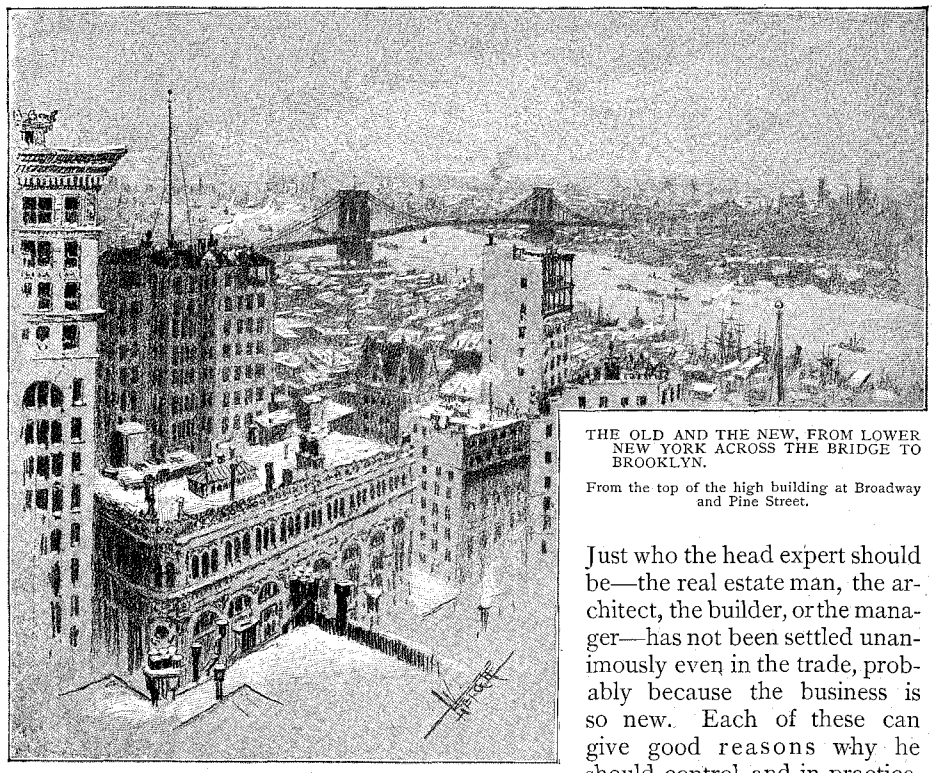

THE OLD AND THE NEW, FROM LOWER NEW YORK ACROSS THE BRIDGE TO BROOKLYN.

From the top of the high building at Broadway and Pine Street.

key for the janitor. In one case, an armory, a set of locks was made with a private locker for each man, a master-key for all, and for each company another master-key that would not open a locker in any other company-room.

"I didn't realize there were so many trades in the world as I found I had to deal with when I undertook to finance this building," said the president of a corporation that had built a sky-scraper. "But what amazed me most was the thought and the forethought and the cleverness that have gone into even the smallest things connected with a building, and the complicated perfection to which everything has been brought."

This financier, it happens, is one who attempted to manage the construction as well as the financing of his company's building, and, like many another expert manipulator of capital who has thought he could build an office building to pay, simply because he could put up a country house or run a railroad, he has paid heavily to learn that it is a distinct business, requiring special knowledge and training.

Just who the head expert should be—the real estate man, the architect, the builder, or the manager—has not been settled unanimously even in the trade, probably because the business is so new. Each of these can give good reasons why he should control, and in practice, first one, then another, appears as the master mind who hires the special service of the others. Again, all four and the engineer and the owner are combined successfully in one person; but in such a case the comprehensive talent builds to sell, not to rent, which is quite a different business.

The rule that is working out most satisfactorily to the investor, who knows only that he wants a building that will pay good interest on his capital, is to choose his experts, and form them into a committee, over which he himself presides to see to it that the best executive mind directs the work, while the considerations of the other specialists are regarded in proportion to their importance from the owner's point of view; or, if the owner cannot attend to it, to leave it all either to the real estate man who is to manage the building as a business after it is constructed, or to an architect who has built buildings that pay. Corporations appoint a committee of their directors, to which are added, one by one as they are chosen, the architect, the builder, and the manager. Individuals go first to

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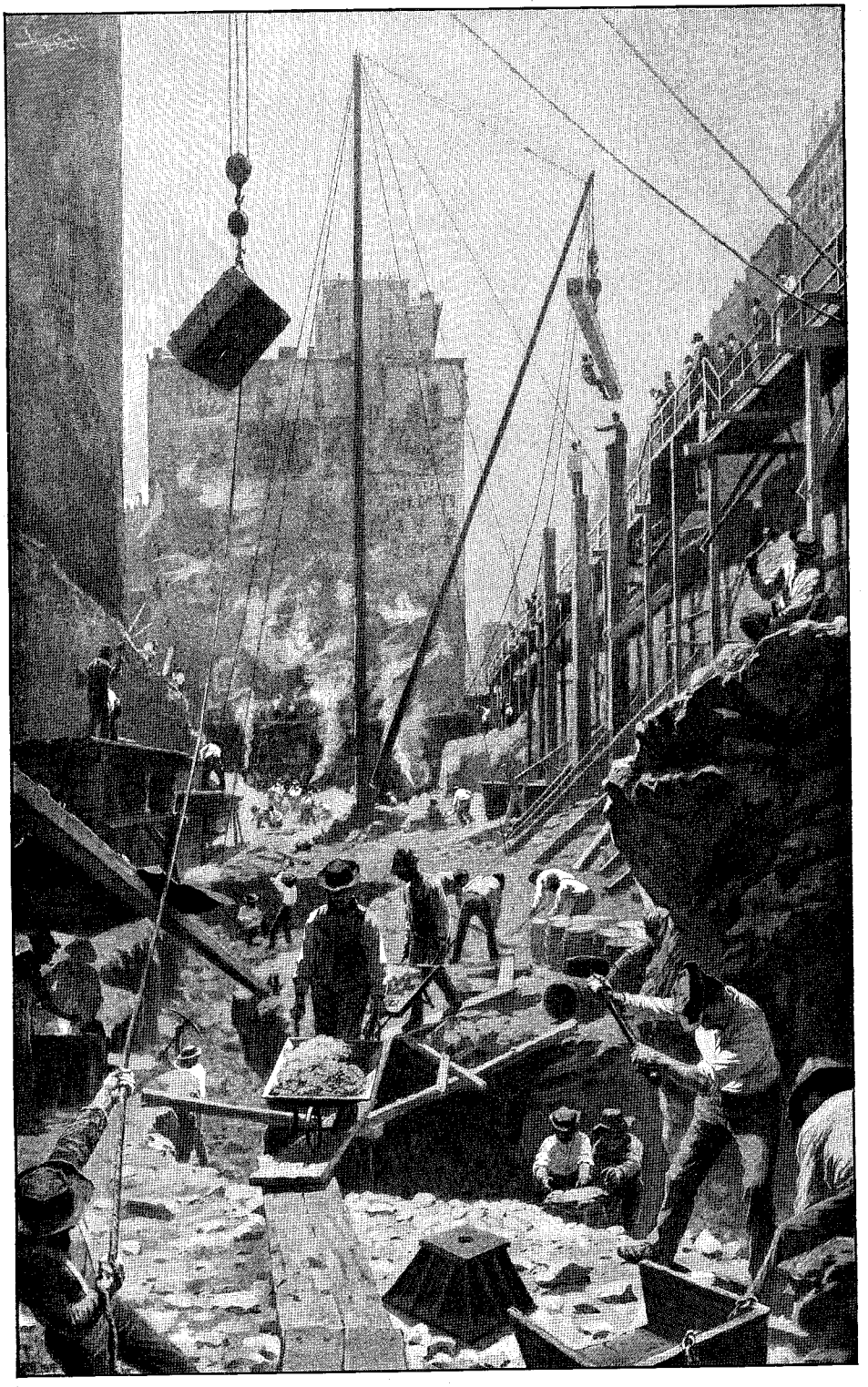

A DEEP FOUNDATION IN ROCK.

A simple but long and costly process, because of the proximity of high buildings, easily disturbed by the blasting. The scene is from Fifth Avenue, New York, and the depth, forty feet from the curb, is for cellar and subcellar space, not to reach solid bottom. Downtown in New York and in Chicago the spread or floating foundation of concrete and steel beams is for safety, and is more expensive and difficult. Most elaborate is the pneumatic caisson foundation, invented to reach down through water-bearing material.

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the man they happen to know personally—architect, builder, or real estate man—and whichever is the first on the field is apt to keep the ascendancy to the end. This accidental procedure is operating so steadily to the advantage of the real estate man that he is coming to be the chief of builders.

He is the first and the last adviser of the investors; they go to him to buy the ground, or, if they have it, to discuss what to do with it to make it pay, and they consult with him, when the building is ready, about leases, tenants, rent-collecting, and the details of management. Indeed, it is he who often suggests the whole enterprise. Knowing the value, the probable income, and the capacity for paying improvements of property, he goes to the owners with propositions to tear down and rebuild, and if unsuccessful in this attempt to drum up trade, he seeks for the property a purchaser who will listen. But whether he originates the idea or not, he handles the problem first, and he can come pretty near telling what the solution will be.

The general question is: how to make fair interest out of a safe investment in an office building? So thoroughly has this problem been worked out that the expert real estate man can state with reasonable certainty the following known quantities: the rent per annum per square foot, the cost of the building per cubic foot, the value of the ground per square foot, and the cost of maintenance per square foot. The figures vary, of course, according to the city, the neighborhood, the exact location, and the markets for materials, rents, etc. In New York last spring the figures for the Wall Street neighborhood were $3.50 a square foot for rentable space, which should be about 66 to 70 per cent. of the whole floor room, and 40 cents a cubic foot for building. There were few sales of lots, and the prices paid were very high. One was next to the highest ever known, $228.57 a square foot. But the cost of the ground and the location are variables that are subjects of discussion in the light of the determinants, and the expert has to adjust the venture on them as a basis before the business begins.

He may know, for instance, that while one piece of property under consideration is costly, it is better for the whole scheme, either because there is a demand near it for office space, or because that particular neighborhood is not likely to be overbuilt. If a cheaper lot is thought of, he has to advise whether the class of tenants who will occupy it is good; whether a better class of tenants can be drawn so far (it may be only a hundred yards) from the places where they are now; whether the growth of the kind of business they think to build for is in their direction. In short, knowledge and foresight and judgment have to be exercised in settling these preliminaries, which differ in each case from every other the real estate expert has ever had; and he knows that the success of the enterprise depends upon his first decision, the location of his building.

When that is determined, he has one absolute figure for his exact estimates, and he goes over his variables again, square foot and cubic foot, with fresh interest. The shape of the lots may cut off or add to his guess as to the amount of rentable space, which depends on light and air and the class of his probable tenants. If his client has taken a corner, he has increased the first item, the cost of the ground, which is the greatest, but he has gained in spacing and attractiveness. On the other hand, again, he has made it necessary to count on a greater charge per cubic foot for construction, since two fronts demand more for decoration and finish. These readjustments were all considered, however, before the price was paid, and the next question is taken up, also not altogether fresh.

The location decided in a general way what the character of the building must be, but before any plans are ordered that matter has to be considered in detail. The architect needs to know whether there is to be a big bank or a number of small businesses on the ground floor, and whether above there are to be many offices to the story or spacious lofts for storage and factories. The real estate agent, or, if he has been chosen, the owner's own renting agent, sounds for tenants, sometimes getting his principal tenants engaged, always finding out whether he is to have lawyers or merchants. Corporations and large businesses have these first questions off their hands, since they are to be their own principal tenants, but even they have to have an expert pronounce after inquiry upon the possibilities of their building for other uses.

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If the architect has not been called in before this point is reached, he is now, for without him no further progress can be made. He may have been consulted first, but his work would not have begun any sooner; he would have engaged some real estate man to do all this preliminary study of the business anyway. When it is done, the architect goes over the financial estimates, taking the dimensions and form of the lot, looking up on his map the character of the subsoil to obtain an idea of the sort of foundation he has to build on, and making observations of the surrounding buildings. He draws roughly the plan of the new building to see what rentable space he can count on for each floor, and then he and the real estate expert compare notes and reckon out the height of the structure.

Assuming a certain number of stories, they multiply the rentable space on the ground plan by it, and that result by the market rate per square foot of rents in the neighborhood. From this they subtract the cost of maintenance, getting the income, which they compare with the interest at the desired rate on the cost of the ground and the estimated cost of the building. If the two figures do not balance in the investor's favor, a story or two is added. Increasing the height, however, may complicate the problem by the considerations of good service and foundation costs. Up to a certain height four elevators may be sufficient, but the car space has to bear a definite ratio to the rentable area, and one added story may just pass the limit of capacity of the assumed number of cars, so that more have to be allowed for. This means more room for shafts and a corresponding loss of rentable space. Again, a building of from eight to twelve stories will stand safely on a shallow, inexpensive foundation, while fourteen stories would have to be settled on the bedrock, seventy-two feet down at Broadway and Pine Street, New York, or have an elaborate and costly bed made for it, as in Chicago. Thus the rising calculations reach a point where the owner must change his scheme radically. Unless he is willing to venture a much greater amount of capital for a very high building, he has either to relinquish a little income or cut something, the quality of the material or the elaboration of finish; and if he chooses to reach high for the coveted income, he increases the risk of having vacant rooms, since he may exceed the space needs of the neighborhood. For a structure that is built in twelve months, the consideration of these preliminary matters often lasts two or three years.

When they are decided, the architect begins drawing his plans, and continues to draw them till the building is completed. There are some forty sets necessary for a high building. The details are innumerable, and each one has to be fully conceived in imagination before it can be executed in steel or stone. All the possible uses of the building have to be foreseen; every pound of dead and live weight has to be calculated and prepared for; each particular beam, girder, pillar, and arch must be located and marked with its dimensions, material, and the load and lateral pressure it has to bear; the paths of a network of pipes and wires have to be traced through all their ramifications. But even to sketch the architect's work would be a long story in itself. It will have to suffice to indicate some of the features of it that bear obviously on the success or failure of the building as a business enterprise.

There are buildings close together that seem to the layman to be equally attractive for their purposes, but one of them will be filled with tenants, while others will always have vacant rooms and many removal signs outside. In one case of two such contrasting buildings, everybody who knew anything about it—clients, manager, and disinterested architects—said the failure of the building was the fault of the man who drew the plans. One architect will distribute his rentable space in stores or offices nicely adapted to the business of the neighborhood, another will have them too large or too small; one will grasp too much rentable space, another will be extravagant with halls and lobbies. Errors can be made either way on almost any point, and not be the fault of a careless study. The conflict of requirements calls for sacrifices of one set of considerations for some other. The elevators, with their first floor vestibule, should not take up valuable front space that is light, but they should be conspicuously in sight the moment the entrance is passed. The corridors may be inside, away from the daylight, but to leave them dark or dim is fatal. So insistent are tenants of the best

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class on convenience and approachableness of their offices that they prefer to be in a "tower" building at any height than in a large building with intricate, half-lighted hallways, and this observation weighs in the balance for upward instead of surface expansion. The architect has to conjure up every conceivable need and whim of the tenant, and then, after providing for them, he has to arrange for changes after all. He plans large rooms, not too large, and small rooms, not too small; then specifies partitions that may be changed. He may have one front exposed to the light, or he may have two or three, but in any case, no matter what the depth of the lot, he is expected to have light and good ventilation for every room. When all else is done he may strive for beauty, or the owner's substitute.

Beauty absolute is believed by some critics to be incompatible with remunerative height. Most architects of enlightenment admit that the beautiful "sky-scraper" has not yet been designed, but their striving for it proves that they do not despair, and an acknowledged achievement would pay, for advertisement is the mercantile equivalent of applause. Conspicuousness helps rent a building. Men like to be in one so well known that the name of it is address enough without the street number, which is easily forgotten; and a corporation that erects a home for itself striking enough to be talked about, and pictured throughout the country, finds by actual experience that the investment, though a failure as a renting enterprise, pays astonishingly. Hideousness, if recognized as such generally, is harmful, for the notoriety frightens off the best class of tenants, leaving the building to those who do not know or care and do not pay regularly and well.

The fundamental æsthetic problem talked of in the great architects' offices is to design the exterior to express in some way the character of the construction. To have a light, airy, all-supporting steel cage veneered with a stone that suggests enormous weight and massive walls, is an ugly lie. The conventional notions of the owner may be an explanation of the architect's appointment of such monstrous atlantes as those on page 46 that are pretending to carry a thirty-story building. But the economy of simplicity would excuse saving this expense, and clear the façades for the study of the real question, which the serious architect is trying to answer, to wit: how to make his building look as high as it is, and light and graceful besides. The necessity of a fireproof wrapping for the metal frame is one obstacle; the other is the centuries-old preconception of beauty of proportion. Business interest makes for the destruction of the latter; the former is falling before tireless ingenuity.

While the architect is wrestling with light and space, the contractor begins his race against time. He joins the building committee, and either undertakes for a fee the execution of the plans or offers to do it for a lump sum, taking all risks and making such profits as he can. If he is to finance the construction, he competes for the contract by bidding on the architect's specifications, which are a big book of particulars, prescribing the materials to be used, the amount and quality, the date of completion, and a clause exempting the owner from responsibility for damages by accidents to life or property and the builder from the loss of time in strikes. On some of the specifications the builder estimates for himself, taking the masonry if he is a mason-builder, the wood-work if he is a carpentry-builder, but most of them he has to sublet to specialists: the manufacturer of steel, the plumber, the tile-maker, and the roofer. When all the estimates are in, the builder adds to the sum his profits, and submits the total with a stipulation for periodical payments, one when so many beams are set, another when the iron work is in, another when so many floors are down, and so on to the end, when the balance, including fifteen per cent. withheld from each part payment, is paid. Thus the builder, who is rarely a capitalist, is enabled to arrange for the payment of his labor and the contractors under him. Sometimes a contract on a set of specifications is sublet several times; the hardware contractor, for example, giving out the locks and door-springs to patentees. But the owner knows only the builder, who conducts the whole and has all the responsibility.

If the builder is engaged for a fee, the architect, or, now and then, the owner, lets the contracts and manages the finances of the operation. The builder furnishes his trained office force, his staff of experts, his

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plant, and his own executive ability, and distributes the payments of labor and contractors on the order of the financing agent. His duties are the same; he is the captain of industry. He orders the movements of thousands of men and thousands of tons of material, according to a plan of campaign that he lays out carefully in advance. With a small space of ground to work on, and a limited time, he has to foresee precisely when each beam and each man shall come and go. The sixth-story piers must be delivered when those of the fifth are in place, and they must not be a day late, for the girders of the seventh come then, and there is no room to store anything, since the masons are there at work on the lower walls, and the ground is occupied by their materials. Each squad of workmen follows another, and if one is late, all that come after are delayed, and the completion of the building is not on time.

That means a loss to the owner, and disarranges the whole scheme, for, from the time the old building is torn down to the day the new one is opened, a large amount of capital is earning nothing. The period of construction when no interest is coming in is reckoned in the cost of the building, and, counting on its coming to an end at a certain date, the rooms are rented from that time long ahead. Even the tenants are inconvenienced and may be lost by any failure of the builder's plans.

To hurry at first is the rule now. The builder has to know how long it takes to manufacture the materials, and he gets out the orders for the difficult work first, and all as soon as possible. With the acceptance of each contract there is a clause binding the contractor to deliver at the date fixed by the builder, no sooner and no later; but the builder informs himself from time to time whether the promise is to be kept, whether the cornice-maker, for instance, who is to be ready a month hence, has begun the work that will take a month to do. That is to say, the builder watches the progress of his building, not at the scene of construction alone, but in the shops and factories also. While the borings are making for the foundation he sends one of his staff up to the quarry to see if the stone is being taken out of the ground, and to report whether the vein is of the quality that was shown when the surface inspection was made. A year is the time allowed to erect the highest buildings, and the foundation and labor difficulties are the only elements of doubt provided for in the contract. Dividing the year into twelve periods, the builder reduces it to days, and appoints a clerk of the work and a timekeeper to enforce the schedule. Each load of cement, iron, piping, or brick is examined as it arrives, and if it is "up to specifications" is receipted for and turned over to the workmen who put it in place. As the construction proceeds, reports are made to the master-builder, who sometimes has photographs taken to save himself a personal inspection. If the masons are lagging, the mason contractor is called upon to put more men on his job, and some other contractor, the tile man perhaps, is asked to begin a day or two earlier to make up the loss.

The architect also keeps tally on the work, for the builder's reports of progress have to be countersigned by the designer before any payments are sanctioned by the owner. These architect's certificates play another part in the financial scheme if the owner is building on credit. In that case he has negotiated for a loan which, when the building is done, becomes a mortgage on the whole property, but interest is saved to the borrower by receiving the money only as it is needed to pay the contractor's bills, in parts timed according to the advancement of the work. The whole loan may be of an amount for which the ground would not be a sufficient security, so, as the improvements increase the value of it, the lender, assured by the certificates of builder and architect, advances the sums that carry on the scheme till, at the end, there is a general settlement by which the owner gets his building, the capitalist the mortgage, if there is one, the architect and the builder their fees or profits, and the manufacturers and labor the capital invested.

But that does not end the business. The completion of the building is the materialization of the architect's plans, but those of the financier culminate in the management, which begins now to realize the expectations of the enterprise as a whole.

In the days of the old buildings, this was easy. An agent sat with his feet up

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on a desk, scrutinizing loftily or lazily the applicants who approached him, credentials in hand, with a request for a place on the waiting list for the offices that might fall vacant from time to time. He accepted those who seemed to his fancy to be up to the mark, rejecting the others in the line with slight courtesy. He rarely went to the building. A tyrant ruled there, some pensioner of the owner, whom all the tenants addressed respectfully as "Mr. Janitor." Sometimes he was a good-natured ignoramus who became a "character;" oftener he was a peevish, useless hanger-on, whose sole purpose was to grind as much as he could out of his natural prey, the creatures given him with the building by his patron, the owner. All the tenant's lease included was the office, the daylight the carpenter failed to exclude, the right to pass up and down the stairs and halls, and, in the finer offices, a gas-jet or two and a fireplace. There was water on the lower floors. Fuel the janitor provided, for an extra fee and a share. Gas or lamp light the tenant arranged for himself. The cleaning was done by some woman hired through the janitor.

Competition and the high buildings changed all that. It is the tenant's turn now to scrutinize and reject the offers of the line of agents, who have taken down their feet to run about, "hustling" to fill their gaping space. The janitor was hard to subjugate, but he is passing away. The cross old autocrats had to be discharged; the young men who harbored the traditions of their office had their salaries cut in half, and, if that did not reduce their insolence, were put in livery and called headporters. The owner had set a new example, and he had to choose between the janitor and the spoiled tenant.

Now the lawyer or business man who has been induced to come into a modern sky-scraper has the cab-door opened by a uniformed giant, who escorts him (under an umbrella, if it is raining) across a clean sidewalk to the revolving storm-door. Inside the janitor's ghost salutes him, a detective sees that no thief slips in to pick his pocket, or pedler or beggar to annoy him, while the hall-man indicates the one of several elevators that is waiting to shoot him to his floor so swiftly that it can make no appreciable difference in time whether he is on the third or the twentieth story. But, lest a second may be missed, there is an express elevator that does not stop at any floor below the fifteenth. His room has been swept, dusted, and put in order by a staff of servants he never sees. He touches a button to fix the temperature of his room; another to turn on the electric light, if the day is dull or the hour is late, otherwise the daylight will stream in gloriously, for there are "no dark rooms." The dust of the street he may rinse from his hands with hot or cold water, and on his rack are fresh towels, which come he knows not whence. Telephone, messenger-calls, and mail-chutes are conveniently near. In the latest of the new buildings there is an internal telephone system that connects through the first floor switch with any other room in the building or with the city service. They furnish also a bath-room on each floor, and a private bath if desired. One of the latest conveniences is a bicycle storage-room in the basement of a building not finished at this writing. Libraries for the use of tenants are not so new, but running ice-water and bachelor apartments are.

This last feature makes it possible for a business man to live in a building day in and day out. The manager arranges to have a restaurant somewhere within his walls, on or near the roof, if possible, and some large buildings run their own kitchen, to be sure of first-class service. In the corridor are cigar, news, and boot-blacking stands. Elevators do not stop, as they used to, at six o'clock, but take turns running all night. For society, the tenant has the club, which is coming to be a feature of the high building. The bedroom was all that was lacking, when a New York business man recently called the attention of a manager to the omission, and suggested one for himself. He thought of the fine view of cities and rivers and harbors from his office-window near the roof, imagined the cool, fresh air of that altitude, and recalled the hot and lonely summer months when his family was out of town, and he asked why he should go five miles to an abandoned home every night. The manager said he need not. A bedroom was drawn in the plans, and finding other tenants charmed by the idea of chambers, he adopted them

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as a novelty for his building. And to complete the scheme, he is talking of having a roof garden, with a variety stage, to while away the evenings of tenants and to catch the pleasure-seekers who now pass through the lower part of the city to go to the theatres uptown.

To make changes suggested by a tenant in this way it is necessary that the manager should have consulted with him before the building was completed, and should have power to carry out his ideas. In a properly conducted enterprise, the manager joins the council of builders before anything is done. He begins his work with the real estate man, sometimes in his stead, and is as busy as the builder throughout the period of construction; for the future of the building is in his charge, and he represents the tenants who are to use it. The time has passed when the capitalist can put so much money into brick and stone regardless of any fact except the insatiable demand for office room in crowded neighborhoods. All the fads and prejudices of a fastidious tenantry have to be anticipated now, and new luxuries may have to be suggested and provided to draw men from buildings equipped only with all the necessaries of business life. The manager, who has to rent the building, knows these things, and he is supreme from the start in all matters of internal arrangement. The only excuse for not heeding his directions is the plea that they are structurally or financially impossible. It is he who decides whether the first floor is to be planned for a bank or a number of stores, and divides the upper floors into small offices or large suites, according to his judgment or knowledge of the needs of the neighborhood.

Usually it is knowledge. The manager keeps himself posted on the movements of business firms, getting in the form of gossip the names of those who are dissatisfied with their quarters, and of owners of old buildings who are preparing to tear down and rebuild, thus threatening the tenure of their tenants. To these people the manager of a proposed new building goes with his offer to let them space with the privilege of subdividing it to suit their requirements. Getting them pledged, he hastens to others, and though he may not secure many tenants so soon, he learns exactly what is wanted on the spot where his building is to be. There may be conflicting demands; he may be on the boundary between importers who require lofts or store-rooms, and lawyers who wish offices, and it is often a difficult and delicate task to arrange with the architect for a compromise plan that will satisfy both clients. But the man for such a place has to be able to solve many nice problems, as many as any of the other experts engaged in building operations.

When the manager has determined the character of the building, the contracts are drawn, and the date of completion is set. That limits and drives him just as it does the builder and the contractors, for when the building is delivered he is expected to have ready the occupants, who are counted on to make the capital invested begin again to pay interest, and any failure on his part disturbs the calculations of the financier in the same way that the builder's delay does. And there is another factor that whips on the manager. In every city there are what are called "moving days," when old leases expire and new ones begin. May 1st, for example, is the date when "downtown" New York makes its general shift. Above Chambers Street, and as far north as Fourteenth, the change is made on February 1st, chosen, doubtless, because the old stock of merchandise is low at that time, and the new goods are not yet in. The residence districts of the city move on October 1st, which is about the time when the people who have been out of town for the summer are returning. Why the extreme southern end of Manhattan Island picked out May 1st, no one has been able to explain, but settled it is unalterably, and the new buildings erected there are hurried through so as to be ready for occupancy by that day; and the manager who rushes around seeking tenants knows that he will have in his building all the first year only as many as he has secured on May-day. He may add a few firms who happen to open business in the interval, and chance may throw in his way two or three tenants who are so dissatisfied with some other building that they move out at a sacrifice of rent paid; but, as a rule, the space vacant on the moving day remains a losing investment for a year.

Hence, besides the advantage of offering the tenant a voice in the planning of

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his space, the manager is urged to commence early the canvass for occupants by the time limitation and the serious consequences of exceeding it. While the architect is drawing the projected floor plans, the manager takes them, and makes up his schedule of rents. He has already told the committee what he can get for the space per square foot, and the financier has calculated on that figure for a certain income, which has now to be arranged for in detail. It has to be divided among the floors, and then among the rooms. If he has set $3.50 a square foot as the average, the manager now starts with, say, $8 as the rate on the ground floor, $5 on the second, and $2.50 on the others up to the top stories, where he can charge $3 or $3.50. Then, as he puts in the partitions asked for by his first clients, he raises or lowers the rates for the other rooms according to minute considerations of light, convenience, and conspicuousness, taking care, however, to make the sum of his various prices produce the total expected of that floor, and yet have each charge fall within the general market rates.

When this is done he prepares his prospectus, a handsomely printed paper book with diagrams of each floor, a description of the building, with the names of the specialists engaged on it—the architect, the builder, the elevator-maker, the electrician, the plumber, the mason, the carpentry-men. There are pictures of the front and sides of the proposed building, of the main hall and the machinery-room, views from the windows, sketches of the interior decoration, and little essays on the novelties and special features. The pamphlet is sent out to possible tenants and to the newspapers for "written notices" which are free advertisements, but the most effective use of it is in the hands of the staff of renting agents.

Personal solicitation of the cleverest and most alluring kind is necessary to fill in a year one of these great buildings that will house from one to four thousand people. There are ten or twelve other buildings to be ready, and for them also an active canvass is being made. The competition is almost desperate in some cities where there has been overbuilding in hard times. In New York the stress is such that it is said the only sure source of tenants is in the continuance of the process, as the tearing down of more old buildings for the next year's crop of new buildings supplies the tenants for this May's openings.

Despite the scramble, however, the best manager is the one who knows when to reject an application and stand a loss in vacant space; for a building, like a neighborhood, has character, and if it is a new structure he has to create that essential to permanent success. The reputation of the building affects the trade, custom, and clientele of its inhabitants, injuring those who are above it, and injured in turn by those who are below it. Anyone can call to mind well-known buildings that would be creditable as business addresses; they might help to sell a bill of goods. And there are others, equally familiar, that would cause a doubt as to a man's credit, unless his "line" were as low as the reputation of his building. The experienced manager is well aware of this, and, eager as he is for tenants, hard as he labors and plots for good men to come into his space, he resists the temptation to take everybody who applies.

The method some managers follow to give their place a fine start toward respectability is to get an old firm of national renown to head their rent roll. There are many such that have stuck to the ramshackle, antiquated building where they began their careers fifty years ago. Again and again they have been urged to move into the pretentious new buildings. The darkness of their rooms, the inconvenience of the arrangements, bad plumbing, bad air, slow elevator service, all these and other disagreeable conditions of their environment have been pointed out by the eloquent man with the beautiful little pamphlet; in vain. The old firm has always been there; their clients know the familiar place; they are making a couple of hundred thousand dollars a year as it is; their books and papers could not be moved. It is hard to persuade the head of the profession to the top of the town. But one by one they are pulled up, almost by the roots. Perhaps the most obdurate member of the firm dies or his energetic son joins the office. The sharp-witted manager, who knows everything that touches his business, hears of the change, and he reopens his case for a last trial.

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Sometimes the case is won by making sacrifices. In New York, a year ago, the manager of a new building, desperate for a brilliant opening, went to a grand old firm of lawyers, offered them his best floor, ripped out and rearranged to suit, at a lower rate than they paid in the old building, and undertook to move them free of charge in one day and night—furniture, papers, books, documents, pictures, all to be taken up as they were, and set down in relatively the same positions in the new quarters.

This was an extreme case, but it paid. The name of that firm was used as a charm to draw other firms of equal stability though of less fame, and many more that were seeking in obscurity a similar practice. And the manager foresees that when so immovable a firm is once established in his building it will take root for another half century, while the branches it shoots forth, younger men reared in the office, will seek growing space near the old trunk. The character of his building is assured.

An example on the other side, of a building that made a bad beginning, was furnished by an expert manager who tried to reclaim it. At the time of its completion it was the tallest structure in New York. The man who erected it was a man of low tastes, but of great ability as a sensational business manager. His creation was like him, and it soon expressed his character as well as his mind. He let the first comers settle about him, and did not see he had made a mistake till he discovered that his low class of tenants were not good pay. Then, after himself trying to mend the case, he asked the trained specialist to see what he could do. It was a novel experiment at that time, and the manager entered upon it with energy and ideas. He turned out the worst tenants, and induced respectable people to take their places at very low rents. That was as far as he got. He says with a laugh that he might have succeeded if his exemplary tenants had stayed, but they could not stand it; they told him they would not have minded for themselves two or three months of being crowded and jostled about in the elevators by their neighbors—the trouble was that their clients did not like to see and smell the obnoxious clients of the neighbors, and, besides, thought it disreputable to be seen going into the building. The manager had to give up the task, convinced of the futility of reformation of buildings in general, and more impressed than ever with the necessity of starting aright.

As the opening day approaches, the manager has to organize his system and staff for the conduct, the maintenance, and the cleaning of his building. Everything must be in perfect order on the first day when the tenants arrive, so the staff often enters the building while the last workmen are there, and follows them up with the cleaning, room by room. From twenty to a hundred men and women are employed, according to the size of the building and the manager's notion of economy, and since these people are to furnish the permanent service for possibly six thousand tenants, and their twenty thousand (in one building the estimate on an elevator count of one day was forty-five thousand) clients, each employee, from the machinist down to the scrub-woman, is chosen with the scrupulousness of a civil service examination. The "pull" that used to decide in this business, as it still does in politics, has been abolished by the competition for efficient service.

The methods of running the business of a modern high building are so various that it is impossible to determine either a typical case or the drift of practice under experience. Some owners have a superintendent of the building, an expert machinist and electrician, who attends to the maintenance and reports to the manager, whose functions are renting and financing. Other buildings are in the control of the manager, who lets out the cleaning and heavy repairing by contract, and has in his janitor and chief engineer executive heads of staffs for routine work. One corporation that has fourteen buildings distributed over the United States, Europe, Australia, and South America has in New York a financial manager for all, with local managers in each building to rent, supply, and keep them in good condition. The central office receives the rent and authorizes extraordinary expenditures, requires regular reports in detail of all changes and expenses, and supervises all the business of each building through a travelling inspector.

These are corporation methods. Indi-

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viduals who own modern buildings usually abandon the management of them after they have tried it long enough to learn that it is a distinct business, requiring expert direction. They turn it over to some real estate firm that has a staff of men who do nothing else. There is the manager or superintendent of buildings, who is an able organizer of men and a keen executive. Under him is a corps of renting agents and collectors, bookkeepers who carry the general account of expenses for all the buildings and separate individual and proportionate accounts of each owner. Outside this office staff there are an inspector, who visits each building every day, and a machinist, an electrician, a carpenter, a plumber, and a painter, whose duty it is to direct repairs. Then, each building has its own janitor, with his squad of hall and elevator men, scrub-women, sweepers, moppers, dusters, and outside window-cleaners; and the engineer, with his assistants, electrician, and firemen. The janitor makes weekly reports in writing to the central office of repairs, of changes, complaints, and requests of tenants, while the engineer accounts for the coal and other supplies used by him in amounts and in the power expended in heat, light, and elevators.

The cost of maintenance for a year, including taxes, insurance, supplies, repairs, and service, is from two to three per cent. of the capital invested, and increases with the age of the building. One manager, who had eleven years' experience in a building about fifteen years old, said he spent an average of $5.50 a day to repair pipes and plumbing; $4 a day for bricking and tiling; he replaced 2,000 of his 11,000 lights a year; bought sixteen tons of coal a day. But the new methods of construction of everything that goes into the later buildings are expected, and indeed promise, to reduce these items to absurdities. The latter-day managers are setting the builders, contractors, and manufacturers who supply the plant fresh problems of economy by their close figuring on expenses. A boiler that needs more than so much per pound of power for repairs is not satisfactory. Masonry must wear only so much a cubic foot a year to be within the specifications. Lights and plumbing and wiring and tubing that have to be renewed at a cost of more than so many cents per thousand feet are charged up against the supplier of them; and the manager is equally exacting with himself. He doles out coal at so many tons the week per thousand cubic feet of rentable space, and hires scrub-women on the basis of 32,000 square feet of floor a day for each mop.

Despite all his precise reckoning, however, and his reduction of the problem to an accuracy of calculation that is almost scientific, the inexorable laws of the market gradually cut down his income. The building earns less year by year. The manager's own requirements of economy and ingenuity of construction involve the solution of fresh problems, lowering the cost of building, which entails the increase of new and higher structures; and that carries with it higher values of the ground built on, and correspondingly lower rents.

But it is capital that loses by the inevitable process, capital and labor. Competition and progress reduce the one to two or three per cent. a year, the other to $1.50 a day. But the same forces stir up brains and strengthen character; they develop a sky-scraping builder, earning $50,000 a year, whose name is an advertisement for the buildings he puts up, out of a master mason who began life as a bricklayer. And the end is not yet; our cities, as their ragged sky-lines show, will be rebuilding for many years to come. The grind between capital and labor will go on, while the financier, the architect, the builder, the manager—the brains of business enterprise—will grow and profit mightily.

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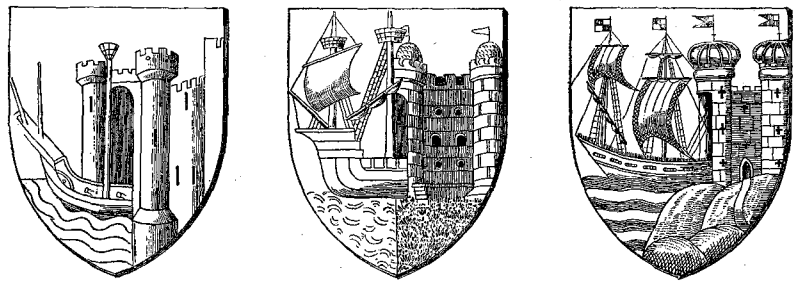

The Old Arms of the City of Bristol.

JOHN CABOT

By the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava

When dealing with the life and work of John Cabot one is tempted to follow the example of the author of a famous book on Iceland, who, having devoted a chapter to "A description of the snakes of Iceland," fell back for its contents on the statement, "There are no snakes in Iceland." In our case less succinctness is possible, for John Cabot certainly existed, though in so hazy a condition that many of his biographers have confounded him with his son Sebastian, and have eked out the biography of the one with particulars incident to the career of the other. It may be questioned whether an impersonality of the kind is not advantageous to the estimate formed of any considerable man by his fellow-creatures, for while his achievements survive to speak for him, less hold is left for the fangs of the sporting resurrectionists who make a prey of great reputations—a fate which Tennyson so dreaded, and which Shakespeare has escaped. About Columbus, thanks to his correspondence, his journals, his reports to Ferdinand and Isabella, with the additional light—or darkness—furnished by his enemies, we know everything, with the result that a distinguished English writer has recently denounced him as "the paragon of slave-dealers," or in some such opprobrious terms. His name, at all events, is in everyone's mouth. And yet the little-noticed voyage of our obscure and shadowy Cabot, though in itself far less meritorious as an original and daring enterprise, has been fraught with more far-reaching and beneficent consequences to the human race than all the exploits of Columbus and of his followers put together. Before, however, referring to such details as we possess of John Cabot's expedition, it may be well to glance at the geographical notions which were current at this period.

Many circumstances indicate that, about the commencement of the fifteenth century, one of those waves of impulse, which, from time to time, descend like a mysterious afflatus upon the world, had begun to impregnate the minds of men with a longing for maritime adventure, and to inflame their imaginations with the expectation of discoveries fraught with undreamt of felicities. A principal cause for this may be traced to the revival of learning, and especially to the recovery of the forgotten treasures of Greek literature. During the dark ages, and under the artless guidance of ecclesiastical tradition and monkish scholasticism, the science of geography had gone completely astray. The early Christian maps of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries are all of the same character. The world is represented as a flat disc, or square, or oblong, surrounded by a canal-like ocean, with Jerusalem in the exact centre. The leading cities, splendidly fortified, are stuck down around an amorphous Mediterranean choked with islands. Paradise and its rivers are duly portrayed, and the whole scheme is surmounted by the figures of Adam and Eve in paradisiacal costume. As time goes on, instead of improving, the map-making of the world still further deteriorates; for travellers' tales now begin to confuse and corrupt the simplicity of the early cartography, and the picture of

*** *The illustrations for this article have been selected by Mr. Wilberforce Eames, of the Lenox Library, New York.*

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the earth is overlaid or distorted by the introduction of mermaids, men without heads, or wearing their faces in their stomachs, unicorns, centaurs, and griffins, until its configuration assumes the appearance of a nightmare or a zoological garden. It is true that the geographical lore of the ancients, as summarized by Ptolemy, happily continued to survive, more or less intact, in the literature of the Arabs; but the speculations of the Mohammedan world, whose loadstone was Mecca, were naturally attracted to the regions of the south and east, and the travels and adventures of Sindbad the Sailor embalm the stories told by many a vagrant Syrian or Egyptian merchant on his return from Persia, India, and China, in the one direction, or from Zanzibar and Madagascar in the other. At a later period, indeed, the western Arabs made excellent pirates, and terrorized the shores of both Europe and Africa, nay, even of America and England, but for many hundred years the whole Arab race had the deepest horror of the Atlantic, and calumniated its blue loveliness by calling it "the green sea of darkness," while their learned doctors declared that a man mad enough to tempt its dangers ought to be deprived of his civil rights. The conjectures, consequently, of the classic philosophers, and the hints scattered up and down Greek poetry of mysterious coasts and islands beyond the setting sun, failed to engage their attention, and as at this time their supremacy in Spain and Portugal, as well as in Morocco, barred the way of the maritime states of Christendom to the coast, the expanse of waters that rolled and tumbled beyond the pillars of Hercules remained a "*Mare Clausum*" long after a considerable knowledge had been gained not only of the Arabian and Indian Seas, but even of the hithermost tracts of the Pacific. Still it is from the writings of Edrisi, their greatest geographer, who, about 1150, was residing at the Court of the Norman Princes of Palermo, that we get the first account of a landfall made on the shores of the fabled Atlantis.

The adventurers consisted of eight near relations, who, some time in the year 1100, provisioned a ship for several months, and sailed one fine morning from Lisbon, then an Arab town, into the pathless west. After eleven days they reached a brown and fetid sea. Turning south, they came to an island where sheep were feeding, but the bitterness of the mutton unfitted them for food. Continuing their voyage in the same direction for another twelve days, they light upon a city full of beautiful men and women. Here, after a term of imprisonment, the ruler of the island put them blindfolded into a boat, and eventually they found themselves cast upon the coast of Africa, whence they made their way back to Lisbon, and gave their names to the street of "The Wanderers" in that city.

Whether in the foregoing story we are entertained with a premature discovery of Madeira, the Canaries, or the Cape Verd Islands, or with a myth, nobody can now tell.

While, however, the doctors and the divines of the Middle Ages persisted in regarding the earth as a plane surface, on the ground of such texts of Scripture as "Thou hast made all men to dwell on the '*face*' of the earth," and denied its rotundity because the Psalmist says, "In his hands are all the '*corners*' of the earth," or argued that "men at the supposed antipodes could not walk with their heads downward," and that ships could not sail, nor rain fall, "upward," there existed all the time in the writings of Aristotle and of his heathen successors conceptions of the nature of the globe which came wonderfully near the truth. For instance, in his treatise on the heavens, Aristotle asserts that "the earth is not only round, but not so very large, and the sea which washes the shores outside the Pillars of Hercules, bathes also the neighboring coasts of India." Again, in another work, he says, "It is probable that at the side of the earth, opposite our own, there are other continents, some large, some small, bearing the same proportion to the Atlantic as our islands to the seas which surround them." Strabo, also, following Eratosthenes, observed that, if it were not for the intervening Atlantic, we could pass from Spain to India along the same parallel of latitude, and quotes Poseidonius as saying that one only wanted a good easterly wind to reach India. Seneca goes a step farther in the same direction, and enforces this conclusion in the following prophetic passage in his "Medea:" "There will come a time when ocean will unbar his gates, and, as Tethys lifts the veil, new continents will

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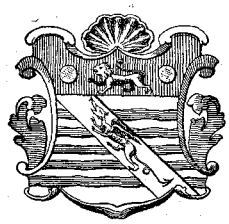
rise in view, nor will Thule be the limit of the world." Lastly, Macrobius, in his comment on the "Dream of Scipio," prophesies that if you go far enough west, you will reach the antipodes.

Side by side with the conjectures of these serious men of science, dreams and fancies as to a blessed region bathed in golden sunshine, far down the foam-fringed ridges of the Western Sea, were already floating about the world, even in pre-historic times. With Homer, it was the garden of the Hesperides, the abode of the noble dead, where there was neither snow nor winter—he had wellnigh added "where there are no more tears." With Solon and the early Greeks, if we are to believe Plato's lovely story, half myth, half allegory, and perhaps not wholly untrue, it was the island of Atlantis. Aristotle also speaks of a blissful island in the west discovered by the Carthaginians, as does Diodorus, who gives a vivid description of its fruits, its flowers, its singing birds, and crystal streams; and Plutarch asserts that Sertorius having been defeated both by land and by sea, had half a mind to find consolation from his sorrows in certain far-away regions of which he had heard from some adventurous mariners just come back from them.



Arms of the Company of Merchant Venturers of Bristol, of which Cabot was Governor in 1553.

With the advent of the Middle Ages, analogous traditions become rife, and take even a firmer hold upon the receptive imagination of the early Christian world. St. Brandan sails from Ireland in search of the earthly Paradise, and, with the assistance of a friendly giant, reaches, in mid-ocean, an isle surrounded by shining walls of gold; and so authentic was this discovery considered, that the island of St. Brandan remained extant on the maps until the end of the sixteenth century. Thanks to Tennyson, we all know about the voyage of Maeldune and the enchanted archipelago he visited. Again, as soon as the Moors invade the Spanish Peninsula, seven bishops with their disciples sail forth upon the *mare tenebrosum*, and land on a beatific shore, where they build seven great cities. Many hundred years later a handful of ship-men have the impertinence to present themselves before Prince Henry the Navigator * to announce that they had just arrived from this blessed country, and that the descendants of its episcopal founders were anxious to know whether the Moors still reigned in Portugal. Though the Prince doubted, others believed, and a noble Portuguese, Ferdinand Ulmo, in 1487—that is to say, a year after the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope—entered into an agreement with the Government of Portugal, in a document which is still extant, to take possession of the "seven cities," on condition that they should be placed under the jurisdiction of himself and his heirs. Even Prince Henry was much preoccupied by a desire to reach the Court of Prester John, an elusive Christian potentate ruling an impalpable Eastern realm, whose name was probably a corruption of the Persian "Ferishta-i-Jehán," *i.e.*, Angel of the World, and not synonymous with Priest or Presbyter John, as is generally thought.

In the same way, too, as the inhabitants of Kerry and Galway fancied that now and then they could descry, just before sunset, the glistening tops of the island of St. Brandan, so the people of the Canaries, as well as those of Madeira, were firmly convinced that, at what some conjectured to be a distance of one hundred leagues, and others fifty, they had seen on many a clear day the dim bastions of a far-off land, which, nevertheless, had always escaped their search as often as they had sailed in pursuit of it.

Passing from the guesses after truth of the Old World philosophers, and the fantasies of the mediæval dreamers, we stand upon surer ground on reaching the unpromising realm of Thule, as Iceland still continued to be called. The first visitors to its inhospitable shores were undoubtedly some Irish anchorites; for the bells and crosses found by the early Norse emigrants bear witness to their whilom presence. It seems to have been re-discovered by a jarl of the Faroe Islands in 860, though the

* See Mr. Beazley's "Life of Prince Henry the Navigator," an admirable book treating of this period, and illustrated by an interesting collection of mediæval maps.

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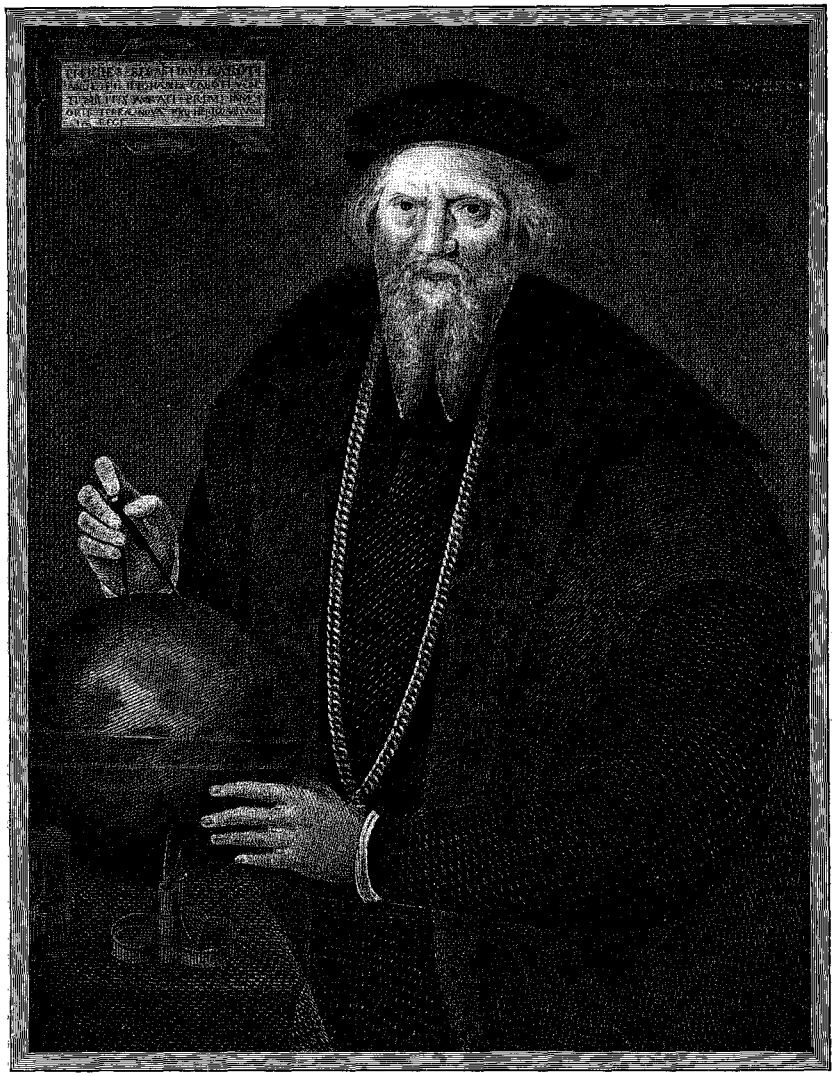

Sebastian Cabot at about Eighty Years of Age.

Reproduced from the engraving in Seyer's History of Bristol published in 1823. The original painting was attributed to Holbein and was destroyed by fire in 1845.

Viking Raven Floke, with Ingolf and Leif, his fellow-islanders, are regarded as the founders of the colony. Ten years later Gunniborn sights Greenland, and calls it "White Shirt." But more than a century passes before the first settlement of Greenland is effected under the guidance of Eric the Red, who, with the genuine spirit of a "promoter," christens the country by the deceptive appellation it now bears, because, as he himself confesses, "it is a good name to attract emigrants." It has been contended that the designation Greenland proves that in former days the climate was different from what it is at present, and that some accumulation of permanent ice on its eastern seaboard converted what were in those days verdant fields into their present icy aspect; but Dr. Nansen, whom we consulted on the point, does not subscribe to this opinion. There is no doubt, however, that for several hundred years the eastern shore of what we now call Davis Strait was the seat of several Icelandic settlements, for recent explorers have laid bare the ruins of houses, churches, and sepul-

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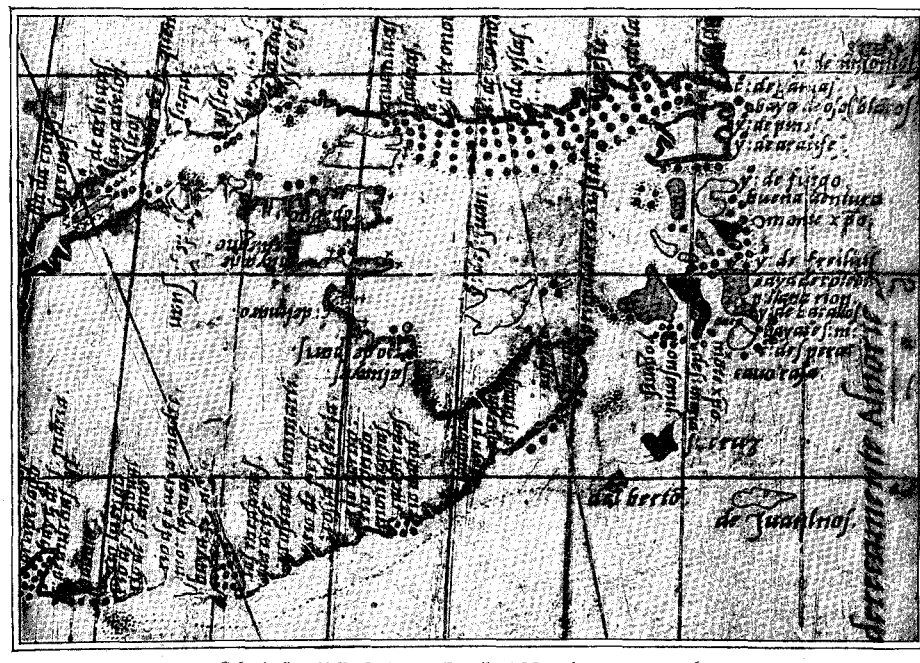

Cabot's Landfall: Enlarged Detail of Map shown on page 67.

chres, with many a Runic stone memorial. One of these is dated 1133, being inscribed with the name of Erling, the son of Sigvat.

Once established in their new homes, these hardy Norse rovers were pretty sure to continue their seafaring westward, though, as so often happens, this result was precipitated by an accident. A man named Bjarni Herjulfson, sailing, in company with his father, from Iceland to Eric's Fiord in Greenland, was driven through unknown seas to the coast of a wooded shore, on which, however, he did not stop to land. On returning home, he was much blamed for his want of enterprise, and Leif, the son of Eric the Red, in the year 1000 buys his ship, and, putting five and twenty men on board, starts upon what proves a momentous voyage, since it culminated in their coming to a country so inviting and temperate, so rich in vines and self-grown wheat,* that they called it "Wineland the Good," while Leif himself, on returning in the following spring to Greenland, became known as Leif the Lucky. Leif's expedition was followed by that of his brother Thorwald, who was "determined to be talked about." He put to sea with thirty men, and wintered in his brother's booths. But in the following spring he was set upon by a stunted race of men, who used skin canoes, and whom the Norsemen called Skrælings, or Esquimaux. In a fight which ensued, Thorwald received a mortal wound from an arrow, and his settlement came to an end.†

Nothing daunted by this untoward issue, Thorfinn Karlsefne shortly afterward organizes an adventure upon a far larger scale than the small expedition of his predecessors, and in the year 1006 embarks with one hundred and sixty men and five women in three ships, laden with all the apparatus necessary for founding a permanent colony. But the Skrælings descended upon him in still greater numbers than upon Thorwald, and Thorfinn, seeing the hopelessness of his endeavor, makes up his mind to go back to Greenland, carrying with him not only his wife Gudrid but his baby Snorre, the first modern "American" known to history. At a later period Gudrid, we are told, went on a pilgrimage to Rome. The Saga takes especial care to explain that the discomfiture of Thorfinn was accelerated by the quarrels of the men

* It must have been wild rice.

† There seems some doubt as to this independent voyage of Thorwald. According to another account he was killed when accompanying Thorfinn Karlsefne.

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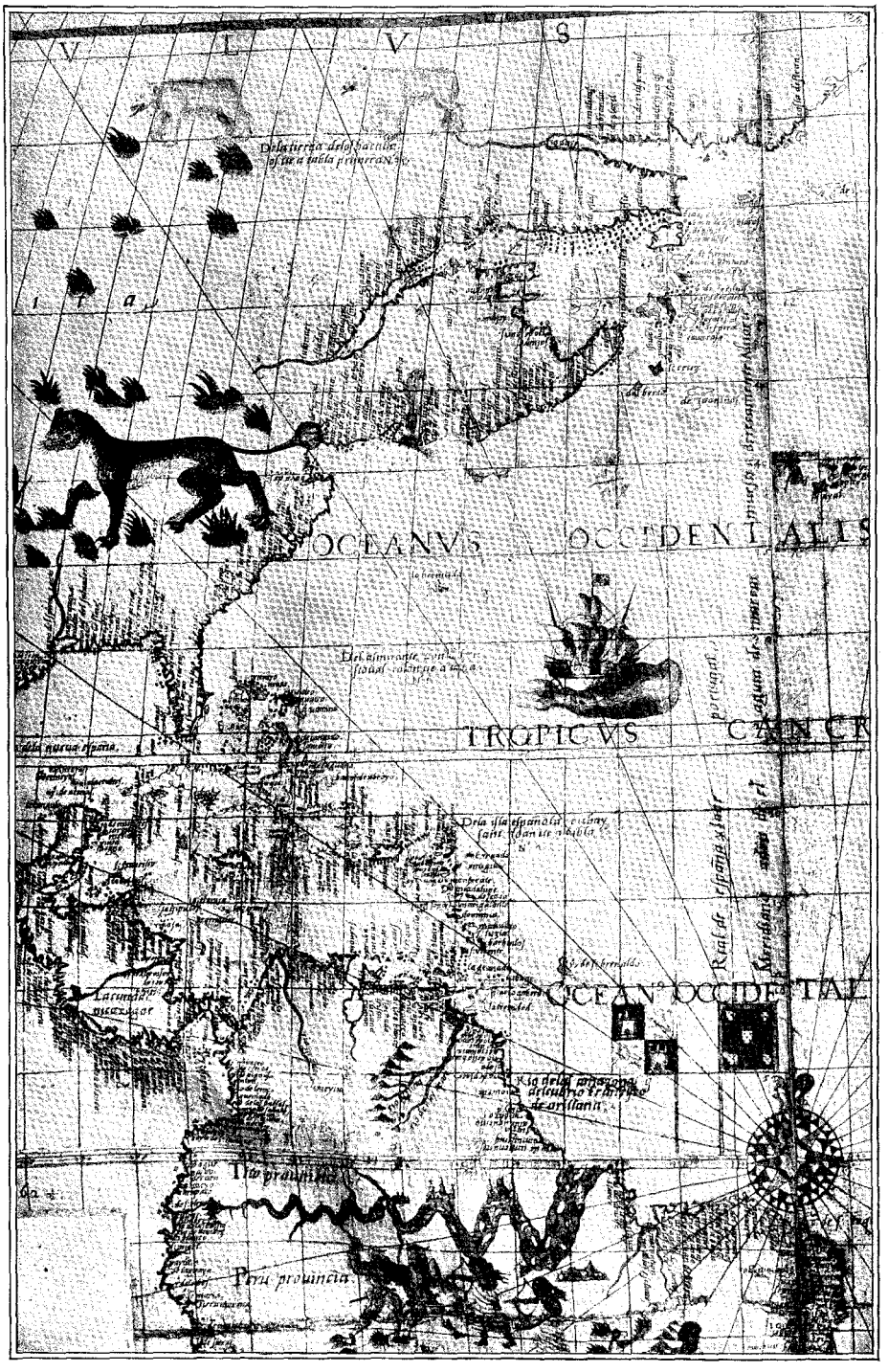

A Section of Sebastian Cabot's Map of the World, 1544.

From the photograph (full-size of original) in the Lenox Library.

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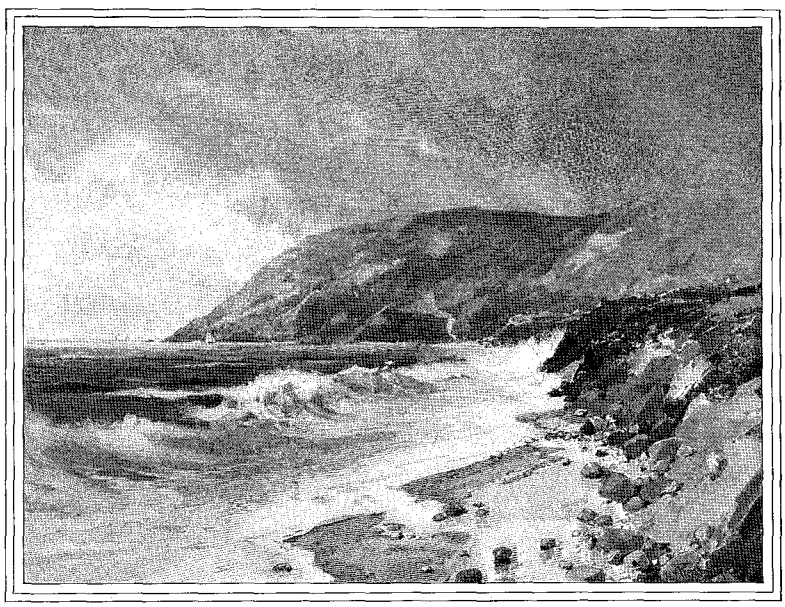

Cape North; One of the Suggested Landfalls of Cabot, June 24, 1497.

over tne five ladies, though it admits that once, when the Norsemen were in full retreat, one of them, a natural daughter of Eric the Red, seized a sword, and, confronting the foe, dropped her shift down to her waist. The Skrælings, finding that it was a woman by whom they were so unexpectedly opposed, fled amain.

Karlsefne's expedition is the last serious one of the kind of which we have any certain knowledge; for, though Freydis, the same lady who had behaved so gallantly on the occasion above mentioned, embarked on a fresh attempt, it only ended in disaster. Helge and Finnboge, two brothers, whom she had induced to accompany her, were murdered, with her connivance, soon after reaching their destination, while Freydis herself and the remnant of her ship's company came back to Greenland. But, even if we reject, as it is to be feared we must, the subsequent tale told by Rafn, "the Limerick trader," and by Are Frode, of Gudleif and Gudlangson's voyage to Great Ireland, it is possible that other adventurers, with varying fortunes, may have endeavored to establish themselves on the shores of Wineland, for in the Icelandic Sagas there are to be found traces of voyages having been undertaken during the next two hundred years in the same direction as the earlier ones—traces which receive some confirmation from lists still extant of successive Greenland bishops, as well as from hints in other Sagas of missionary visits to these western lands.

Considerable difficulty has been found in determining how far south these Norsemen made their way. The generally received opinion is that they got down as far as Boston and the New England States; but from the length of the day, which has been carefully recorded by the explorers, it is doubtful if they even reached Nova Scotia. Probably the north coast of Newfoundland was the farthest limit of their descent southward. That such hardy adventurers should have been arrested on the threshold of what would have proved so momentous a discovery is easily accounted for. In spite of their courage, their want of firearms forced them to yield to numbers. The Esquimaux, or the Indians, or whatever was the race which confronted them, engaged with the invaders upon far more equal terms than the inhabitants of Cuba with the Spaniards, or the Mexicans and Peruvians with Cortez and Pizarro. As a consequence, not only did this Viking colonization of Wineland cease, but the memory of it almost perished, and the Sagas recalling it, of which only later and discordant copies have been preserved,

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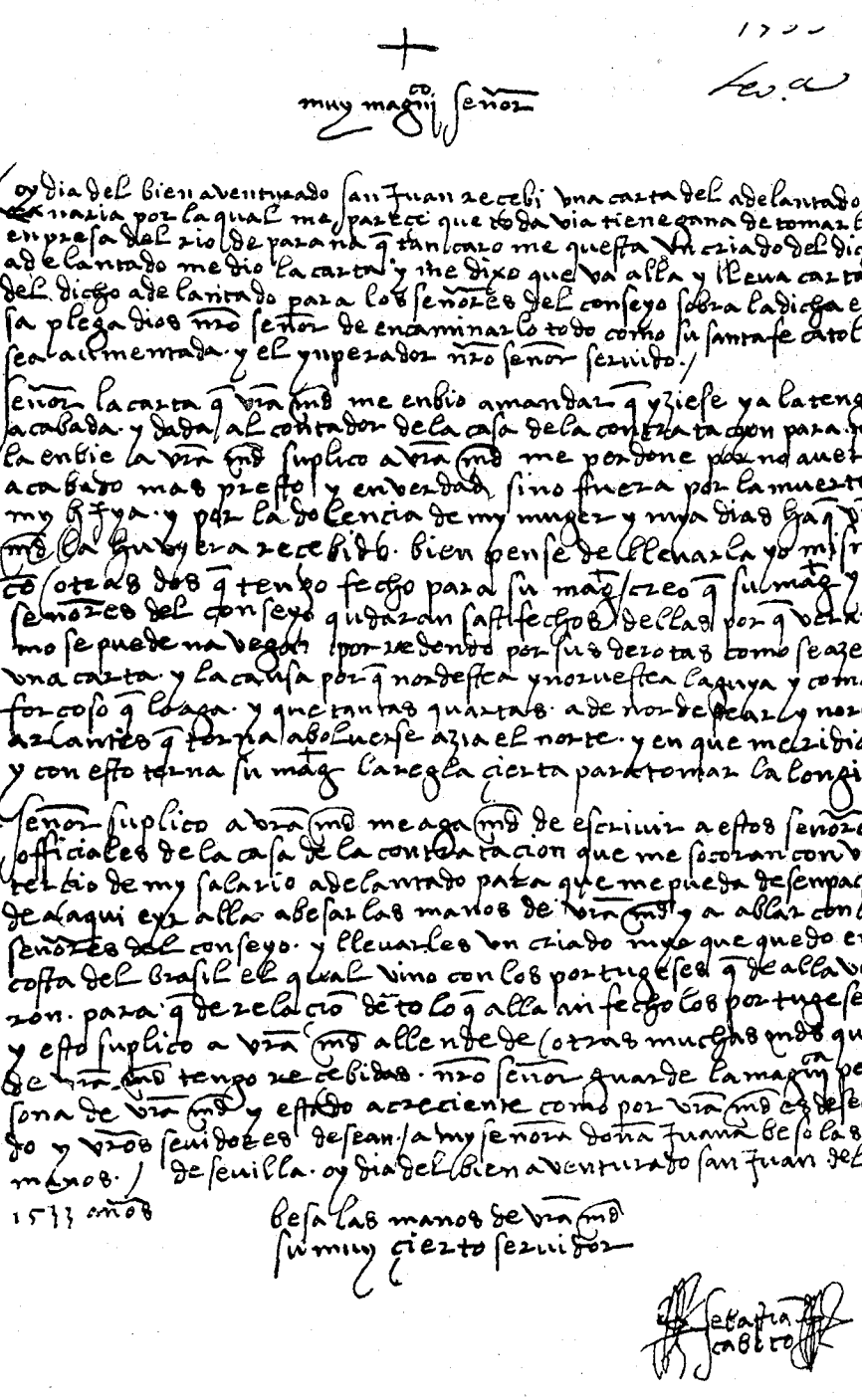

Autograph Letter of Sebastian Cabot, Seville, 1533.

Reproduced from Harrisse's "John Cabot," by permission of the publisher, B. F. Stevens, London.

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came to be regarded as myths and inventions scarcely worthy of attention.

Rumors, nevertheless, of these voyages were probably current among such persons in Europe as were interested in the geographical problems which had begun to attract attention under the stimulating influence of Prince Henry of Portugal, and of his explorations along the coasts of Africa. An echo of these may have reached the ears of Columbus, for we know that he went to Iceland some years before he started on his first expedition. It has been sought on this account to belittle the merits of his great achievement, as though the success of his voyage had thus been rendered a foregone conclusion, and that he were little better than an impostor in taking credit for his discoveries. But this is an ungenerous judgment. In the first place, it is evident from his letter to the Florentine geographer Toscanelli, dated three years anterior to his visit to Iceland, that in his own mind he had long since set his egg upon its end. In other words, he had convinced himself that, by traversing the Atlantic, he would reach land. It is true the lands he expected to find were not the American continents, but the east coast of China as described by Marco Polo and depicted on Ptolemy's map, which, though at fault in many respects, such as in making Ceylon twice as big as India, and in joining the south of Africa with an Antarctic continent, thus separating the Indian from the Atlantic Ocean, was wonderfully correct within its hypothetical limits. Columbus was strongly supported in his views by his Italian correspondent, then seventy-seven years old, who, in a letter from Florence, dated June 25, 1474, transmits to Alphonso the Fifth, King of Portugal, a plan for reaching India based on the foregoing theory: "I am sending you a map," he says, "on which you will see I have placed opposite to Ireland and Africa, due west, the commencement of the Indies, with the islands and coasts where you might land. You will not be surprised if I call the West the land of spices, known to us as the Levant, for those who continue to sail westward will arrive at exactly the same places as those who travel eastward by land." He further designates the provinces and kingdoms referred to as dependencies of the Grand Khan, who lives generally in Cathay. And yet, shrewd as were the guesses of Columbus and of his friend Toscanelli, our own Roger Bacon, as well as Albertus Magnus, two hundred years earlier, had come nearer the real truth than either of them; for both these thirteenth-century sages were of opinion that what the Greeks called "the Oikoumené," *i.e.*, the inhabited earth as then known, which included Cathay, by no means comprised the total of the habitable globe, and that there remained a fourth, or at all events a fifth, part still to be discovered. "The great portion of this fourth," says Roger Bacon, "is in the antipodes."

Columbus was still further strengthened in his convictions by other indications, more significant even than the theories of his learned contemporary. For instance, Martin Vicente, a pilot, had told him that, having sailed four hundred leagues to the west of Cape St. Vincent, he had found in the water a piece of carved wood which had evidently been labored, but not with an iron instrument. His own brother-in-law, Pedro Correo, had also seen a similar piece of wood, which had drifted onto the island of Porto Santo, and he had heard from the King of Portugal that reeds of immense size had floated to the south of those islands from the West. The inhabitants of the Azores, too, spoke of the trunk of huge pine-trees, such as did not grow upon any of their own islands, having been wafted to their coast by westerly winds, and especially of two dead bodies cast upon the island of Flores, whose appearance was different from that of any other known race of people. Moreover, Las Casas states that among Columbus's papers was one in his own hand which said that a "cock-eyed sailor" had told him that, having been driven out of his course in a northwest direction, he had seen land —probably Greenland.

Far, however, from diminishing the credit of Columbus, the foregoing facts only increase his claim to be regarded as a man of genius; for, though these conceptions of a transatlantic land may have been germinating in the minds of a few individuals, they were entirely opposed to the general beliefs and prejudices of the day, nor had any human being dreamt of giving practical effect to them. On the contrary, the difficulties which Columbus

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The Lenox Globe (about 1506–10), Showing the Region of Cabot's Landfall.

This globe is on copper and is in the possession of the Lenox Library, New York.

experienced in convincing the Courts of Portugal and Spain, and the learned and vigorous minds which surrounded King John and Ferdinand and Isabella, of the possibility of accomplishing an enterprise which, if successful, would have been so greatly to the advantage of either crown, is in itself a proof of the extraordinary merit attaching to his initiative. An experienced seaman, a man obviously entitled to attention, comes to the king, promising in a few weeks to put him in possession of golden realms, and of the priceless pearls, gems, and spices of the East, and it takes seventeen years of persistent solicitation before any real attention is paid to his proposals, and a few hundred pounds can be spared for fitting out the miserable little cockle-shells which constituted his first squadron. The fact was that almost everybody looked upon the whole thing as a mad dream. The notions of the philosopher who swore he heard the sun hiss as it dropped into the ocean, still dominated even fairly intelligent minds. To them the world was flat, and the torrid zone a flaming barrier, where the waters boiled and bubbled, and which cut off all communication with whatever lay beyond. The belief in the antipodes was a blasphemous conception, and that the earth was possessed of four corners, an article necessary to salvation. Even Dante's tutor, Brunetto Latini, when he first saw a magnetic needle in Roger Bacon's study, could not help remarking that no mariner would dare to use so diabolical an instrument. For anyone, in the face of such a discouraging mass of popular belief, laughed at by the Court, almost excommunicated by the Church, to plunge with undaunted spirit into the unknown, and to hold to his own opinion against the world, implies a fortitude of mind which may be justly termed heroic.

Columbus set sail from Huelva on Au-

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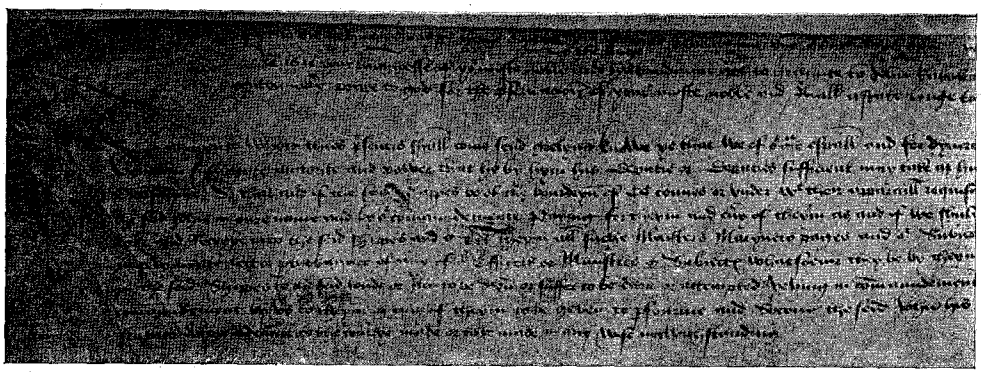

New Letters Patent Granted to John Cabot by Henry VII., February 3, 1498. Photo-

gust 3, 1492, and entered the Tagus on his return voyage, on March 4, 1493.

It was on March 5, 1496, that is to say, three years later, that a patent was granted by Henry the Seventh to John Cabot, citizen of Venice, and to Lewis, Sebastian, and Sanctus, "sonnes of the said John," empowering them to seek out, subdue, and occupy at their own charges any regions which before had been unknown to all Christians. They were further authorized to set up the royal banner and to possess the territories discovered by them as the King's vassals. On the other hand, a fifth part of the gains of the voyage was reserved to the Crown. The above arrangement was probably facilitated by the fact of Cabot having already successfully negotiated for King Henry an agreement with the King of Denmark in reference to matters affecting the English trade with Iceland, which was at this time the principal source of our supplies of fish. A whole year, however, elapsed before the Cabots were in a position to act upon the authority given to them by their patent.

Jean, or Giovanne, Cabotto, or rather Gavotta, though called in his patent a citizen of Venice, was not a Venetian born, but a provincial Genoese who was granted the freedom of Venice after a residence there of fifteen years. Nor do we know what brought him to England. That he at once took up his permanent abode at Bristol seems pretty certain, for his son Sebastian was born there, and it was to that city he returned after a visit to Venice when his boy was four years old, as Sebastian himself tells Peter Martyr, but of the details of John Cabot's life as a British citizen no particulars survive.

Although Cabot's first voyage of discovery did not take place until four years after Columbus returned, the one mariner need not be regarded as a servile imitator of the other. Before his arrival in Bristol, John Cabot's reputation as an experienced seaman and navigator had been fully recognized. He was also a considerable traveller by land, having visited Mecca and other Eastern countries. The talk that was in the air of lucrative expeditions to regions south of the Canaries, and the conjectures as to what a voyage across the Atlantic might give birth, must have long afforded him food for speculation. He was already in England when Bartholomew Columbus left London to deliver to his brother Christopher an invitation from the English king to enter his service and accept his patronage; and Bristol was a port from which, during the previous years, many ships had sailed in the vain search for those phantom islands which had never ceased to haunt the imagination of the dwellers on the western coasts of Britain and Ireland. As soon as the startling news of Columbus's return and of the roseate accounts he gave of his discoveries spread abroad, the maritime world of Europe naturally caught fire. But the peculiarity of Cabot's proposals consisted in the idea of enabling Henry the Seventh to outstrip his rival, the Spanish king, in the acquisition of fresh territories, and to reach the shores of India and China before him (for the conception of an intermediate continent was as absent from the mind of Cabot as it was from that of Columbus)

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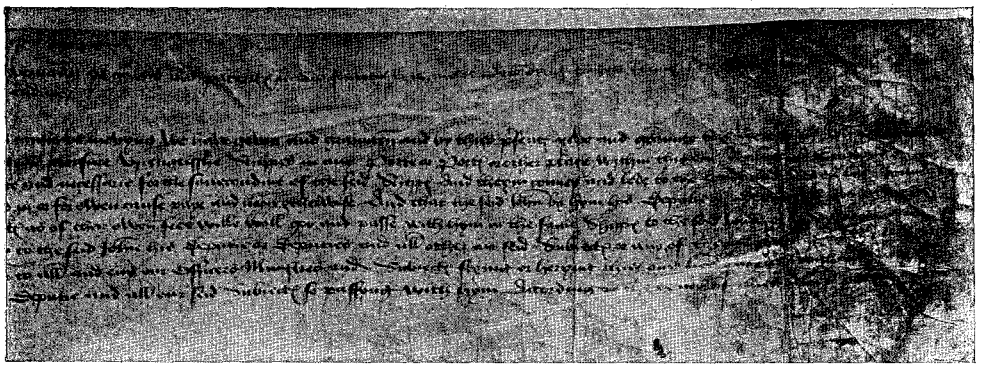

graphed for Scribner's Magazine from the original in the Public Record Office, London.

by keeping along a higher parallel of latitude, and consequently by a shorter route. In fact, Cabot's notion was that of a northwest passage. Accordingly, on May 2, 1497, he set sail in a vessel of about fifty tons, called the Matthew, manned by a crew of sixteen English sailors. On June 24th, at early morn, they sighted land. The exact point thus reached has been the subject of considerable dispute. Some authorities imagine Cabot's landfall to have been the coast of Labrador; others suggest Cape Breton; but the more probable conjecture, as well as an unbroken local tradition, points to Cape Bonavista, in Newfoundland, as the land first seen. The Matthew re-entered the port of Bristol on August 6, 1497, after an absence of a little more than three months.

Of what happened during the passage out and home, we have no record. On his return, Cabot seems to have had a very good reception at the hands of his adopted fellow-countrymen. Pasqualigo, a Venetian in London, writing to his brother in Venice, says: "The English run after him like mad. His name is Zuan Cabot, and they call him the great Admiral." But the most we learn of the matter is in a letter from Raimondo do Soncino, dated London, December 18, 1497, addressed to the Duke of Milan: "The King," he says, "has gained a great part of Asia without a stroke of the sword. In this kingdom is a popular Venetian called Zoanne Caboto, a man of considerable ability, most skilful in navigation, who, having seen the most serene kings, first him of Portugal, then him of Spain, that they had occupied unknown islands, thought to make a similar acquisition for His Majesty (Henry VII.). And having obtained the royal privileges which gave him the use of the land found by him, provided the right of possession was reserved to the Crown, he departed in a little ship from Bristol with eighteen persons, who placed their fortunes with him. Passing Ibernia (Ireland) more to the west, and then ascending toward the north, he began to navigate the eastern part of the ocean, leaving for some days the north to the right hand, and having wandered enough, he came at last to firm land, where he planted the royal banners, took possession for His Highness, made certain marks, and returned.

"The said Messer Zoanne, as he is a foreigner and poor, would not be believed if his partners who are all Englishmen, and from Bristol, did not testify to the truth of what he tells. This Messer Zoanne has the description of the world in a chart, and also in a solid globe, which he has made, and he shows where he landed; and that going toward the east he passed considerably beyond the country of the Tanais. The sea is full of fish, which are taken not only with the net but also with a basket in which a stone is put so that the basket may plunge into water. And the Englishmen, his partners, say that they can bring so many fish that the kingdom will have no more business with Islanda (Iceland), and that from this country there will be a very great trade in the fish they call stock-fish.

"They say, now they know where to go, the voyage will not take more than fifteen days if fortune favors them after leaving Ibernia. The Admiral, as Messer Zoanne

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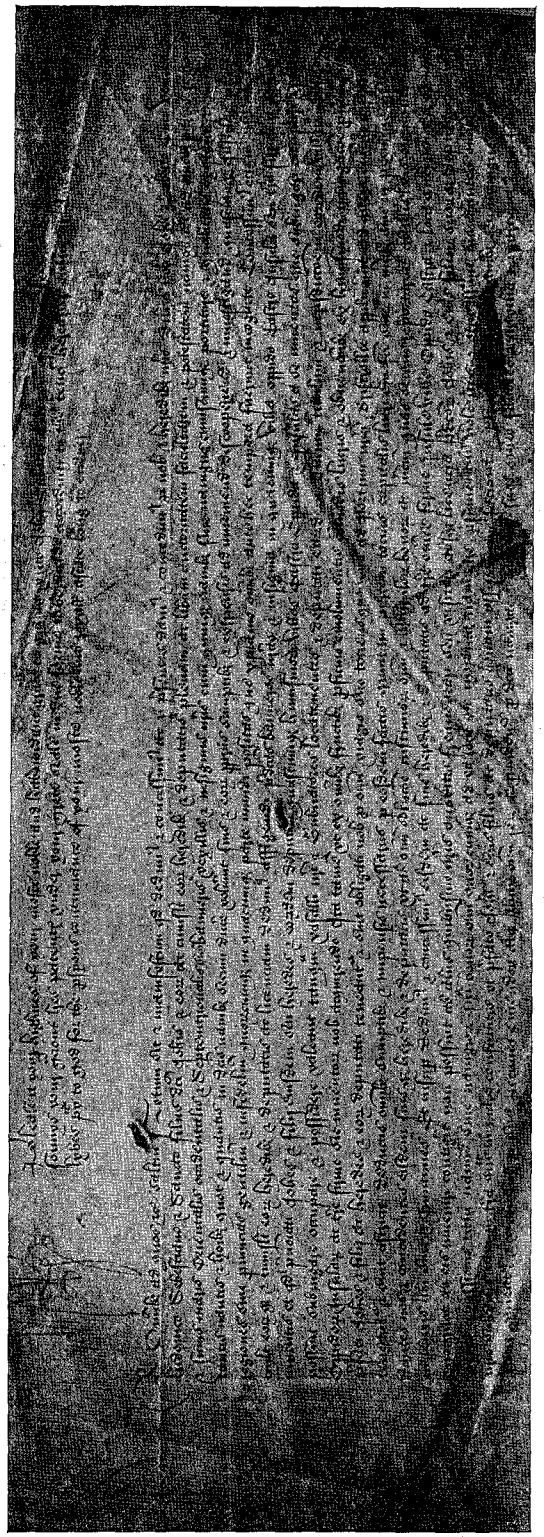

Petition of John Cabot and his Sons to Henry VII., with the Letters Patent, March 5, 1496. (Photographed for Scribner's Magazine from the original in the Public Record Office, London.)

is already styled, has given his companion, a Burgundian, an island, and has also given another to his barber, a Genoese, and they regard themselves as counts, and my Lord the Admiral as a prince. And I believe that some poor Italian friars will go on the voyage, who have the promise of being bishops. And I, being a friend of the Admiral, if I wished to go, could have an archbishopric."

The King assigned to Cabot a pension of £20 per annum, and there is an entry of another £10 given him as a donation, but it is hoped that this modest sum was for the sailor who first sighted land. Henry the Seventh, however, was a penurious monarch, and in his eyes the above honorarium may have seemed sufficient. In any event, he granted Cabot a second patent, dated February 3, 1498, which authorized him to lay his hand upon any six ships, if not more than two hundred tons, in any part of the realm, "and them convey and lead to the land and isles of the late found by the said John, in our name and by our commandment." Before the expedition was ready John Cabot died, leaving the new adventure to be prosecuted by his son.

Sebastian Cabot, who started from Bristol in May, 1498, with a fleet of five vessels, seems to have first sailed in a northwesterly direction, and probably found his way into Hudson's Bay; but the ice was too much for him, or at all events for his crews, for they became mutinous, and compelled him to bear up. On this he returned to Baccalaos,* in Newfoundland, to refit, and subsequently cruised along the American coast as far as Virginia in

* A corruption of a Basque word meaning "dried cod."

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Warrant of Henry VII., December 13, 1497, Granting a Pension of £20 to John Cabot.

Photographed for Scribner's Magazine from the original in the Public Record Office, London.

38° north latitude, having explored thirteen hundred miles of the American seaboard.

Sebastian's further fortunes may be briefly summarized. In 1512 he is found at Seville engaged in revising the Spanish king's maps and charts. After the death of Ferdinand he returned to England, but in 1518 he again went to Spain, and in 1524 he took part in the famous conference summoned at Badajos, under the auspices of Charles the Fifth, to determine whether the Moluccas belonged to Spain or to Portugal. The question arose out of the original treaty, dated 1494, between Ferdinand of Spain and John of Portugal, under which, with the sanction of the Pope, it was agreed that whatever lay to the east of a meridian drawn through a point three hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Cape Verd Islands should belong to Portugal, and everything to the west of that meridian to Spain. As this arrangement applied to both hemispheres of the globe, it resulted in giving Brazil to Portugal, and in the Moluccas being adjudged to Spain, though the Portuguese retained possession of them till ousted out by the Dutch. In 1526 Sebastian Cabot set out on a still more important expedition, whose object was the exploration of the Pacific Ocean; but, owing to the disaffection of his subordinates, this intention was frustrated, and Cabot put into La Plata. He sailed up that river three hundred and fifty leagues, built a fort at one of the mouths of the Paraná, which stream he ascended in boats, and also penetrated some distance up the Paraguay. His attempts to found a colony not proving successful, on account of quarrels with the natives, which in some measure owed their origin to an indigenous chief having fallen in love with the wife of one of his officers, Sebastian threw up the enterprise, and, returning to England, made his permanent home among us. In 1549 Edward the Sixth granted him a pension of 250 marks, and gave him the title of Grand Pilot. During the next few years he was occupied in promoting trading expeditions to Russia, and as a consequence became Governor of the Muscovy Company. Sebastian Cabot is supposed to have died in London in 1557, being then about eighty years old.

From what has been stated it is evident that the Cabots may be justly called the discoverers of the North American continent. Columbus, unluckily for the per-

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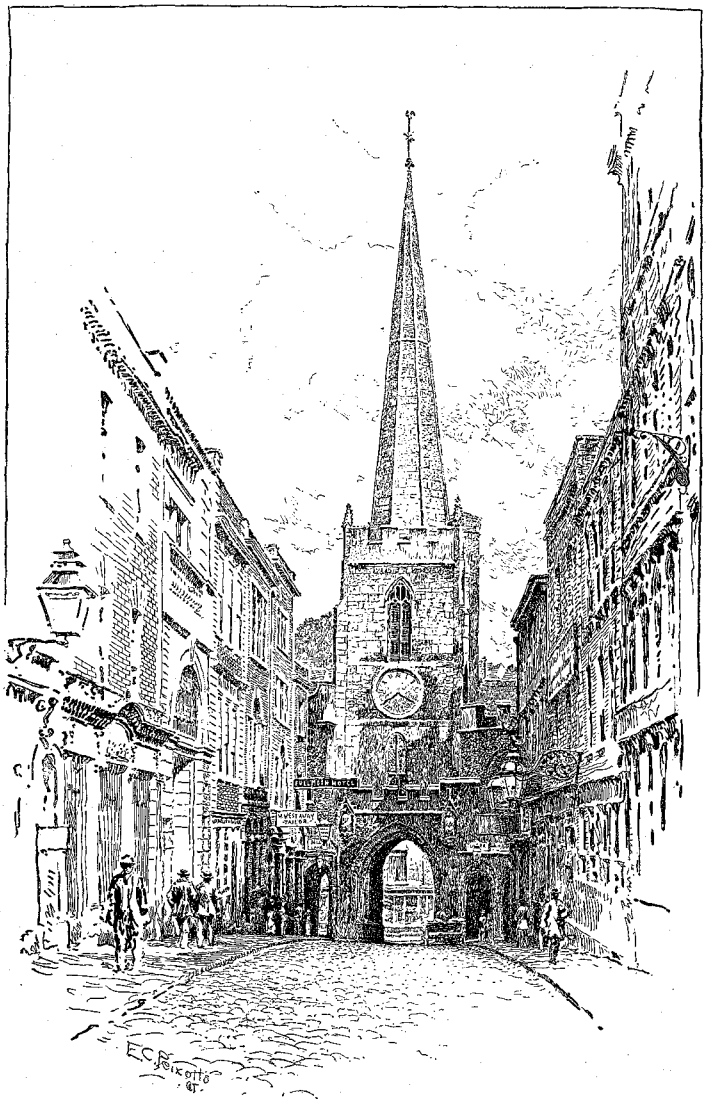

St. John's Gate, Bristol. From a Recent Photograph.

A landmark contemporary with Cabot's residence in Bristol.

fect accomplishment of his original idea, had been waylaid by the West Indian Islands, and entangled in the network of the Antilles. An impression prevails that he never reached any part of the American terra firma, but this is a mistake, for he not only anchored and landed in various harbors on the coast of Honduras and Nicaragua, but he also entered the Gulf of Paria, and observing the tremendous flow of fresh water which poured through it, rightly concluded that he must be in the neighborhood of such a river as only a big continent could account for. But, even if he had never got beyond Cuba, or Hispaniola, it is to Columbus, and to Columbus alone, that must be assigned the glory of having led the way to the New World. It is in vain that his critics have tried to minimize his credit—the universal verdict of mankind has long since made his fame immortal.

Yet it is neither to Columbus nor to Cabot, whose repute as an original discoverer

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must be reckoned only second to that of Columbus, that the honor of giving his name to the American continent has fallen. By a ludicrous perversity of fortune, not only one, but both the great continents of North and South America have been called after Amerigo Vespucci, an Italian, who occupied a subordinate position in some of the later expeditions. Vespucci was born in Florence in 1451, and apparently was employed by the Medici family as their commercial agent in Spain. In 1496 we hear of him acting as factor for the house of Juanoto Berardi, a rich Florentine merchant, who had contracted to furnish the Spanish sovereign with armaments for the service of the newly discovered countries. In this way he made acquaintance with Columbus, who, in his letters to his son, speaks of him in friendly terms. In 1499 a little fleet of four vessels sailed for Paria under the command of Alonzo de Ojeda, and Amerigo Vespucci accompanied him. On returning, in 1500, Vespucci wrote, on July 18th, an account of this voyage to Lorenzo de Pier Francisco de Medici, of Florence. In this communication he suppresses the names of his admiral and of the other persons concerned in the enterprise, and allows it to be understood that he had been in independent command of two caravels, which probably were vessels commissioned by the house of Berardi. In 1501 Vespucci, having quitted Spain, takes service with Emanuel, King of Portugal, and sails to the coast of Brazil. Of this voyage he also gives an account in a second letter to his former correspondent. Neither of these letters saw the light until the middle of the last century. But in 1504 Vespucci wrote a third letter to the same Lorenzo de Medici. This was the first of his narratives that appeared in print. It was published in Latin, at Strasburg, in 1505, under the title of "Americus Vesputius de Orbe Antarcticâ per Regem Portugalliæ pridem inventa." A second edition of the document was printed in Vicenza in 1507, and it was reprinted in Italian at Milan, in 1508. This third letter, however, relates not to his first Spanish voyage in company with Ojeda to the Gulf of Paria, but to the second voyage, under the auspices of the King of Portugal, to the coast of Brazil, and it was on account of this voyage to the Brazils that Amerigo Vespucci was first considered the discoverer of "Terra Firma." As a matter of fact the Brazils had been already reached and formally taken possession of by two other navigators—in 1500 by Vicente Yañez Pinzon, for Spain, and in the same year by Pedro Alvarez Cabral, on the part of Portugal, though it is but fair to add that these circumstances were unknown to Vespucci and his associates. In 1503 Vespucci embarked on a further voyage, again under the auspices of Portugal, in a caravel which formed part of a squadron of six vessels under the command of Gonzalo Coelho. Vespucci's ship reached the Brazils in safety, in company with one consort, but the commander of the squadron and the other four ships were never heard of again.

Shortly after his return from this last cruise Vespucci wrote a letter, dated from Lisbon, September 4, 1504, containing a summary account of all his voyages, to René, Duke of Lorraine. In this narrative Vespucci, in addition to the expeditions above referred to, states that he had made a voyage to Paria, that is to say, to Terra Firma, in 1497, three years before Columbus arrived there. This statement must either have been an invention of Vespucci's to serve some particular purpose, or a spurious interpolation introduced into his original manuscript. The reasons for considering the account of this particular voyage of Vespucci's to be false are set forth in Washington Irving's admirable "Life of Columbus."

However much we may deplore the cuckoo-like accident by which Vespucci became godfather to the two Americas, Vespucci himself must not be held responsible for the usurpation. The unconscious criminal was a certain Martin Waldseemüller, of Fribourg, an eminent cosmographer patronized by René, Duke of Lorraine. The Duke probably showed Vespucci's letter to his geographical friend, who incorporated its contents with the treatises which he was issuing under the assumed name of "Hylacomylas," and, as these publications had a wide circulation, the use of the name America thus became propagated throughout the world.

It now only remains for us to consider the practical consequences of John Cabot's discoveries. At the commencement of this article it has been suggested that they have been more important in their ultimate re-

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sults even than those of Columbus himself, and of the Spanish explorers who succeeded him. Nor, however paradoxical it may sound, will there be any difficulty in proving the soundness of this opinion. The Spanish adventurers, indeed, were instrumental in bringing vast regions under the dominion of the Spanish crown, and in pouring, for a certain number of years, rivers of gold into the Spanish treasury, but the policy which accomplished these results was a barren policy of cruelty, rapine, and extortion. It led to the extinction of two interesting and original civilizations, to the demoralization of the conquerors, and to the ultimate impoverishment of the kingdom whose revenues had been thus artificially inflated. Nor, giving every credit to the South and Central American Republics for the characteristics which now distinguish them, can the result of the original impulse to which they owe their birth be regarded as ideal. John Cabot, on the other hand, having by good fortune struck the northern coast of America, acquired for the Anglo-Saxon race—the only race that possesses a proper conception of the two pillars that support civilization: "Liberty" and "Justice"—a permanent footing on a vast theatre peculiarly fitted for the development of the best forms of human energy. It is true he found neither gold nor treasure; nor were there cities, temples, palaces, or richly cultivated lands of which he could make a prey. Snow-fields, ice-bound rivers, desolate primeval woods, and a bitter climate were his portion. And yet it was amid these unpromising surroundings that he hit upon a mine of wealth, richer, more perennial, and better calculated to stimulate legitimate and remunerative industry than the El Dorados of Peru or the ingots of Mexico; for he "cast his shoe over" the deep-sea fishing grounds that fringe the neglected island of Newfoundland. No sooner did it become known to the hardy mariners of Devon and Bristol that this prolific source of an honest livelihood was open to them, than the road across the Atlantic between the west of England and St. John's became a beaten track. The Icelandic voyage was abandoned, and all the energies of our seamen were employed in reaping these new-found harvests of the Western Sea. Yet nearly a hundred years were to elapse before the government of England comprehended the importance of the jurisdiction which John Cabot had asserted on its behalf over these uninviting regions. In the meantime other nations, as was to be expected, were not slack in seeking to claim a share in our good fortune. French, Spanish, Portuguese, Basque, and Breton ships crowded onto the banks, or sought refuge in St. John's and the neighboring anchorages, though they all agreed in acknowledging the unavowed ascendency of their British associates, who imposed their authority upon these cosmopolitan fleets in what was sometimes a very rough-and-ready manner. In this way our honest mariners, and they alone, not only preserved intact England's territorial rights over Newfoundland, but also her sovereignty along the coasts of Nova Scotia and northern Virginia, as New England was at first called; for it was not until the end of the sixteenth century that the island was formally taken possession of by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in the name of Queen Elizabeth.

It is to Raleigh that the credit is due of the more energetic interest that now came to be taken in Newfoundland. He was never tired of reiterating that its loss would be the greatest calamity that could befall his sovereign; he spared neither pains nor money in stimulating its colonization; and it was at his instigation perhaps that Elizabeth passed an Act of Parliament, requiring her loyal subjects to eat fish on Wednesdays as well as on Saturdays, though this was to be done solely from "political" motives, *i.e.*, to encourage the fishing industry; for the same statute applied a penalty to anyone who advocated the practice on religious grounds. In 1600 the Newfoundland trade and fishery employed 250 ships and 10,000 men; for already the island had become the stepping-stone, first to Raleigh's own unsuccessful endeavor to establish a colony in Virginia, and, some years later, to the settlement effected by the London Company at Jamestown. It was to be expected that both France and Spain would regard the expansion of our influence in the western Atlantic with disfavor; but, after the defeat of the Armada, the Spanish fishing fleet of 200 ships and 6,000 men ceased to frequent such distant waters, and on

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the ascent of the St. Lawrence by Jacques Cartier, in 1534, the attention of the French became concentrated upon Canada. In 1610 Lord Bacon appears, in conjunction with Raleigh, as a promoter of a trading company to Newfoundland. About the same time Lord Baltimore obtains a grant of land on the island, which, however, he afterward exchanges for another patent, under which he was empowered to settle Maryland, where the city of Baltimore preserves his name and the memory of his enterprise. In the same way, John Mason, Governor of Newfoundland and a captain in the British navy, founded New Hampshire.*

On the accession of James the First, with his autocratic traditions and his High Church prejudices, a fresh incentive was applied to the colonizing impulse, which, in the next generation, was still further accelerated by the tyranny of Charles and the ecclesiastical zeal of Laud. The irritation to which King James's policy gave birth had already resulted in the emigration of the Pilgrim Fathers and their associates as early as 1620, and it has been calculated that by 1640 from twenty to thirty—some, indeed, say as many as sixty—thousand Englishmen had sailed from British and Dutch ports to New England. This movement, and the untoward circumstances which led to it, undoubtedly bred an anti-monarchical spirit in the breasts of our colonists and their descendants, and paved the way for those republican forms of government which have been adopted by the United States, and, following their example, by all the Spanish and Portuguese settlements in the two Americas. But on these obvious consequences of Stuart folly it is not necessary to insist. What concerns us more is the fact that the expansion of England's navy, and the development of her maritime strength, may be clearly traced to the results which flowed from John Cabot's unostentatious voyage, through the stimulus given to ship-building, to seafaring, and to seamanship in connection with the Newfoundland fishing fleets.

But the further and still more important outcome of Cabot's adventure continued for a long time to be clouded and confused by the rival pretensions of other nations. The Dutch, following in the track of Hudson, who, in 1609, had explored the river which still bears his name, established themselves on Manhattan Island, and in 1615 built Fort Nassau, near the present site of Albany. During the next ten years the States of New Netherland and New Amsterdam were fairly consolidated, in spite of James the First's assertion of a prior right of occupancy on the strength of the younger Cabot's coasting voyage. In the same way Lower Canada was taken possession of by the French, who, by the erection of forts on the banks of the Ohio and along the valley of the Mississippi, extended their sovereignty over the "Hinterland," as it would now be called, which enclosed on all sides the British possessions. In our day an impression prevails that the French make bad colonists; but their achievements both as explorers and settlers in North America at this time equalled in daring, energy, and success anything that has been exhibited by ourselves. So true was their *coup d'œil* in the choice of their forts and blockhouses that each selection they made, though at that time choked by the bush or lost in the prairie, has since become a centre of trade and the site of a prosperous city; and to this day, thanks to the intelligence, the vigor, and, under its new conditions, the fecundity of the race, they hold their own on equal terms with their British fellow-subjects in Canada, as is signally illustrated at the present moment by the fact of the office of the First Minister of the Crown in the Dominion being filled by Mr. Laurier, a distinguished French Canadian.

It was inevitable that causes of offence should arise between these inchoate and incongruous offshoots of different European nations thus thrown at random on the shores of the New World, especially as the boundaries of their respective territories were not only indefinite but undefinable by any public law to which they could agree to appeal—while the partisanship of the Iroquois and the Six Nations on the one side, and of the Algonquins on the other, still further complicated the situation. The hold of the Dutch upon the regions they occupied was slight, and their

* See Judge Prowse's full, conscientious, and most interesting "History of Newfoundland." The learned author abundantly exhibits the debt of gratitude we owe to the founders of the colony.

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interests were still further compromised by the mismanagement of their rulers, so that Charles the Second had little difficulty in reviving and revindicating the claims of his grandfather to the great province of New York, as it came to be called in honor of his brother, the Duke of York, its nominal governor. In the case of the French the position was very different, and had Louis the Fourteenth, the Regent, and Louis the Fifteenth, understood the real interests of their country, the whole face and destiny of the American continent might have assumed a different aspect. But the French kings spent on their mistresses, their palaces, and their pleasures the money which should have gone to their hardy "voyageurs" and settlers on the other side of the Atlantic, and the fall of Quebec determined once for all the fate of the western continent. To estimate the result of this momentous event would be a vain endeavor; for what words would be sufficient to embrace or to anticipate the consequences to mankind, to civilization, and to religion of the occupation of the temperate zones of North America by what will soon be one hundred millions of the Anglo-Saxon race. It may suffice to say that while in the hold of Columbus's caravel there lurked the Inquisition, slavery, the carnage of Cortez and Pizarro, the devastating policy of successive Spanish viceroys, and a permanent instability of affairs—all the elements which unite in constituting a free, God-fearing state and a mighty nation, in developing the prosperity and ordered government which are born of honest industry, found their way to the New World through the instrumentality of John Cabot and the rough western seamen who accompanied him.

GREENCASTLE JENNY

A BALLAD OF 'SIXTY-THREE

By Helen Gray Cone

Oh, Greencastle streets were a stream of steel
With the slanted muskets the soldiers bore,
And the scared earth muttered and shook to feel
The tramp and the rumble of Longstreet's Corps;
The bands were blaring "The Bonny Blue Flag,"
And the banners borne were a motley many;
And watching the gray column wind and drag
Was a slip of a girl—we'll call her Jenny.

A slip of a girl—what needs her name?—
With her cheeks aflame and her lips aquiver,
As she leaned and looked with a loyal shame
At the steady flow of the steely river:
Till a storm grew black in the hazel eyes
Time had not tamed, nor a lover sighed for;
And she ran and she girded her, apron-wise,
With the flag she loved and her brothers died for.

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Out of the doorway they saw her start
(Pickett's Virginians were marching through),
The hot little foolish hero-heart
Armored with stars and the sacred blue.
Clutching the folds of red and white
Stood she and bearded those ranks of theirs,
Shouting shrilly with all her might,
"Come and take it, the man that dares!"

Pickett's Virginians were passing through;
Supple as steel and brown as leather,
Rusty and dusty of hat and shoe,
Wonted to hunger and war and weather;
Peerless, fearless, an army's flower!
Sterner soldiers the world saw never,
Marching lightly, that summer hour,
To death and failure and fame forever.

Rose from the rippling ranks a cheer;
Pickett saluted, with bold eyes beaming,
Sweeping his hat like a cavalier,
With his tawny locks in the warm wind streaming.
Fierce little Jenny! her courage fell,
As the firm lines flickered with friendly laughter,
And Greencastle streets gave back the yell
That Gettysburg slopes gave back soon after.

So they cheered for the flag they fought
With the generous glow of the stubborn fighter,
Loving the brave as the brave man ought,
And never a finger was raised to fright her:
So they marched, though they knew it not,
Through the fresh green June to the shock infernal,
To the hell of the shell and the plunging shot,
And the charge that has won them a name eternal.

And she felt at last, as she hid her face,
There had lain at the root of her childish daring
A trust in the men of her own brave race,
And a secret faith in the foe's forbearing.
And she sobbed, till the roll of the rumbling gun
And the swinging tramp of the marching men
Were a memory only, and day was done,
And the stars in the fold of the blue again.

(Thank God that the day of the sword is done,
And the stars in the fold of the blue again!)

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C. D. GIBSON.

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At Dinner.

LONDON

AS SEEN BY C. D. GIBSON

VI—LONDON PEOPLE

ONCE upon a time, judging by John Leech's pictures of English women (who could do almost everything in those days but manage their hoop-skirts), they were all short and became instantly stout when they arrived at forty. If Leech was right, English women must have changed very much since then. It may be that they grew tall to more closely resemble Du Maurier's goddesses. In many cases they have succeeded, as may be seen at Lord's or at any fashionable race-course. There may not be a variety of good looks, but one type is very beautiful. So strong is the family likeness, they might all be handsome sisters. There was something very sweet and lovable about that plump little woman of Mr. Leech's. I only met her in reality after she had grown into a sweet old lady, and I should have regretted not having seen her before had I not seen her tall granddaughters. The London dowager, although often severe in appearance, is very kind and interesting. Her name has been for years on the most exclusive visiting lists, and she could tell you more about the people in the room than the servants themselves. Sitting often alone, and apparently neglected, she is not an object of pity, nor has she merely the habit of going about. She is a much needed member of society, and she is very happy. She is the social historian. She gives her candid and much valued opinion on a new engagement, and can tell just who the young people's ancestors were. She is so interesting that it is easy to overlook her often ridiculous clothes and over-display of jewelry, and to see beneath her false bang a true and accomplished woman.

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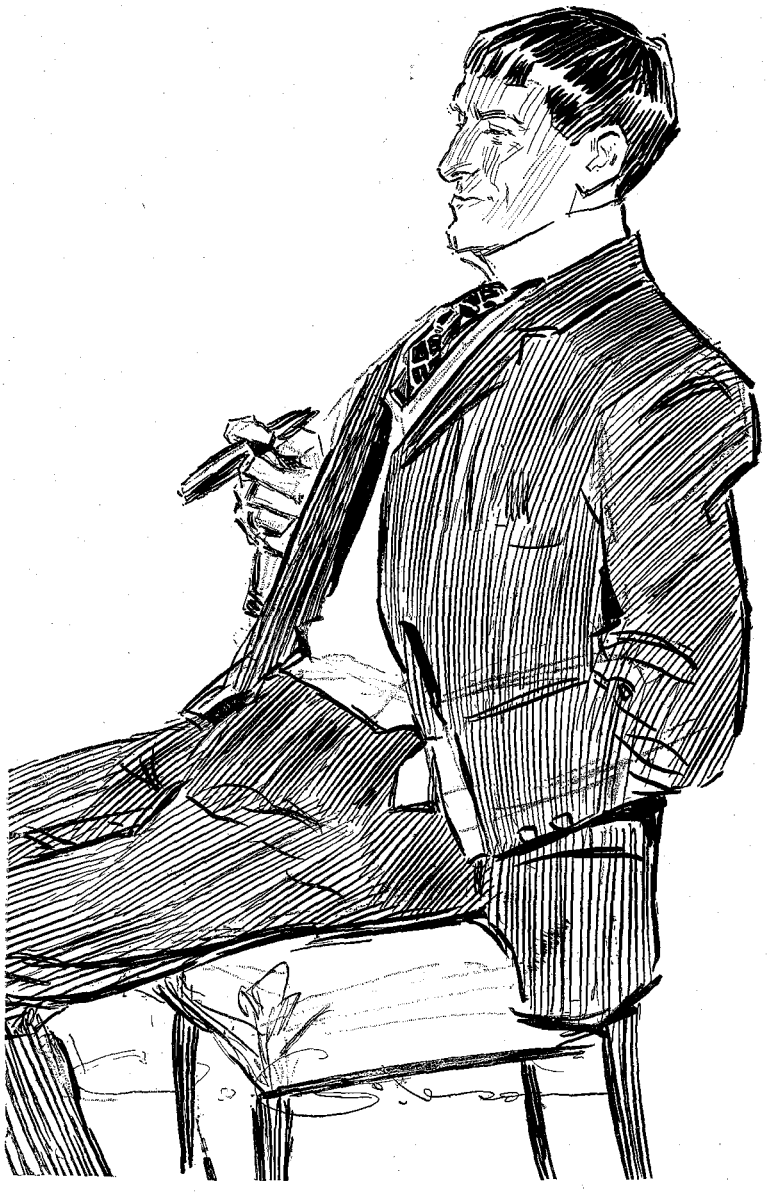

Phil May.

In England it is most important to be the eldest son of an influential family. The eldest son begins life on a holiday among the tenantry dependent upon his family. Bonfires are lighted in his honor, and from the eating and drinking, blessings shower on the future owner of the place. He is the first to go to Eton. During the holidays he sees his brothers and sisters; but before they become fairly acquainted he goes to Oxford or Cambridge, and when he returns from his travels abroad, completely finished, there is no limit to the admiring raptures with which he is received by his sisters. His brothers in the meantime have gone to Australia, South Africa, or India. If they stay at home they are called "detriments" and are met with in-

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George du Maurier—Drawn from life in June 1896.

stant discouragement as soon as an eligible young man appears.

With the consolation of hoping that possibly the young lady thinks more of him than she does of the man who has been selected for her, many a "detriment" has fought fever and natives in a far off land, happy in the belief that it is perhaps better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Among the well born the pleasant spectacle of a young man fighting the battle of life for himself is seldom seen. At a very early age his profession is chosen for him, and with years he acquires

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none of the anecdotes that characterize the self-made man.

To be related distantly to people of rank is a calamity ; it gives the unhappy family social ambitions, and still not the power to lift themselves above snubs. They become social shuttlecocks, and see encouragement where only a little is given. Their anxiety and desire to please make them helpless and the playthings of the more fortunate, and old age finds them with no definite position, but with the same object in life, the gates still shut in their faces—but hoping.

An Englishman can tell at once in just what particular walk of life every other Englishman is ; consequently, at home every Englishman is made to know his place, and it is not surprising that some of them find comfort abroad.

English people are never forgetful of services rendered. A public servant, long after his work has lost its value, may grow old in comfort and be spared the mortification of neglect. Londoners are charitable, and will patiently listen to a singer long after his fame has outlived his voice. A music-hall audience will shout itself hoarse over a song which mentions Tom Sayers or any favorite of days gone by. In England a public man performs with a net under him, in the shape of an easy office, into which he may drop when the work of his life is done. It relieves the strain on the nerves of his audience, and possibly the performance is longer, if not better.

The fact that Phil May is a prophet in his own country should alone clear Englishmen of the suspicion that they are slow to see fun. On an Englishman's love of fair play and good sport no suspicion has ever rested. It is the most attractive thing about him, and it is only natural that the greatest assortment of good-natured people are to be found at the Derby. I had already met them in May's drawings, and I was prepared to find the good-nature contagious. Last year a party on a coach opposite the Royal box and a policeman, who looked after that particular part of the course, drank champagne out of the same bottle. When the Prince of Wales came down to lead Persimmon off the track, short men stood on boxes and balanced themselves by holding on to whoever stood next to them. Gypsy fortune-tellers and painted-

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faced minstrels climbed on the backs of coaches. Everyone shouted together and wished that the Prince had been a little taller, so that they might all have seen him.

English-speaking people have been introduced to each other by a long line of clever draughtsmen. They have laughed together about the same people in the truest and sweetest-natured way in all the world. Above all others, one hand awakened the interest that finally grew into an intimacy resulting in people knowing themselves and others better. It has brought men together by its chivalrous praise of women, and women together by its fair treatment of men, and the same master-hand brought men and women together by the tender sympathy it showed for children and all nature. The beautiful was safe in that gentle hand. Although the heart that guided it no longer beats, the human interest and kindly feeling that it awakened will live forever, and all the world has placed among the foremost men of his day the affectionately remembered name of George du Maurier.

These drawings were made among the most hospitable people I ever met. When I have failed, it has not been owing to a lack of interest, but more likely on account of a consciousness that my results would fall short of my desires. The disappointments following the completion of a drawing made from a beautiful woman are many. In these portraits I have the most to regret.

C. D. G.

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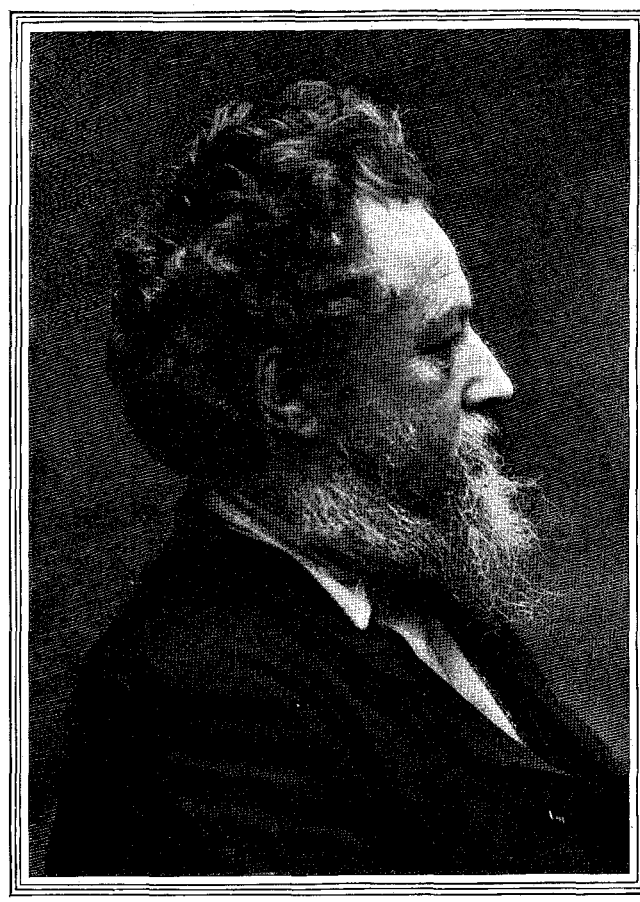

William Morris.

From a hitherto unpublished photograph taken during the last year of his life by his friend and helper, Emery Walker.

WILLIAM MORRIS

By Walter Crane

WHEN a man of so strong a personality, of such rich and varied gifts as the great poet and craftsman we have so recently lost, passes away, it is difficult at first to realize the fact, still less to measure the extent of that loss, especially for those who have enjoyed his personal friendship, and who have only associated him with the utmost energy and the full vigor of life and health and creative work.

Few men seemed to drink so full a measure of life as William Morris, and, indeed, he frankly admitted in his last days that he *had* enjoyed his life. I have heard him say that he only knew what it was to be alive. He could not conceive of death, and the thought of it did not trouble him.

I first met William Morris in 1870, at a dinner at the house of the present Earl of Carlisle, a man of keen artistic sympathies and considerable artistic ability, notably in water-color landscapes. He was an enthusiast for the work of Morris and Burne-Jones, and had just built his house at Palace Green from the designs of Mr. Philip Webb, and Morris & Company had decorated it. Morris, I remember, had just returned from a visit to Iceland, and

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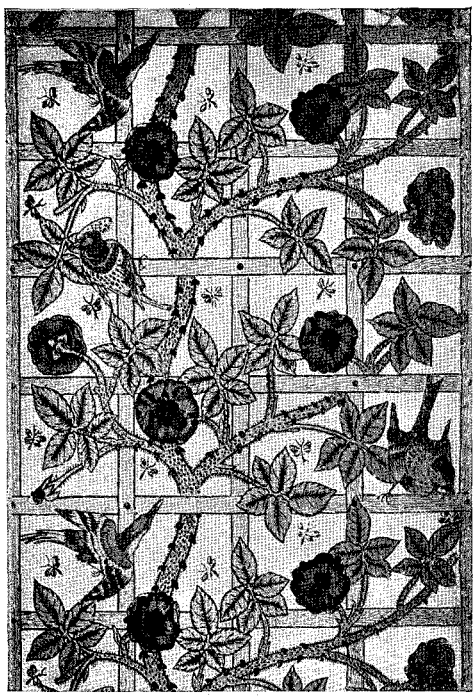
could hardly talk of anything else. It seemed to have laid so strong a hold upon his imagination ; and no doubt its literary fruits were the translations of the Icelandic sagas he produced with Professor Magnusson, and also the heroic poem of "Sigurd the Volzung." He never, indeed, seemed to lose the impressions of that Icelandic visit, and was ever ready to talk of his experiences there—the primitive life of the people, the long pony rides, the strange, stony deserts, the remote mountains, the geysers and the suggestions of volcanic force everywhere, and the romance-haunted coasts.

I well remember, too, the impression produced by the first volume of "The Earthly Paradise," which had appeared, I think, shortly before the time of which I speak : the rich and fluent verse, with its simple, direct, Old World diction ; the distinct vision, the romantic charm, the sense of external beauty everywhere, with a touch of wistfulness. The voice was the voice of a poet, but the eye was the eye of an artist and a craftsman.

It was not so long before that the fame began to spread of the little brotherhood



The Rose Trellis—Wall Paper Design.

Design for Wall Paper.

of artists who gathered together at the house at Redhill, built by Mr. Philip Webb, it was said, in an orchard without cutting down a single tree. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was the centre of the group, the leading spirit, and he had absorbed the spirit of the Preraphaelite movement and centralized it both in painting and verse. But others co-operated at first, such as his master, Ford Madox Brown, and Mr. Arthur Hughes, until the committee of artists narrowed down, and became a firm, establishing workshops in one of the old-fashioned houses on the east side of Queen Square, Bloomsbury, a retired place, closed by a garden to through traffic at the northern end. Here Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co. (which included a very notable man, Mr. Philip Webb, the architect) began their practical protest against prevailing modes and methods of domestic decoration and furniture, which had fallen since the great exhibition of 1851 chiefly under the influence of the Second Empire taste in upholstery, which was the antithesis of the new English movement. This represented in the main a revival of the mediæval spirit

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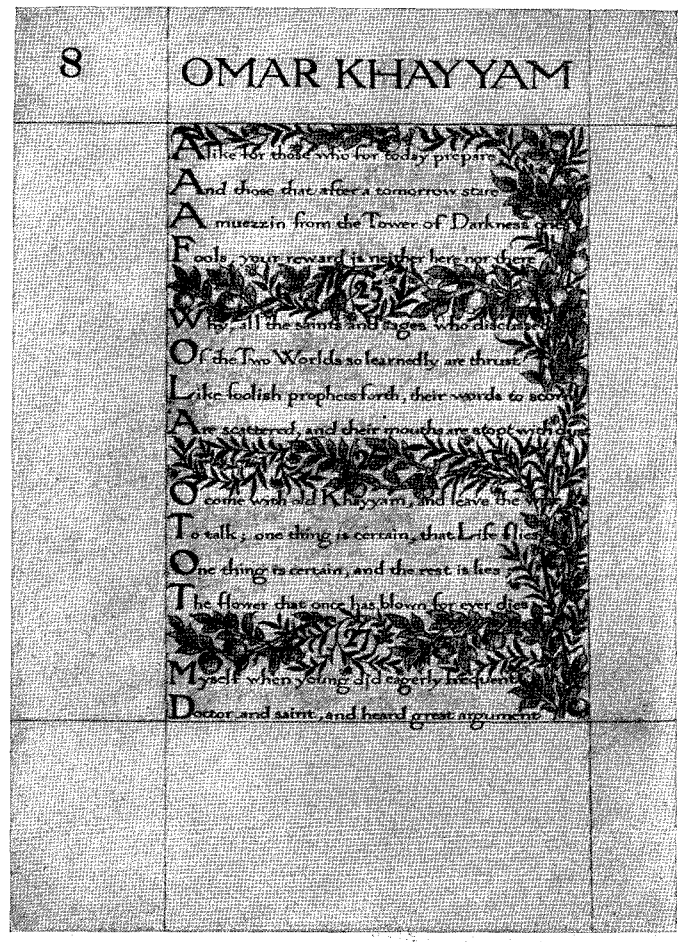
(not the letter) in design; a return to simplicity, to sincerity; to good materials and sound workmanship; to rich and suggestive surface decoration, and simple constructive forms.

The simple, black-framed, old English Buckinghamshire elbow-chair, with its rush-bottomed seat, was substituted for the wavy-backed and curly legged stuffed chair of the period, with its French polish and concealed, and often very unreliable, construction. Bordered Eastern rugs, and fringed Axminster carpets, on plain or stained boards, or India matting, took the place of the stuffy planned carpet; rich, or simple, flat patterns acknowledged the wall, and expressed the proportions of the room, instead of trying to hide both under bunches of sketchy roses and vertical stripes; while, instead of the big plate-glass mirror, with ormolu frame, which had long reigned over the cold white marble mantelpiece, small bevelled glasses were inserted in the panelling of the high wood mantelshelf, or hung over it in convex circular form. Slender black wood or light brass curtain-rods, and curtains to match the coverings, or carry out the color of the room, displaced the heavy mahogany and ormolu battering-rams, with their fringed and festooned upholstery, which had hitherto overshadowed the window of the so-called comfortable classes. Plain white or green paint for interior wood-work drove graining and marbleing to the public-house; blue and white Nankin, Delft, or Grès de Flandres routed Dresden and Sèvres from the cabinet; plain oaken boards and trestles were preferred before the heavy mahogany telescopic British dining-table of the mid-nineteenth century; and the deep, high backed, canopied settle with loose cushions ousted the castored and padded couch from the fireside.


8 OMAR KHAYYAM

Alike for those who for today prepare
And those that after a tomorrow stare
A muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries
Fools your reward is neither here nor there
Why, all the saints and sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish prophets forth; their words to scorn
Are scattered, and their mouths are stopt with dust
Oh come with old Khayyam, and leave the Lot
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies
One thing is certain, and the rest is lies
The flower that once has blown for ever dies
Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument

Pages from the Illuminated Manuscript Copy of the
By permission, from the original in

Such were the principal ways, as to outward form, in which the new artistic movement made itself felt in domestic decoration. Beginning with the houses of a comparatively limited circle, mostly artists, the taste rapidly spread, and in a few years Morrisian patterns and furniture became the vogue. Cheap imitation on all sides set in, and commercial and fantastic persons, perceiving the set of the current, floated themselves upon it, tricked themselves out like jackdaws with peacocks' feathers, and called it "the æsthetic movement." The usual excesses were indulged

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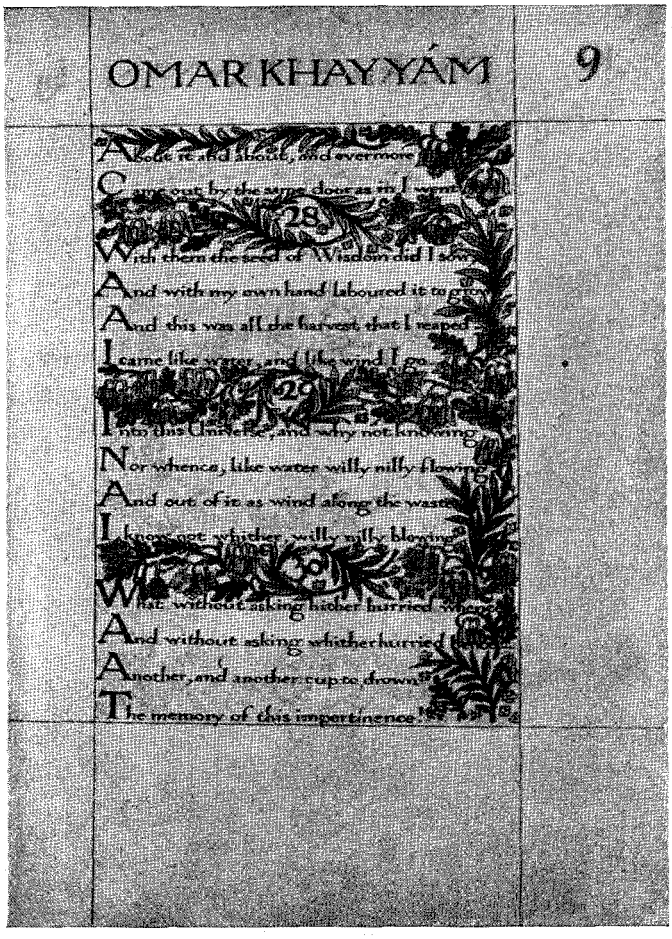

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám, hitherto unpublished.
the possession of Lady Burne-Jones.

in by excitable persons, and the inner meaning of the movement was temporarily lost sight of under a cloud of travesty and ridicule, until, like a shuttlecock, the idea had been sufficiently played with and tossed about by society and the big public, it was thrown aside, like a child's toy, for some new catch-word. These things were, however, but the ripples or falling leaves upon the surface of the stream, and had but little to do with its sources or its depth, though they might serve as indications of the strength of the current.

The art of Morris and those associated with him was really but the outward and visible sign of a great movement of protest and reaction against the commercial and conventional conceptions and standards of life and art which had obtained so strong a hold in the industrial nineteenth century.

Essentially Gothic and romantic and free in spirit as opposed to the authoritative and classical, its leader was emphatically and even passionately Gothic in his conception of art and ideals of life.

The inspiration of his poetry was no less mediæval than the spirit of his designs, and it was united with a strong love of nature and an ardent love of beauty.

One knows but little of William Morris's progenitors. His name suggests Welsh origin, though his birthplace was Walthamstow. Born March 24, 1834, one of a well-to-do family, it was a fortunate circumstance that he was never cramped by poverty in the development of his aims. Escaping the ecclesiastical influence of Oxford and a Church career, his prophets being rather John Ruskin and Thomas Carlyle, he approached the study and practice of art from the architectural side under one of our principal English Gothic revivalists, George Edmund Street, although he at one time entertained the idea of becoming a painter, and an interesting picture of Tristan and Isolde from his hand is said still to exist somewhere. Few men had a better understanding of the nature of Gothic architecture, and a wider knowledge of the historic buildings of his own country, than William Morris, and there can be no doubt that this grasp of the true root and stem of the art was of enormous advantage when he came to turn his attention to the various subsidiary arts and handicrafts comprehended under decorative design. The thoroughness of his methods of work and workmanlike practicality were no less re-

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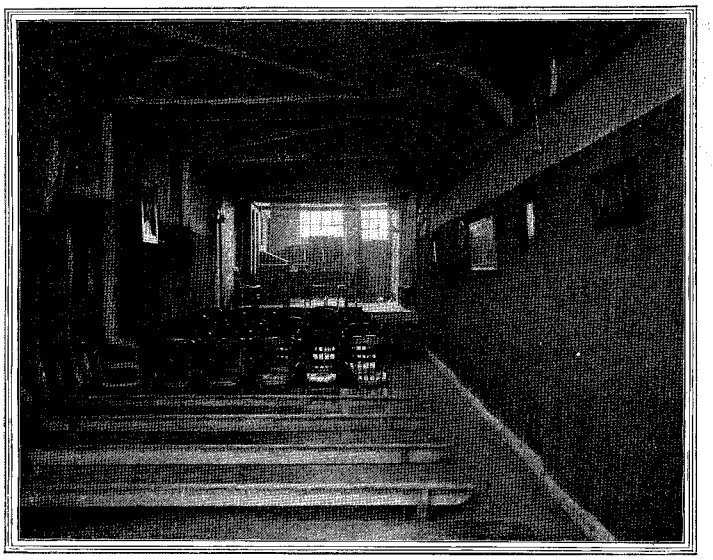


Meeting Room of the Hammersmith Socialist Society—Kelmscott House.

markable than his amazing energy and capacity for work.

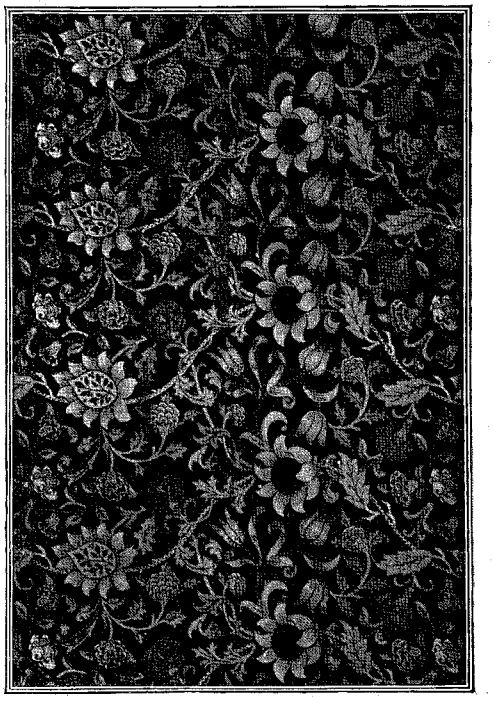
In one of his earlier papers he said that it appeared to be the object with most people to get rid of, or out of, the necessity of work, but for his part he only wanted to find time for more work, or (as it might be put) to live in order to work, rather than to work in order to live.

While as a decorative designer he was, of course, interested in *all* methods, materials, and artistic expression, he concentrated himself generally upon one particular kind at a time, as in the course of his study and practice he mastered the difficulties and technical conditions of each.

At one time it was dyeing, upon which he held strong views as to the superiority, permanency, and beauty of vegetable dyes over the mineral and aniline dyes, so much used in ordinary commerce, and his practice in this craft, and the charm of his tints, did much to check the taste for the vivid but fugitive colors of coal-tar.

His way was to tackle the thing with his own hands, and so he worked at the vat, like the practical man that he was in these matters. An old friend tells the story of his calling at the works one day and, on inquiring for the master, hearing a strong, cheery voice call out from some inner den, "I'm dyeing, I'm dyeing, I'm dyeing!" and the well-known, robust figure of the craftsman presently appeared in his blue shirt-sleeves, his hands stained blue from the vat where he had been at work.

At another time it was weaving that absorbed him, and the study of dyeing naturally led him to textiles, and, indeed, was probably undertaken with the view of reviving their manufacture in new forms, and from rugs and carpets he conceived the idea of reviving Arras tapestry. I remember the man who claimed to have taught Morris to work on the high-warp loom. His name was Wentworth Buller. He was an enthusiast for Persian art, and he had travelled in that country and found



A Design for Printing on Cotton.

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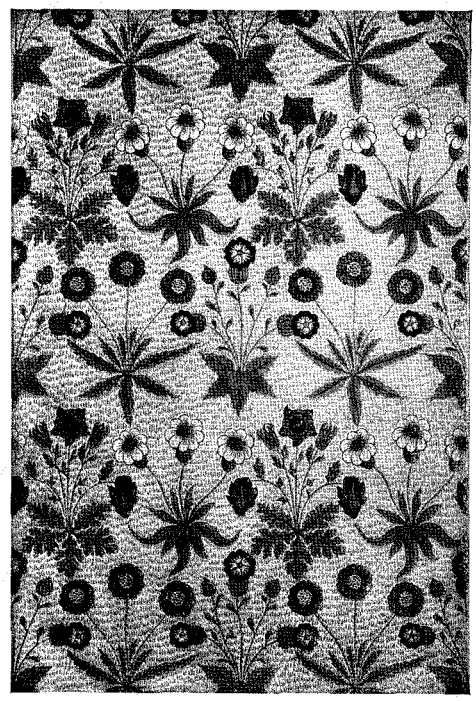
out the secret of the weaving of the fine Persian carpets, discovering, I believe, that they were made of goats' hair. He made some attempt to revive this method in England, but from one cause or another was not successful. William Morris, when he had learned the craft of weaving himself, set about teaching others, and trained two youths, one of whom (Mr. Dearle) is now chief at the Merton Abbey Works, who became exceedingly skilful at the work, executing the large and elaborate design of Sir Edward Burne-Jones (The Adoration of the Magi), which was first worked for the chapel of his own and Morris's college (Exeter College) at Oxford.

In this tapestry, as was his wont, Morris enriched the design with a foreground of flowers, through which the Magi approach with their gifts the group of the Virgin and Child, with St. Joseph.

In fact, the designs of William Morris are so associated with and so often form part of the work of others, or only appear in some conditioned material form, that little or no idea of his individual work, or of his wide influence, could be gathered from any existing autograph work of his. That he was a facile designer of floral ornament his numerous beautiful wall-papers and textile hangings prove, but he always considered that the finished and final form of a particular design, complete in the material for which it was intended, was the only one to be looked at, and always objected to showing preliminary sketches and working drawings. He was a keen judge and examiner of work, and fastidious, and as he did not mind taking trouble himself he expected it from those who worked for him. His artistic influence was really due to the way he supervised work under his control, carried out by many different craftsmen under his eye, and not so much by his own actual handiwork.



The Daisy—an Early Wall-Paper Design.

In any estimate of William Morris's power and influence as an artist, this should always be borne in mind. He always described himself as an artist working with assistants, which is distinct from the manufacturer who simply directs a business from the business point of view. Nothing went out of the works at Queen Square, or, later, at Merton Abbey, without his sanction from the artistic point of view.

The wave of taste which he had done so much to create certainly brought prosperity to the firm, and larger premises had to be taken; so Morris & Company emerged from the seclusion of Queen Square and opened a large shop in Oxford Street, and set up extensive works at Merton Abbey—a most charming and picturesque group of workshops, surrounded by trees and kitchen-gardens, on the banks of the river Wandle in Surrey, not far from Wimbledon. The tapestry and carpet looms which were first set up at Kelmscott House, on the upper mall at Hammersmith,* were moved to Merton, where also the dyeing and painted glass-work were carried on.

This latter art had long been an important part of the work of the firm. In early days designs were supplied by Ford Madox

*Here Morris lived when in London and his press was set up close by at Sussex House, opposite to which is the Dove's Bindery of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson. Much of Morris's time was spent at Kelmscott, near Lechlade, Gloucestershire, a delightful old manor house close to the Thames stream. This house was formerly held by D. G. Rossetti.

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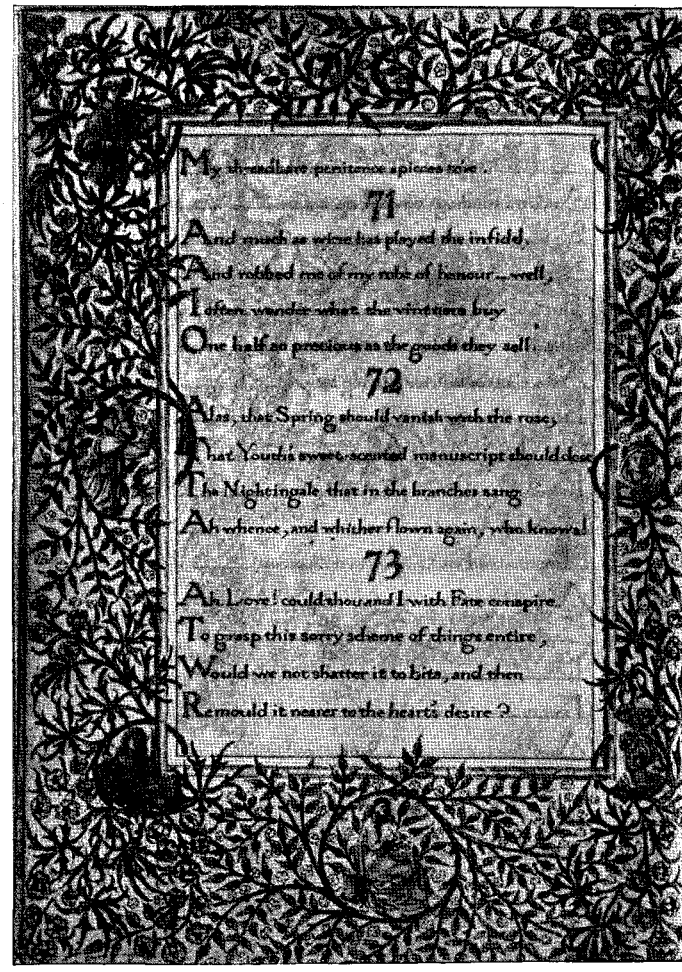
Brown and D. G. Rossetti, but later they were entirely from the hands of Morris's closest friend, Edward Burne-Jones; that is to say, the figure-work. Floral and subsidiary design was frequently added by William Morris, as were also the leading of the cartoons. The results of their co-operation in this way have been the many fine windows scattered over the land, chiefly at Oxford and Cambridge, where the Christ Church window and those at Jesus College may be named, while the churches of Birmingham have been enriched by many splendid examples, more particularly at St. Philip's. Their glass has also found place in the United States, in Richardson's famous church at Boston, and at the late Miss Catherine Wolfe's house, Vinland, Newport.



Other Pages from Mr. Morris's Manuscript Copy of

An exquisite autograph work of William Morris's is the copy of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám," which he wrote out and illuminated with his own hand, though even to this work Burne-Jones contributed a miniature, and Mr. Fairfax Murray worked out other designs in some of the borders. This beautiful work is in the possession of Lady Burne-Jones, and was exhibited at the first Arts and Crafts Exhibition in 1888. And it is by her special permission that I am enabled to give some reproductions of the pages here.

It is so beautiful that one wonders the artist was not induced to do more work of the kind; but there is only known to be one or two other manuscripts partially completed by him. Certainly his love for mediæval illuminated MSS. was intense and his knowledge great, and his collection of choice and rare works of this kind probably unique. The same might be said of his collection of early printed books, which was wonderfully rich with wood-cuts of the best time and from the most notable presses of Germany, Flanders, Italy, and France.

This brings us to William Morris's next and, as it proved, last development in art—the revival of the craft of the printer, and its pursuit as an art.

I recall the time when the project was first discussed. It was in the autumn of 1889. It was the year of an Art Congress at Edinburgh, following the initial one at Liverpool the preceding year, held under the auspices of the National Association for the Advancement of Art. Some of us afterward went over to Glasgow to lecture; and a small group, of which Morris was one, found

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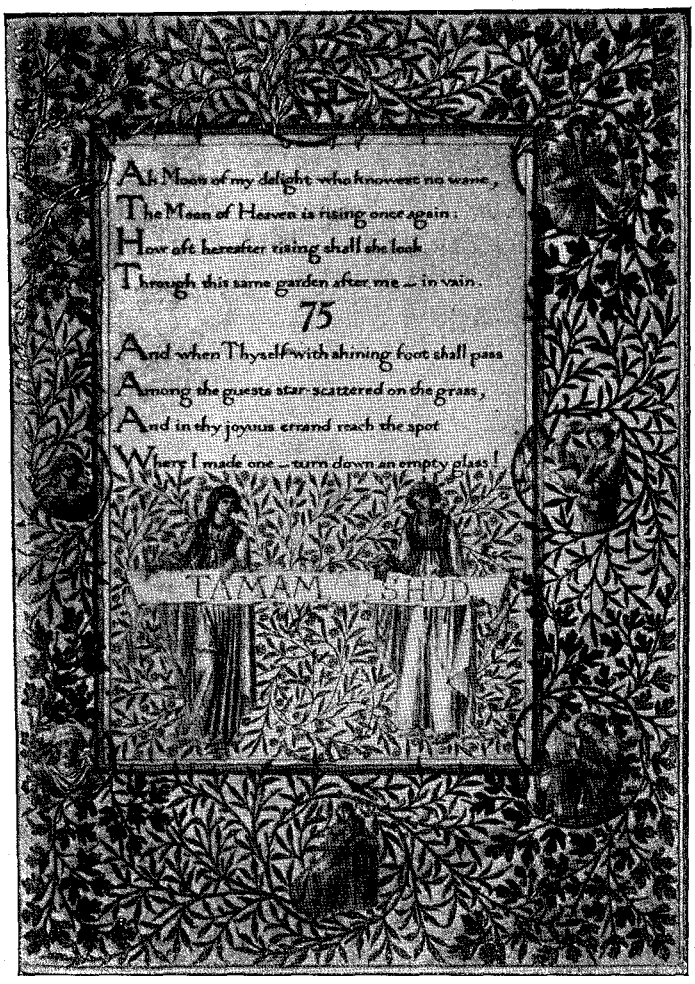
Ah Moon of my delight who knowest no wane,
The Moon of Heaven is rising once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same garden after me — in vain.
75
And when Thyself with shining foot shall pass
Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,
And in thy joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made one — turn down an empty glass!
TAMAM SHUD

Omar Khayyám, in the possession of Lady Burne-Jones.

themselves at the Central Station Hotel together. It was here that William Morris spoke of his new scheme, his mind being evidently centred upon it. Mr. Emery Walker (who has supplied me with the photographs which illustrate this article) was there, and was his constant and faithful helper in all the technicalities of the printers' craft; Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, also, who may be said to have introduced a new epoch in book-binding, and whose name was often associated with Morris as binder of some of his books.

Morris took up the craft of printing with characteristic thoroughness. He began at the beginning and went into the paper question, informing himself as to the best materials and methods, and learning to make a sheet of paper himself. The Kelmscott Press paper is made by hand, of fine white linen rags only, and is not touched with chemicals. It has the toughness and something of the quality of fine Whitman drawing-paper.

When he set to work to design his types he obtained enlarged photographs of some of the finest specimens of both Gothic and Roman, from the books of the early printers, chiefly of Bale and Venice. He studied and compared these, and as the result of his analysis designed two or three different kinds of type for his press, beginning with the "Golden" type, which might be described as a Roman type under Gothic influence, and developing the more frankly Gothic forms known as the "Troy" and the "Chaucer" types. He also used Roman capitals founded upon the best forms of the early Italian printers.

Morris was wont to say that he considered the glory of the Roman alphabet was in its capitals, but the glory of the Gothic alphabet was in its lower case letters.

He was asked why he did not use types after the style of the lettering in some of his title-pages, but he said this would not be reasonable, as the lettering of the titles were specially designed to fit into the given spaces, and could not be used as movable type.

The initial letters are Gothic in feeling, and form agreeably bold quantities in black and white in relation to the close and rich matter of the type, which is still further relieved occasionally by floral sprays in bold open line upon the inner margins, while when woodcut pictures are used they were led up to by rich borderings.

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The margins of the title and opening chapter which faced it are occupied by richly designed broad borders of floral arabesques upon black grounds, the lettering of the title forming an essential part of the ornamental effect, and often placed upon a mat or net of lighter, more open arabesque, in contrast to the heavy quantities of the solid border.

The Kelmscott Chaucer is the monumental work of Morris's press, and the border designs, made specially for this volume, suppass in richness and sumptuousness all his others, and fitly frame the woodcuts after the designs of Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

The arabesque borders and initial letters of the Kelmscott books were all drawn by Morris himself, the engraving on wood was mostly done by Mr. W. H. Hooper—almost the only first-rate fac-simile engraver on wood left—and a good artist and craftsman besides. Mr. Arthur Leverett engraved the designs to "The Glittering Plain," which were my contribution to the Kelmscott Press, but I believe Mr. Hooper did all the other work, while Mr. Fairfax Murray and Mr. Catteson Smith drafted the Burne-Jones designs upon the wood.

The Peacock—Woollen Hanging.

Design for Silk Hanging.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that many years before the Kelmscott Press was thought of an illustrated edition of "The Earthly Paradise" was in contemplation, and not only were many designs made by Burne-Jones, but a set of them were actually engraved by Morris himself upon wood for the "Cupid and Psyche," though they were never issued to the public.

I have spoken of the movement in art represented by William Morris and his colleagues as really part of a great movement of protest—crusade against the purely commercial, industrial, and material tendencies of the day.

This protest culminated with William Morris when he espoused the cause of Socialism.

Now some have tried to minimize the Socialism of William Morris, but it was, under the circumstances of his time, the logical and natural out-

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come of his ideas and opinions, and is in direct relation with his artistic theories and practice.

For a thorough understanding of the conditions of modern manufacture and industrial production, of the ordinary influences which govern the producers of marketable commodities, of wares offered in the name of art, of the condition of worker, and the pressure of competition, he was in a particularly advantageous position.

So far from being a sentimentalist who was content melodiously and pensively to regret that things were not otherwise, he was driven by contact with the life around him to his economic conclusions. As he said himself, it was art led him to Socialism, not economics, though he confirmed his convictions by economic study.

As an artist, no doubt at first he saw the uglification of the world going on, and the vast industrial and commercial machine grinding the joy and the leisure out of human life as regarded the great mass of humanity. But as an employer he was brought into direct relation with the worker, as well as the market and the public, and he became fully convinced that the modern system of production for profit and the world-market, however inevitable as a stage in economic and social evolution, was not only most detrimental to a healthy and spontaneous development of art and to conditions of labor, but that it would be bound, ultimately, by the working of natural laws, to devour itself.

Never cramped by poverty in his experiments and in his endeavors to realize his ideals, singularly favored by fortune in all his undertakings, he could have had no personal reasons on these scores for protesting against the economic and social tendencies and characteristics of his own time. He hated what is called modern civilization and all its works from the first, with a whole heart, and made no secret of it. For all that, he was a shrewd and keen man in his dealings with the world. If he set its fashions and habits at defiance, and persisted in producing his work to please himself, it was not his fault that his countrymen eagerly sought them and paid lavishly for their possession. A common reproach hurled at Morris has been that he produced costly works for the rich while he professed Socialism. This kind of thing, however, it may be remarked, is not said by those friendly to Socialism, or anxious for the consistency of its advocates—quite the contrary. Such objectors appear to ignore, or to be ignorant of, the fact that according to the quality of the production must be its cost; and that the cheapness of the cheapest things of modern manufacture is generally at the cost of the cheapening of human labor and life, which is a costly kind of cheapness after all.

If anyone cares for good work, a good price must be paid. Under existing conditions possession of such work is only possible to those who can pay the price, but this seems to work out rather as part of an indictment against the present system of production, which Socialists wish to alter.

If a wealthy man were to divest himself of his property and distribute it, he would not bring Socialism any nearer, and his self-sacrifice would hardly benefit the poor at large (except, perhaps, a few individuals), but under the working of the present system his wealth would ultimately enrich the rich—would gravitate to those who *had*, and not to those who *had not*. The object of Socialism is to win justice, not charity.

A true commonwealth can only be established by a change of feeling, and by the will of the people, deliberately, in the common interest, declaring for common and collective possession of the means of life and of wealth, as against individual property and monopoly. Since the wealth of a country is only produced by common and collective effort, and even the most individual of individualists is dependent for every necessary, comfort, or luxury of life upon the labor of untold crowds of workers, there is no inherent unreasonableness in such a view, or in the advocacy of such a system, which might be proved to be as beneficial, in the higher sense, for the rich as for the poor. It is, of course, quite possible to cling to the contrary opinion, but it should be fully understood that Socialism does not mean "dividing up," and that a man is not necessarily not a Socialist who does not sell all that he has to give to the poor. "A poor widow is gathering nettles to stew for her dinner. A perfumed seigneur lounging in the *œil de bœuf* hath an alchemy whereby

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he can extract from her every third nettle and call it rent." Thus wrote Carlyle. Men like William Morris would make such alchemy impracticable; but no man can change a social (or unsocial) system by himself, however willing; nor can anyone, however gifted or far-seeing, get beyond the conditions of his time, or afford to ignore them in the daily conduct of life, although at the same time his life and expressed opinions may all the while count as factors in the evolution by which a new form of society comes about.

Thus much seems due to the memory of a man like William Morris, who was frequently taunted with not doing, as a Socialist, things that, as a Socialist, he did not at all believe in; things, for which, too, one knows perfectly well, his censors, if he had done them, would have been the first to denounce him for a fool.

At all events, it is certain that William Morris spent some of the best years of his life, he gave his time, his voice, his thought, his pen, and much money to put Socialism before his countrymen. This can never be gainsaid. Those who have been accustomed to regard him from this point of view as a dangerous revolutionary might be referred to the writings of John Ball, and Sir Thomas More, his predecessors in England's history, who upheld the claims of labor and simple life against waste, want, and luxury. Indeed, it might be contended that it was a conservative clinging to the really solid foundations of a happy human life which made Morris a Socialist as much as artistic conviction and study of modern economics. The enormous light which has been recently thrown by historic research upon mediæval life, and conditions of labor, upon the craft guilds, and the position of the craftsman in the Middle Ages—light to which Morris himself in no small degree contributed—must also be counted as a factor in the formation of his opinions. But whether accounted conservative or revolutionary in social economics and political opinion, there can be no doubt of William Morris's conservatism in another field, important enough in its bearings upon modern life, national and historic sentiment, and education—I mean the protection of Ancient Buildings. He was one of the founders of the society having that object, and remained to the last one of the most energetic members of the committee, and in such important work his architectural knowledge was of course of the greatest value. At a time when, owing to the action of a multitude of causes, the historic buildings of the past are in constant danger, not only from the ravages of time, weather, and neglect, but also, and even to a greater extent, from the zeal of the "restorer," the importance of the work which Morris did with his society—the work which that society carries on—can hardly be overestimated.

The pressure of commercial competition and the struggle for life in our cities—the mere necessity for more room for traffic—the dead weight of vested interest, the market value of a site, the claims of convenience, fashion, ecclesiastical or otherwise, or sometimes sheer utilitarianism, entirely oblivious of the social value of historic associations of architectural beauty—all are apt to be arrayed at one time or another, or even, perhaps, all combined, against the preservation of an ancient building if it happens to stand in their way.

The variety, too, of the cases in which the difference of the artistic conditions which govern the art and craft of building in the past and in the present is another element which often prevents the defenders and destroyers from meeting on the same plane. It is the old tragic conflict between old and new, but enormously complicated, and with the forces of destruction and innovation tremendously increased.

William Morris was a singularly sane and what is called a "level-headed" man. He had the vehemence, on occasion, of a strong nature and powerful physique. He cared greatly for his convictions. Art and life were real to him, and his love of beauty was a passion. His artistic and poetic vision was clear and intense—all the more so, perhaps, for being exclusive on some points. The directness of his nature, as of his speech, might have seemed singularly unmodern to some who prefer to wrap their meaning with many envelopes. He might occasionally have seemed brusque, and even rough; but so does the north wind when it encounters obstacles. Men are judged by the touchstones of personal sympathy or antipathy; but whether at-

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tracted or repelled in such a presence, no one could come away without an impression that he had met a man of strong character and personal force, whether he realized any individual preconception of the poet, the artist, and the craftsman, or not.

He was certainly all these, yet those who only knew him through his works would have but a partial and incomplete idea of his many-sided nature, his practicality, personal force, sense of humor,* and all those side-lights which personal acquaintance throws upon the character of a man like William Morris.

* It is noteworthy that one who excluded humor from his own work, whether literary or artistic, had a keen appreciation of it in the work of others. Few who only knew Morris through his poems, romances, and designs would imagine that among his most favorite books were "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain, and "Uncle Remus." I have often heard him recall passages of the former with immense enjoyment of the fun. He was, besides, always an admirer of Dickens.

THE STORY OF A PLAY

BY W. D. HOWELLS

XIV

DURING the week that passed before Maxwell heard from the manager concerning his play, he did another letter for the *Abstract*, and, with a journalistic acquaintance enlarged through certain Boston men who had found places on New York papers, familiarized himself with New York ways and means of getting news. He visited what is called the Coast, a series of points where the latest intelligence grows in hotel bars and lobbies of a favorable exposure, and is nurtured by clerks and barkeepers skilled in its culture, and by inveterate gossips of their acquaintance; but he found this sort of stuff generally telegraphed on by the Associated Press before he reached it, and he preferred to make his letter a lively comment on events, rather than a report of them. The editor of the *Abstract* seemed to prefer this, too. He wrote Maxwell some excellent criticism, and invited him to appeal to the better rather than the worse curiosity of his readers, to remember that this was the principle of the *Abstract* in its home conduct. Maxwell showed the letter to his wife, and she approved of it all so heartily that she would have liked to answer it herself. "Of course, Brice," she said, "it's *you* he wants, more than your news. Any wretched reporter could give him that, but you are the one man in the world who can give him your mind about it."

"Why not say universe?" returned Maxwell, but though he mocked her he was glad to believe she was right, and he was proud of her faith in him.

In another way this was put to proof more than once during the week, for Louise seemed fated to meet Mrs. Harley on the common stairs now when she went out or came in. It was very strange that after living with her a whole month in the house and not seeing her, she should now be seeing her so much. Mostly she was alone, but sometimes she was with an elderly woman, whom Louise decided at one time to be her mother, and at another to be a professional companion. The first time she met them together she was sure that Mrs. Harley indicated her to the chaperon, and that she remembered her from Magnolia, but she never looked at Louise, any more than Louise looked at her, after that.

She wondered if Maxwell ever met her, but she was ashamed to ask him, and he did not mention her. Only once when they were together did they happen to encounter her, and then he said, quite simply, "I think she's certainly an actress. That public look of the eyes is unmistakable. Emotional parts, I should say."

Louise forced herself to suggest, "You might get her to let you do a play for her."

"I doubt if I could do anything unwholesome enough for her."

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At last the summons they were expecting from Grayson came, just after they had made up their minds to wait another week for it.

Louise had taken the letter from the maid, and she handed it to Maxwell with a gasp at sight of the Argosy Theatre address printed in the corner of the envelope. "I know it's a refusal."

"If you think that will make it an acceptance," he had the hardihood to answer, "it won't. I've tried that sort of thing too often;" and he tore open the letter.

It was neither a refusal nor an acceptance, and their hopes soared again, hers visibly, his secretly, to find it a friendly confession that the manager had not found time to read the play until the night before, and a request that Maxwell would drop in any day between twelve and one, which was rather a leisure time with him, and talk it over.

"Don't lose an instant, dear!" she adjured him.

"It's only nine o'clock," he answered, "and I shall have to lose several instants."

"That is so," she lamented; and then they began to canvass the probable intention of the manager's note. She held out passionately to the end for the most encouraging interpretation of it, but she did not feel that it would have any malign effect upon the fact for him to say, "Oh, it's just a way of letting me down easy," and it clearly gave him great heart to say so.

When he went off to meet his fate, she watched him, trembling, from the window; as she saw him mounting the elevated steps, she wondered at his courage; she had given him all her own.

The manager met him with "Ah, I'm glad you came soon. These things fade out of one's mind so, and I really want to talk about your play. I've been very much interested in it."

Maxwell could only bow his head, and murmur something about being very glad, very, very glad, with a stupid iteration.

"I suppose you know, as well as I do, that it's two plays, and that it's only half as good as if it were one."

The manager wheeled around from his table, and looked keenly at the author, who contrived to say, "I think I know what you mean."

"You've got the making of the prettiest kind of little comedy in it, and you've got the making of a very strong tragedy. But I don't think your oil and water mix, exactly," said Grayson.

"You think the interest of the love-business will detract from the interest of the homicide's fate?"

"And vice versa. Excuse me for asking something that I can very well understand your not wanting to tell till I had read your play. Isn't this the piece Godolphin has been trying out West?"

"Yes, it is," said Maxwell. "I thought it might prejudice you against it, if——"

"Oh, that's all right. Why have you taken it from him?"

Maxwell felt that he could make up for his want of earlier frankness now. "I didn't take it from him; he gave it back to me."

He sketched the history of his relation to the actor, and the manager said, with smiling relish, "Just like him, just like Godolphin." Then he added, "Well, now I'll tell you, and you mustn't take it amiss. Godolphin may not know just why he gave the piece up, and he probably thinks it's something altogether different, but you may depend upon it the trouble was your trying to ride two horses in it. Didn't you feel that it was a mistake yourself?"

"I felt it so strongly at one time that I decided to develop the love-business into a play by itself and let the other go for some other time. My wife and I talked it over very fully. We even discussed it with Godolphin. He wanted to do Atland. But we all backed out simultaneously, and went back to the play as it stood."

"Godolphin saw he couldn't make enough of Atland," said the manager, as if he were saying it to himself. "Well, you may be sure he feels now that the character which most appeals to the public in the play is Salome."

"He felt that before."

"And he was right. Now, I will tell you what you have got to do. You have either got to separate the love-business from the rest of the play and develop it into a comedy by itself——"

"That would mean a great deal of work, and I am rather sick of the whole thing."

"Or," the manager went on without minding Maxwell, "you have got to cut

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the part of Salome, and subordinate it entirely to Haxard"—Maxwell made a movement of impatience and refusal, and the manager finished—"or else you have got to treat it frankly as the leading part in the piece, and get it into the hands of some leading actress."

"Do you mean," the author asked, "that you—or any manager—would take it if that were done?"

Grayson looked a little unhappy. "No, that isn't what I mean, exactly. I mean that as it stands, no manager would risk it, and that as soon as an actor had read it, he would see, as Godolphin must have seen from the start, that Haxard was a subordinate part. What you want to do is to get it in the hands of some woman who wants to star, and would take the road with it." The manager expatiated at some length on the point, and then he stopped, and sat silent, as if he had done with the subject.

Maxwell perceived that the time had come for him to get up and go away.

"I'm greatly obliged to you for all your kindness, Mr. Grayson, and I won't abuse your patience any further. You've been awfully good to me, and—" He faltered, in a dejection which he could not control. Against all reason, he had hoped that the manager would have taken his piece just as it stood, and apparently he would not have taken it in any event.

"You mustn't speak of that," said the manager. "I wish you would let me see anything else you do. There's a great deal that's good in this piece, and I believe that a woman who would make it her battle-horse could make it go."

Maxwell asked, with melancholy scorn, "But you don't happen to know any leading lady who is looking round for a battle-horse?"

The manager seemed trying to think. "Yes, I do. You wouldn't like her altogether, and I don't say she would be the ideal Salome, but she would be, in her way, effective; and I know that she wants very much to get a play. She hasn't been doing anything for a year or two but getting married and divorced, but she made a very good start. She used to call herself Yolande Havisham; I don't suppose it was her name; and she had a good deal of success in the West; I don't think she's ever appeared in New York. I believe she was of quite a good Southern family; the Southerners all are; and I hear she has money."

"Godolphin mentioned a Southern girl for the part," said Maxwell. "I wonder if——"

"Very likely it's the same one. She does emotional leads. She and Godolphin played together in California, I believe. I was trying to think of her married name—or her unmarried name——"

Some one knocked at the door, and the young man put his head in, with what Maxwell fancied a preconcerted effect, and gave the manager a card. He said, "All right; bring him round," and he added to Maxwell, "Shall I send your play——"

"No, no, I will take it," and Maxwell carried it away with a heavier heart than he had even when he got it back from Godolphin. He did not know how to begin again, and he had to go home and take counsel with his wife as to the next step.

He could hardly bear to tell her of his disappointment, and it was harder still to tell her of the kind of hope the manager had held out to him. He revolved a compromise in his mind, and when they sat down together, he did not mean to conceal anything, but only to postpone something; he did not clearly know why. He told her the three alternatives with the play which the manager had suggested, and she agreed with him that they were all impossible.

"Besides," she said, "he doesn't promise to take the play, even if you do everything to a 't.' Did he ask you to lunch again?"

"No, that seemed a thing of the past."

"Well, let us have ours, and then we can go into the Park, and forget all about it for awhile, and perhaps something new will suggest itself."

That was what they did, but nothing new suggested itself. They came home fretted with their futile talk. There seemed nothing for Maxwell to do but to begin the next day with some other manager.

They found a note from Grayson waiting Maxwell. "Well, you open it," he said listlessly to his wife, and in fact he felt himself at that moment physically unable to cope with the task, and he dreaded any fluctuation of emotion that would follow, even if it were a joyous one.

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"What does this mean, Brice?" demanded his wife, with a terrible provisionality in her tone, as she stretched out the letter to him, and stood before him where he lounged in the cushioned window-seat.

Grayson had written: "If you care to submit your play to Yolande Havisham, you can easily do so. I find that her address is the same as yours. Her name is Harley. But I was mistaken about the divorce. It was a death."

Maxwell lay stupidly holding the note before him.

"Will you tell me what it means?" his wife repeated. "Or why you didn't tell me before, if you meant to give your play to that creature?"

"I don't mean to give it to her," said Maxwell, doggedly. "I never did, for an instant. As for not telling you that Grayson had suggested it—well, perhaps I wished to spare myself a scene like the present."

"Do you think I will believe you?"

"I don't think you will insult me. Why shouldn't you believe I am telling you the truth?"

"Because —because you didn't tell me at once."

"That is nonsense, and you know it. If I wanted to keep this from you, it was to spare you the annoyance I can't help now, and because the thing was settled in my mind as soon as Grayson proposed it."

"Then, why has he written to you about it?"

"I suppose I didn't say it was settled."

"Suppose? Didn't you *know* whether you did?"

"Come, now, Louise! I am not on the witness-stand, and I won't be cross-questioned. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. What is the matter with you? Am I to blame because a man who doesn't imagine your dislike of a woman that you never spoke to suggests her taking part in a play that she probably wouldn't look at? You're preposterous! Try to have a little common sense!" These appeals seemed to have a certain effect with his wife; she looked daunted; but Maxwell had the misfortune to add, "One would think you were jealous of the woman."

"*Now* you are insulting *me!*" she cried. "But it's a part of the vulgarity of the whole business. Actors, authors, managers, you're all alike."

Maxwell got very pale. "Look out, Louise!" he warned her.

"I *won't* look out. If you had any delicacy, the least delicacy in the world, you could imagine how a woman who had given the most sacred feelings of her nature to you for your selfish art, would loathe to be represented by such a creature as that, and still not be jealous of her, as you call it! But I am justly punished! I might have expected it."

The maid appeared at the door and said something, which neither of them could make out at once, but which proved to be the question whether Mrs. Maxwell had ordered the dinner.

"No, I will go—I was just going out for it," said Louise. She had in fact not taken off her hat or gloves since she came in from her walk, and she now turned and swept out of the room without looking at her husband. He longed to detain her, to speak some kindly or clarifying word, to set himself right with her, to set her right with herself; but the rage was so hot in his heart that he could not. She came back to the door a moment, and looked in. "*I* will do *my* duty."

"It's rather late," he sneered, "but if you're very conscientious, I dare say we shall have dinner at the usual time."

He did not leave the window-seat, and it was as if the door had only just clashed to after her when there came a repeated and violent ringing at the bell, so that he jumped up himself, to answer it, without waiting for the maid.

"Your wife—your wife!" panted the bell-boy, who stood there. "She's hurt herself, and she's fainted."

"My wife? Where—how?" He ran down the stairs after the boy, and in the hallway on the ground floor he found Louise stretched upon the marble pavement, with her head in the lap of a woman, who was chafing her hands. He needed no look at this woman's face to be sure that it was the woman of his wife's abhorrence, and he felt quite as sure that it was the actress, Yolande Havisham, from the effective drama of her self-possession.

"Don't be frightened. Your wife turned her foot on the steps, here. I was coming into the house, and caught her from fall-

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ing. It's only a swoon." She spoke with the pseudo-English accent of the stage, but with a Southern slip upon the vowels here and there. "Get some water, please."

The hall-boy came running up the back stairs with some that he had gone to get, and the woman bade Maxwell sprinkle his wife's face. But he said: "No—you," and he stooped and took his wife's head into his own hands, so that she might not come to in the lap of Mrs. Harley; in the midst of his dismay he reflected how much she would hate that. He could hardly keep himself from being repellant and resentful toward the woman. In his remorse for quarrelling with Louise, it was the least reparation he could offer her. Mrs. Harley, if it was she, seemed not to notice his rudeness. She sprinkled Louise's face, and wiped her forehead with the handkerchief she dipped in the water; but this did not bring her out of her faint, and Maxwell began to think she was dead, and to feel that he was a murderer. With a strange, æsthetic vigilance he took note of his sensations for use in revising Haxard.

The janitor of the building had somehow arrived, and Mrs. Harley said: "I will go for a doctor, if you can get her up to your apartment;" and she left Louise with the two men.

The janitor, a burly Irishman, lifted her in his arms, and carried her up the three flights of steps; Maxwell followed, haggardly, helplessly.

On her own bed, Louise revived, and said: "My shoe— Oh, get it off!"

The doctor came a few minutes later, but Mrs. Harley did not appear with him, as Maxwell had dreaded she would. He decided that Mrs. Maxwell had strained, not sprained, her ankle, and he explained how the difference was all the difference in the world, as he bound the ankle up with a long ribbon of india-rubber, and issued directions for care and quiet.

He left them there, and Maxwell heard him below in parley, apparently with the actress at her door. Louise lay with her head on her husband's arm, and held his other hand tight in hers, while he knelt by the bed. The bliss of repentance and mutual forgiveness filled both their hearts, while she told how she had hurt herself.

"I had got down to the last step, and I was putting my foot to the pavement, and I thought, Now I am going to turn my ankle. Wasn't it strange? And I turned it. How did you get me upstairs?"

"The janitor carried you."

"How lucky he happened to be there! I suppose the hall-boy kept me from falling—poor little fellow! You must give him some money. How did you find out about me?"

"He ran up to tell," Maxwell said this, and then he hesitated. "I guess you had better know all about it. Can you bear something disagreeable, or would you rather wait——"

"No, no, tell me now! I can't bear to wait. What is it?"

"It wasn't the hall-boy that caught you. It was that—woman."

He felt her neck and hand grow rigid, but he went on, and told her all about it. At the end, some quiet tears came into her eyes. "Well, then, we must be civil to her. I am glad you told me at once, Brice." She pulled his head down and kissed him, and he was glad, too.

XV

LOUISE sent Maxwell down to Mrs. Harley's apartment to thank her, and tell her how slight the accident was; and while he was gone, she abandoned herself to an impassioned dramatization of her own death from blood-poisoning, and her husband's early marriage with the actress, who then appeared in all his plays, though they were not happy together. Her own spectre was always rising between them, and she got some fearful joy out of that. She counted his absence by her heart-beats, but he came back so soon that she was ashamed, and was afraid that he had behaved so as to give the woman a notion that he was not suffered to stay longer. He explained that he found her gloved and bonneted to go out, and that he had not stayed for fear of keeping her. She had introduced him to her mother, who was civil about Louise's accident, and they had both begged him to let them do anything they could for her. He made his observations, and, when Louise, after a moment, asked him about them, he said they affected him as severally typifying the Old South and the New South. They had a photograph over the

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mantel, thrown up large, of an officer in Confederate uniform. Otherwise the room had nothing personal in it; he suspected the apartment of having been taken furnished, like their own. Louise asked if he should say they were ladies, and he answered that he thought they were.

"Of course," she said, and she added, with a wide sweep of censure: "They get engaged to four or five men at a time, down there. Well," she sighed, "you mustn't stay in here with me, dear. Go to your writing."

"I was thinking whether you couldn't come out and lie on the lounge. I hate to leave you alone in here."

"No, the doctor said to be perfectly quiet. Perhaps I can, to-morrow, if it doesn't swell up any worse."

She kept her hold of his hand, which he had laid in hers, and he sat down beside the bed, in the chair he had left there. He did not speak, and after awhile she asked, "What are you thinking of?"

"Oh, nothing. The confounded play, I suppose."

"You're disappointed at Grayson's not taking it."

"One is always a fool."

"Yes," said Louise, with a catching of the breath. She gripped his hand hard, and said, as well as she could in keeping back the tears, "Well, I will never stand in your way, Brice. You may do anything—*anything*—with it that you think best."

"I shall never do anything you don't like," he answered, and he leaned over and kissed her, and at this her passion burst in a violent sobbing, and when she could speak she made him solemnly promise that he would not regard her in the least, but would do whatever was wisest and best with the play, for otherwise she should never be happy again.

As she could not come out to join him at dinner, he brought a little table to the bedside, and put his plate on it, and ate his dinner, there, with her. She gave him some attractive morsels off her own plate, which he had first insisted on bestowing upon her. They had such a gay evening that the future brightened again, and they arranged for Maxwell to take his play down town the next day, and not lose a moment in trying to place it with some manager.

It all left him very wakeful, for his head began to work upon this scheme and that. When he went to lock the outer door for the night, the sight of his overcoat hanging in the hall made him think of a theatrical newspaper he had bought coming home, at a certain corner of Broadway, where numbers of smooth-shaven, handsome men, and women with dark eyes and champagned hair were lounging and passing. He had got it on the desperate chance that it might suggest something useful to him. He now took it out of his coat-pocket, and began to look its advertisements over in the light of his study lamp, partly because he was curious about it, and partly because he knew he should begin to revise his play, otherwise, and then he should not sleep all night.

In several pages of the paper ladies with flowery and alliterative names and pseudonyms proclaimed themselves in large letters, and in smaller type the parts they were presently playing in different combinations; others gave their addresses and announced that they were At Liberty, or specified the kinds of rôles they were accustomed to fill, as Leads or Heavies, Dancing Soubrettes and Boys; Leads, Emotional and Juvenile; Heavy or Juvenile or Emotional Leads. There were gentlemen seeking engagements who were Artistic Whistling Soloists, Magicians, Leading Men, Leading Heavies, Singing and Dancing Comedians, and there were both ladies and gentlemen who were now Starring in this play or that, but were open to offers later. A teacher of stage dancing promised instruction in skirt and serpentine dancing, as well as high kicking, front and back, the backward bend, side practice, toe-practice, and all novelties. Dramatic authors had their cards among the rest, and one poor fellow, as if he had not the heart to name himself, advertised a play to be heard of at the office of the newspaper. Whatever related to the theatre was there, in a bizarre solidarity, which was droll enough to Maxwell in one way. But he hated to be mixed up with all that, and he perceived that he must be mixed up with it more and more, if he wrote for the theatre. Whether he liked it or not, he was part of the thing which in its entirety meant high-kicking and toe-practice, as well as the expression of the most mystical passions of the

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heart. There was an austerity in him which the fact offended, and he did what he could to appease this austerity by reflecting that it was the drama and never the theatre that he loved; but for the time this was useless. He saw that if he wrote dramas he could not hold aloof from the theatre, nor from actors and actresses—heavies and juveniles, and émotionals and soubrettes. He must know them, and more intimately; and at first he must be subject to them, however he mastered them at last; he must flatter their oddities and indulge their caprices. His experience with Godolphin had taught him that, and his experience with Godolphin in the construction of his play could be nothing to what he must undergo at rehearsals and in the effort to adapt his work to a company. He reminded himself that Shakespeare even must have undergone all that. But this did not console him. He was himself, and what another, the greatest, had suffered, would not save him. Besides, it was not the drama merely that Maxwell loved; it was not making plays alone; it was causing the life that he had known to speak from the stage, and to teach there its serious and important lesson. In the last analysis he was a moralist, and more a moralist than he imagined. To enforce, in the vividest and most palpable form, what he had thought true, it might be worth while to endure all the trials that he must; but at that moment he did not think so; and he did not dare submit his misgiving to his wife.

They had now been six months married, and if he had allowed himself to face the fact he must have owned that, though they loved each other so truly, and he had known moments of exquisite, of incredible rapture, he had been as little happy as in any half year he had lived. He never formulated his wife's character, or defined the precise relation she bore to his life; if he could have been challenged to do so, he would have said that she was the whole of life to him, and that she was the most delightful woman in the world.

He tasted to its last sweetness the love of loving her and of being loved by her. At the same time there was an obscure stress upon him which he did not trace to her at once; a trouble in his thoughts which, if he could have seen it clearly, he would have recognized for a lurking anxiety concerning how she would take the events of their life as they came. Without realizing it, for his mind was mostly on his work, and it was only in some dim recess of his spirit that the struggle took place, he was perpetually striving to adjust himself to the unexpected, or rather the impredicable.

But when he was most afraid of her harassing uncertainty of emotion or action he was aware of her fixed loyalty to him; and perhaps it was the final effect with himself that he dreaded. Should he always be able to bear and forbear, as he felt she would, with all her variableness and turning? The question did not put itself in words, and neither did his conviction that his relation to the theatre was doubled in difficulty through her. But he perceived that she had no love for the drama, and only a love for his love of it; and sometimes he vaguely suspected that if he had been in business she would have been as fond of business as she was of the drama. He never perhaps comprehended her ideal, and how it could include an explicit and somewhat noisy devotion to the aims of his ambition, because it was his, and a patronizing reservation in regard to the ambition itself. But this was quite possible with Louise, just as it was possible for her to have had a humble personal joy in giving herself to him, while she had a distinct social sense of the sacrifice she had made in marrying him. In herself she looked up to him; as her father's and mother's daughter, as the child of her circumstance, there is no doubt she looked down upon him. But neither of these attitudes held in their common life. Love may or may not level ranks, but marriage unquestionably does, and is the one form of absolute equality. The Maxwells did not take themselves or each other objectively; they loved and hated, they made war and made peace, without any sense of the difference or desert that might have been apparent to the spectators.

Maxwell had never been so near the standpoint of the impartial observer as now when he confronted the question of what he should do, with a heart twice burdened by the question whether his wife would not make it hard for him to do it, whatever it was. He thought, with dark fore-

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boding, of the difficulties he should have to smooth out for her if it ever came to a production of the piece. The best thing that could happen, perhaps, would be its rejection, final and total, by all possible managers and actors; for she would detest any one who took the part of Salome, and would hold him responsible for all she should suffer from it.

He recurred again to what he had felt so strongly himself, and what Grayson had suggested, and thought how he could free himself from fealty to her by cutting out the whole love-business from his play. But that would be very hard. The thing had now knitted itself in one texture in his mind, and though he could sever the ties that bound the parts together, it would take from the piece the great element of charm. It was not symmetrical as it stood, but it was not two distinct motives; the motives had blended, and they really belonged to each other. He would have to invent some other love-business if he cut this out, but still it could be done. Then it suddenly flashed upon him that there was something easier yet, and that was to abandon the notion of getting his piece played at all, and to turn it into a novel. He could give it narrative form without much trouble, if any, beyond that of copying it, and it would be thought a very dramatic story. He saw instantly how he could keep and even enhance all the charm of the love-business as it stood, in a novel; and in his revulsion of feeling he wished to tell his wife. He made a movement toward the door of her room, but he heard the even breathing of her sleep, and he stopped and flung himself on the lounge to think. It was such a happy solution of the whole affair! He need not even cease trying with managers, for he could use the copy of the play that Godolphin had returned for that, and he could use the copy he had always kept for recasting it in narrative. By the time that he had got his play back from the last manager he would have his novel ready for the first publisher. In the meantime he should be writing his letters for the *Abstract*, and not consuming all his little savings.

The relief from the stress upon him was delicious. He lay at rest and heard the soft breathing of his wife from the other room, and an indescribable tenderness for her filled his heart. Then he heard her voice saying, "Well, don't wake him, poor boy!"

XVI

MAXWELL opened his eyes, and found the maid lightly escaping from the room. He perceived that he had slept all night on the lounge, and he sent a cheery hail into his wife's room, and then followed it to tell her how he had thought it all out. She was as glad as he was; she applauded his plan to the ceiling; and he might not have thought of her accident if he had not seen presently that she was eating her breakfast in bed.

Then he asked after her ankle, and she said, "Oh, that's perfectly well, or the same as perfectly. There's no pain at all, there, to speak of, and I shall get up to luncheon. You needn't mind me any more. If you haven't taken your death of cold sleeping there on the lounge——"

"I haven't."

"I want you to go down town to some manager with your play, and get some paper, the kind I like; and then, after lunch, we'll begin turning it into a novel, from your copy. It will be so easy for you that you can dictate, and I'll do the writing, and we'll work it up together. Shall you like collaborating with me?"

"Ah!——"

"It will be our story, and I shall like it twice as well as if it were a play. We shall be independent of the theatre, that's one satisfaction; they can take the play, if they like, but it will be perfectly indifferent to us. I shall help you get in all those nice touches that you said you could never get into a play, like that green light in the woods. I know just how we shall manage that love business, and we sha'n't have any horror of an actress interpreting our inspirations to the public. We'll play Atland and Salome ourselves. We'll—ow!"

She had given her foot a twist in the excitement and she fell back on the pillow rather faint. But she instantly recovered herself with a laugh, and she hurried him away to his breakfast, and then away with his play. He would rather have stayed and begun turning it into a story at once. But she would not let him; she said, it would be a loss of time, and she should

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fret a good deal more to have him there with her, than to have him away, for she should know he was just staying to cheer her up.

When he was gone she sent for whatever papers the maid could find in the parlor, so that she need not think of him in the amusement she would get out of them. Among the rest was that dramatic newspaper which caught her eye first, with the effigy of a very dramatized young woman whose portrait filled the whole first page. Louise abhorred her, but with a novel sense of security in the fact that Maxwell's play was going so soon to be turned into a story; and she felt personally aloof from all the people who had dragged him down with a sense of complicity in their professional cards. She found them neither so droll nor so painful as he had, but she was very willing to turn from them, and she was giving the paper a parting glance before dropping it, when she was arrested by an advertisement which made her start:

WANTED.—A drama for prominent star; light comic and emotional; star part must embody situations for the display of intense effects. Address L. STERNE, this office.

A series of effects as intense as the advertiser could have desired in a drama followed one another in the mind of Louise. She now wildly reproached herself that she had, however unwittingly, sent her husband out of reach for four or five hours, when his whole future might depend upon his instantly answering this notice. Whether he had already seen the notice and rashly decided to ignore it, or had not seen it, he might involve himself with some manager irretrievably before he could be got at with a demand which seemed specifically framed to describe his play. She was in despair that there was no means of sending a messenger-boy after him with any chance of finding him. The light comic reliefs which the advertiser would have wished to give the dark phases of her mood were suggested by her reckless energy in whirling herself into her dressing-gown, and hopping out to Maxwell's desk in the other room, where she dashed off a note in reply to the advertisement in her husband's name, and then checked herself with the reflection that she had no right to sign his name: even in such a cause she must not do anything wrong. Something must be done, however, right or wrong, and she decided that a very formal note in the third person would involve the least moral trespass. She fixed upon these terms, after several experiments, almost weeping at the time they cost her, when every moment was precious:

Mr. Brice Maxwell writes to Mr. L. Sterne and begs to inform him that he has a play which he believes will meet the requirements of Mr. Sterne, as stated in his advertisement in the "Professional Register" of November the tenth. Mr. Maxwell asks the favor of an interview with Mr. Sterne at any time and place that Mr. Sterne may appoint.

It seemed to her that this violated no law of man or God, or if it did the exigency was such that the action could be forgiven, if not justified. She ransacked Maxwell's desk for a special delivery stamp, and sent the letter out beyond recall; and then it occurred to her that its opening terms were too much those of a lady addressing a seamstress; but after a good deal of anguish on this point she comforted herself with the hope that a man would not know the form, or at least would not suspect another man of using it offensively.

She passed the time till Maxwell came back, in doubt whether to tell him what she had done. There was no reason why she should not, except that he might have seen the advertisement and decided not to answer it for some reason; but in that case it might be said that he ought to have spoken to her about it. She told him everything at once, but there were many things that he did not tell her till long afterward; it would be a good thing to let him realize how that felt; besides it would be a pleasure to keep it and let it burst upon him, if that L. Sterne, whoever he was, asked to see the play. In any case, it would not be a great while that she need keep from him what she had done, but at sight of him when he came in she could hardly be silent. He was gloomy and dispirited, and he confessed that his pleasant experience with Grayson had not been repeated with the other managers. They had all been civil enough, and he had

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seen three or four of them, but only one had consented to let him even leave his play with him; the others said that it would be useless for them to look at it.

She could not forbear showing him the advertisement she had answered as they sat at lunch; but he glanced at it with disdain, and said there must be some sort of fake in it; if it was some irresponsible fellow getting up a combination he would not scruple to use the ideas of any manuscript submitted to him and work them over to suit himself. Louise could not speak. All heart went out of her; she wanted to cry, and she did not tell what she had done.

Neither of them ate much. He asked her if she was ready to begin on the story with him; she said, Oh, yes; and she hobbled off into the other room. Then he seemed to remember her hurt for the first time; he had been so full of his failure with the play before. He asked her how she was, and she said, much better; and then he stretched himself on the lounge and tried to dictate, and she took her place at his desk and tried to write. But she either ran ahead of him, and prompted him, which vexed him, or she lagged so far behind that he lost the thread of what he was saying and became angry. At last she put her head down on the paper and blotted it with her tears.

At that he said, "Oh, you'd better go back to bed," and then though he spoke harshly, he lifted her tenderly and half carried her to her room.

XVII

They did not try working the play into a story again together. Maxwell kept doggedly at it, though he said it was of no use; the thing had taken the dramatic form with inexorable fixity as it first came from his mind; it could be changed, of course, but it could only be changed for the worse, artistically. If he could sell it as a story, the work would not be lost; he would gain the skill that came from doing, in any event, and it would keep him alive under the ill-luck that now seemed to have set in.

None of the managers wanted his play. Some of them seemed to want it less than others; some wanted it less immediately than others; some did not want it after reading; some refused it without reading it; some had their arrangements made for an indefinite time, others in the present uncertain state of affairs could not make any arrangements; some said it was an American play; others that it was un-American in its pessimistic spirit; some found it too literary; others, lacking in imagination. They were nearly all so kind that at first Maxwell was guilty of the folly of trying to persuade them against the reasons they gave; when he realized that these reasons were also excuses, he set his teeth and accepted them in silence.

For a number of days Louise suffered in momentary expectation of a reply from L. Sterne. She thought it would come by district messenger the day she wrote; and for several days afterwards she had the letters brought to her first, so that she could read them, and not disturb Maxwell with them at his work, if it were not necessary. He willingly agreed to that; he saw that it helped to pass the irksome time for her. She did not mean to conceal any answer she should have from L. Sterne, but she meant when the answer came to prepare her husband for it in such sort, that he would understand her motive, and though he condemned it, would easily forgive her. But the days went and no letter from L. Sterne came, and after a season of lively indignation at his rudeness, Louise began to forget him a little, though she still kept her surveillance of the mails.

It was always on her conscience, in the meantime, to give some of the first moments of her recovery to going with Maxwell and thanking Mrs. Harley for the kindness she had shown her in her accident. She was the more strenuous in this intention, because the duty was so distasteful, and she insisted upon Maxwell's company, though he argued that he had already done enough himself in thanking her preserver, because she wished to punish a certain reluctance of her own in having him go. She promised herself that she would do everything that was right by that creature; and perhaps she repaired to her presence in rather overwhelming virtue. If this was so, Mrs. Harley showed herself equal to the demand upon her, and was overwhelming in her kind. She not only made nothing of what she had done

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for Louise, but she made nothing of Louise, and contrived with a few well directed strokes to give her distinctly the sense of being a chit, a thing Louise was not at all used to. She was apparently one of those women who have no use for persons of their own sex; but few women, even of that sort, could have so promptly relegated Louise to the outside of their interest, or so frankly devoted themselves to Maxwell. The impartial spectator might easily have imagined that it was his ankle which had been strained, and that Louise was at best an intrusive sympathizer. Sometimes Mrs. Harley did not hear what she said; at other times, if she began a response to her, she ended it in a question to him; even when she talked to Louise, her eyes were smouldering upon Maxwell. If this had all or any of it been helpless or ignorant rudeness, it could have been borne and forgiven; but Louise was aware of intention, of perfect intelligence in it; she was sensible of being even more disliked than disliking, and of finally being put to flight with a patronizing benevolence for her complete recovery which was intolerable. What was worse was that, while the woman had been so offensive, she could not wholly rid herself of the feeling that her punishment was in a measure merited, though it was not justice that had dealt with her.

"Well, that is over," said Maxwell, when they were again by themselves.

"Yes, forever," sighed Louise, and for once she was not let have the last word.

"I hope you'll remember that I didn't want to go."

At least they had not misunderstood each other about Mrs. Harley.

Toward the end of the month, Louise's father and mother came on from Boston. They professed that they had been taken with that wish to see the autumn exhibition at the National Academy, which sometimes affects Bostonians, and that their visit had nothing to do with the little hurt that Louise wrote them of after she was quite well of it. They drove over from their hotel the morning they arrived, and she did not know anything of their coming till she heard their voices at the door; her father's voice was rather husky from the climb to her apartment.

The apartment was looking somewhat frowsy, for the Maxwells breakfasted late, and the housemaid had not had time to put it in order. Louise saw it through her father's and mother's eyes with the glance they gave it, and found the rooms ridiculously little, and furnished with cheap Fourteenth Street things; but she bragged all the more noisily of it on that account, and made her mother look out of the windows, for the pretty view they had from their corner-room. Mrs. Hilary pulled her head back from the prospect of the railroad-ridden avenue with silent horror, and Louise burst into a wild laugh. "Well, it *isn't* Commonwealth Avenue, mamma; I don't pretend that, you know."

"Where's Maxwell?" asked Hilary, still puffing from the lounge he had sunk upon as soon as he got into the room.

"Oh, he's down town interviewing a manager about his play."

"I thought that fellow out West had his play. Or is this a new one?"

"No," said Louise, very slowly and thoughtfully, "Brice has taken back his play from Mr. Godolphin." This was true; he *had* taken it back in a sense. She added, as much to herself as to her father. "But he *has* got a new play—that he's working at."

"I hope he hasn't been rash with Godolphin; though I always had an idea that it would have been better for him to deal with a manager. It seems more business-like."

"Oh, much," said Louise.

After a little while, they were more at home with each other; she began to feel herself more their child, and less Maxwell's wife; the barriers of reluctance against him, which she always knew were up with them, fell away from between them and herself. But her father said they had come to get her and Maxwell to lunch with them at their hotel, and then Louise felt herself on her husband's side of the fence again. She said, no, they must stay with her; that she was sure Brice would be back for lunch; and she wanted to show them her house-keeping. Mrs. Hilary cast her eye about the room, at the word, as if she had seen quite enough of it already, and this made Louise laugh again. She was no better in person than the room was, and she felt her mother's tacit censure apply to her slatternly dressing-gown.

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"I know what you're thinking, mamma. But I got the habit of it when I had my strained ankle."

"Oh, I'm sure it must be very comfortable," Mrs. Hilary said, of the dressing-gown. "Is it entirely well, now?" she added, of the ankle; and she and Hilary both looked at Louise in a way that would have convinced her that their final anxiety concerning it had brought them to New York, if she had not guessed it already. "The doctor," and by this she meant their old family doctor, as if he were the only one, "said you couldn't be too careful."

"Well, I haven't been careful," said Louise, gayly, "but I'm quite well, and you can go back at once, if that's all, mamma."

Hilary laughed with her. "You haven't changed much, Louise."

Her mother said, in another sense, "I think you look a little pulled down," and that made her and her father laugh again. She got to playing with him, and poking him, and kissing him, in the way she had with him when she was a girl; it was not so very long ago.

Her mother bore with this for awhile, and then she rose to go.

"You're not going to stay!" Louise protested.

"Not to-day, my dear. I've got some shopping to do before lunch."

"Well," said Louise, "I didn't suppose you would stay the first time, such swells as you and papa. But I shall insist upon your coming to-morrow when you've recovered a little from the blow this home of virtuous poverty has given you, and I've had a chance to dust and prepare for you. And I'll tell you what, mamma; Brice and I will come to dinner with you, to-night, and we won't take any refusal. We'll be with you at seven. How will that do, papa?"

"That will do," said Hilary, with his arm round her waist, and they kissed each other to clinch the bargain.

"And don't you two old things go away and put your frosty pows together and say Brice and I are not happy. We do quarrel like cats and dogs every now and then, but the rest of the time we're the happiest couple in the universe; and an example to parents."

Hilary would have manifestly liked to stay and have her go on with her nonsense, but his wife took him away.

When Maxwell came in, she was so full of their visit, that she did not ask him what luck he had with his play, but told him at once they were going to dine with her father and mother. "And I want you to brace up, my dear, and not let them imagine anything."

"How, anything?" he asked, listlessly.

"Oh, nothing. About your play not going perfectly. I didn't think it necessary to go into particulars with them, and you needn't. Just pass it over lightly if they ask you anything about it. But they won't."

Maxwell did not look so happy as he might at the prospect of dining with his wife's father and mother, but he did not say anything disagreeable, and after an instant of silent resentment, Louise did not say anything disagreeable either. In fact, she devoted herself to avoiding any displeasures with him, and she arrived with him at the Hilarys' hotel on perfectly good terms, and as far as he was concerned, in rather good spirits.

Upon the whole, they had a very good time. Hilary made occasion to speak to Maxwell of his letters to the *Abstract*, and told him they were considered by far the best letters of the kind published anywhere, which meant, anywhere in Boston.

"You do that sort of thing so well, newspaper writing," he continued, with a slyness that was not lost upon Louise, though Maxwell was ignorant of his drift, "that I wonder you don't sometimes want to take it up again."

"It's well enough," said Maxwell, who was gratified by his praise.

"By the way," said Hilary, "I met your friend, Mr. Ricker, the other day, and he spoke most cordially about you. I fancy he would be very glad to have you back."

"In the old way? I would rather be excused."

"No, from what he said, I thought he would like your writing in the editorial page."

Maxwell looked pleased. "Ricker's always been very good, but he has very little influence on the *Abstract*. He has no money interest in the paper."

Hilary said, with the greatest artfulness,

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"I wonder he doesn't buy in. I hear it can be done."

"Not by Ricker, for the best of all possible reasons," said Maxwell, with a laugh.

Louise could hardly wait till she had parted from her father and mother before she began on her husband: "You goose! Didn't you see that papa was hinting at buying *you* a share in the *Abstract?*"

"He was very modest about it, then; I didn't see anything of the kind."

"Oh, do you think *you* are the only modest man? Papa is *very* modest, and he wouldn't make you an offer outright, unless he saw that you would like it. But I know that was what he was coming to, and if you'll let me——"

A sentiment of a reluctance rather than refusal was what made itself perceptible from his arm to hers, as they hurried along the street together, and Louise would not press the question till he spoke again.

He did not speak till they were in the train on their way home. Then he said, "I shouldn't care to have a money interest in a newspaper. It would tie me up to it, and load me down with cares I should hate. It wouldn't be my real life."

"Yes," said his wife, but when they got into their little apartment, she cast an eye opened to its meanness and narrowness over the common belongings, and wondered if he would ever ask himself whether this was her real life. But she did not speak, though she was apt to speak out most things that she thought.

XVIII

Some people began to call, old friends of her mother's, whose visit to New York seemed to have betrayed to them the fact of Louise's presence for the first time, and some friends of her own, who had married, and come to New York to live, and who said they had just got back to town long enough to learn that she was there. These all reproached her for not having let them know sooner where she was, and they all more or less followed up their reproaches with the invitations which she dreaded because of Maxwell's aversion for them. But she submitted them to him, and submitted to his refusal to go with her, and declined them. In her heart she thought he was rather ungracious, but she did not say so, though in two or three cases of people whom she liked, she coaxed him a little to go with her. Meeting her mother, and talking over the life she used to lead in Boston, and the life so many people were leading there still, made her a little hungry for society; she would have liked well enough to find herself at a dinner again, and she would have felt a little dancing after the dinner no hardship; but she remembered the promise she had made herself not to tease Maxwell about such things. So she merely coaxed him, and he so far relented as to ask her why she could not go without him, and that hurt her, and she said she never would go without him. All the same, when there came an invitation for lunch, from a particularly nice friend of her girlhood, she hesitated and was lost. She had expected, somehow, that it was going to be a very little lunch, but she found it a very large one, in the number of people, and after the stress of accounting for her husband's failure to come with her, she was not sorry to have it so. She inhaled with joy the atmosphere of the flower-scented rooms; her eye dwelt with delight on their luxurious and tasteful appointments, the belongings of her former life, which seemed to emerge in them from the past, and claim her again; the women in their chic New York costumes and their miracles of early winter hats, hailed her a long-lost sister by every graceful movement and cultivated tone; the correctly tailored and agreeably mannered men had polite intelligence of a world that Maxwell never would and never could be part of; the talk of the little amusing, unvital things that began at once, was more precious to her than the problems which the austere imagination of her husband dealt with; it suddenly fatigued her to think how hard she had tried to sympathize with his interest in them. Her heart leapt at sight of the long, rose-heaped table, with its glitter of glass and silver, and the solemn perfection of the serving-men; a spectacle not important in itself was dear to her from association with gayeties, which now, for a wicked moment, seemed to her better than love.

There were all sorts of people: artists and actors, as well as people of fashion. Her friend had given her some society notable to go out with, but she had appointed for the chair next her on the other hand, a

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young man in a pretty pointed beard, whom she introduced across from the head of the table, as soon as she could civilly take the notable to herself. Louise did not catch his name, and it seemed presently that he had not heard hers, but their acquaintance prospered without this knowledge. He made some little jokes, which she promptly responded to, and they talked awhile as if they were both New Yorkers, till she said, at some remark of his, "But I am not a New Yorker," and then he said, "Well, neither am I," and offered to tell her what he was if she would tell him what she was.

"Oh, I'm from Boston, of course," she answered, but then, instead of saying where he was from, he broke out:

"Now I will fulfil my vow!"

"Your vow? What is your vow?"

"To ask the first Boston person I met if that Boston person knew anything about another Boston person, who wrote a most remarkable play I saw in the fall out at home."

"A play," said Louise, with total loss of interest in the gentleman's city or country.

"Yes, by a Boston man named Maxwell——"

Louise stared at him, and if their acquaintance had been a little older, she might have asked him to come off. As it was she could not speak, and she let him go on.

"I don't know when I've ever had a stronger impression in the theatre than I had from that play. Perfectly modern, and perfectly American." He briefly sketched it. "It was like a terrible experience on the tragic side, and on the other side, it was a rapture. I never saw love-making on the stage before that made me wish to be a lover——"

A fire-red flew over Louise's face, and she said, almost snubbingly, as if he had made some unwarrantable advance: "I think I had better not let you go on. It was my husband who wrote that play. I am Mrs. Maxwell."

"Mrs. Maxwell! You are Mrs. Maxwell?" he gasped, and she could not doubt the honesty of his amaze. His confusion was so charming that she instantly relented. "Of course I should like to have you go on all day, as you've begun, but there's no telling what exceptions you might have been going to make later. Where did you see my husband's play?"

"In Midland——"

"What! You are not—you can't be—Mr. Ray?"

"I am—I can," he returned, gleefully, and now Louise impulsively gave him her hand under the table-cloth.

The manœuvre caught the eye of the hostess. "A bet?" she asked.

"Better," cried Louise, not knowing her pun, "a thousand times," and she turned without further explanation to the gentleman: "When I tell Mr. Maxwell of this he will suffer as he ought, and that's saying a great deal, for not coming with me to-day. To think of it's being *you!*"

"Ah, but to think of it's being *he!* You acquit me of the poor taste of putting up a job?"

"Oh, of anything you want to be acquitted of! What crime would you prefer? There are whole deluges of mercy for you. But now, go on, and tell me everything you thought about the play."

"I'd rather you'd tell me what you know about the playwright."

"Everything, of course, and nothing." She added the last words from a sudden, poignant conviction. "Isn't that the way with the wives of you men of genius?"

"Am I a man of genius?"

"You're literary."

"Oh, literary, yes. But I'm not married."

"You're determined to get out of it, somehow. Tell me about Midland. It has filled such a space in our imagination! You can't think what a comfort and stay you have been to us! But why in Midland? Is it a large place?"

"Would it take such a very big one to hold me? It's the place I brought myself up in, and it's very good to me, and so I live there. I don't think it has any vast intellectual or æsthetic interests, but there are very nice people there, very cultivated, some of them, and very well read. After all, you don't need a great many people; three or four will do."

"And have you always lived there?"

"I lived a year or so in New York, and I manage to get on here some time every winter. The rest of the year, Midland is quite enough for me. It's gay at times; there's a good deal going on; and I can write there as well as anywhere, and bet-

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ter than in New York. Then, you know, in a small way I'm a prophet in my own country, perhaps because I was away from it for awhile. It's very pretty. But it's very base of you to make me talk about myself when I'm so anxious to hear about Mr. Maxwell."

"And do you spend all your time in writing Ibsen criticisms of Ibsen plays?" Louise pursued against his protest.

"I do some other kind of writing."

"As?"

"Oh, no! I'm not here to interview myself."

"Oh, but you ought. I know you've written something—some novel. Your name is so familiar—and was from the first." Mr. Ray laughed and shook his head in mockery of her cheap device. "You mustn't be vexed because I'm so vague about it. I'm very ignorant."

"You said you were from Boston."

"But there are Bostons and Bostons. The Boston that I belonged to never hears of American books till they are forgotten."

"Ah, how immortal I must be there!"

"I see you are determined to be bad. But I remember now; it was a play. Haven't you written a play?" He held up three fingers. "I knew it! What was it?"

"My plays," said the young fellow, with a mock of superiority, "have never been played. I've been told that they are above the heads of an audience. It's a great consolation. But now, really, about Mr. Maxwell's. When is it to be given here? I hoped very much I might happen on the very time."

Louise hesitated a moment, and then she said: "You know he has taken it back from Godolphin." It was not so hard to say this as it was at first, but it still required resolution.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Mr. Ray. "I never thought he appreciated it. He was so anxious to make his part all in all that he would have been willing to damage the rest of it irretrievably. I could see, from the way he talked of it, that he was mortally jealous of Salome; and the girl who did that did it very sweetly and prettily. Who has got the play now?"

"Well," said Louise, with rather a painful smile, "nobody has it at present. We're trying to stir up strife for it among managers."

"What play is that?" asked her friend, the hostess, and all that end of the table became attentive, as any fashionable company will at the mention of a play; books may be more or less out of the range of society, but plays never at all.

"My husband's," said Louise, meekly.

"Why, does *your* husband write *plays?*" cried the lady.

"What did you suppose he did?" returned Louise, resentfully; she did not in the least know what her friend's husband did, and he was no more there to speak for himself than her own.

"He's written a very *great* play," Mr. Ray spoke up with generous courage; "the very greatest American play I have seen. I don't say ever written, for I've written some myself that I haven't seen yet," he added, and everyone laughed at his bit of self-sacrifice. "But Mr. Maxwell's play is just such a play as I would have written if I could—large, and serious, and charming."

He went on about it finely, and Louise's heart swelled with pride. She wished Maxwell could have been there, but if he had been, of course Mr. Ray would not have spoken so freely.

The hostess asked him where he had seen it, and he said in Midland. Then she said, "We must all go," and she had the effect of rising to do so, but it was only to leave the men to their tobacco.

Louise laid hold of her in the drawing-room: "Who is he? What is he?"

"A little dear, isn't he?"

"Yes, of course. But what has he done?"

"Why he wrote a novel—I forget the name, but I have it somewhere. It made a great sensation. But surely *you* must know what it was?"

"No, no," Louise lamented. "I am ashamed to say I don't."

When the men joined the ladies, she lingered long enough to thank Mr. Ray, and try to make him tell her the name of his novel. She at least made him promise to let them know the next time he was in New York, and she believed all he said in regret that he was going home that night. He sent many sweet messages to Maxwell, whom he wanted to talk with about his play, and tell him all he had thought about it. He felt sure that some manager would take it and bring it out in New York, and again he exulted that it was out of the actor's hands.

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A manager might not have an artistic interest in it; an actor could only have a personal interest in it.

XIX

Louise came home in high spirits. The world seemed to have begun to move again. It was full of all sorts of gay hopes, or at least she was, and she was impatient to impart them to Maxwell. Now she decided that her great office in his life must be to cheer him up, to supply that spring of joyousness which was so lacking in him, and which he never could do any sort of work without. She meant to make him go into society with her. It would do him good, and he would shine. He could talk as well as Mr. Ray, and if he would let himself go, he could be as charming.

She rushed in to speak with him, and was vexed to find a strange man sitting in the parlor alone. The stranger rose at her onset, and then, when she confusedly retreated, he sank into his chair again. She had seen him black against the window, and had not made out any feature or expression of his face.

The maid explained that it was a gentleman who had called to see Mr. Maxwell earlier in the day, and the last time had asked if he might sit down and wait for him. He had been waiting only a few minutes.

"But who is he?" demanded Louise, with a provisional indignation in case it should be a liberty on some unauthorized person's part. "Didn't he give you a card?"

He had given the girl a card, and she now gave it to Mrs. Maxwell. It bore the name Mr. Lawrence Sterne, which Louise read with much the same emotion as if it had been Mr. William Shakespeare. She suspected what her husband would have called a fake of some sort, and she felt a little afraid. She did not like the notion of the man's sitting there in her parlor while she had nobody with her but the girl. He might be all right, and he might even be a gentleman, but the dark bulk which had risen up against the window and stood holding a hat in its hand was not somehow a gentlemanly bulk, the hat was not definitively a gentleman's hat, and the baldness which had shone against the light was not exactly what you would have called a gentleman's baldness. Clearly, however, the only thing to do was to treat the event as one of entire fitness till it proved itself otherwise, and Louise returned to the parlor with an air of ladylike inquiry, expressed in her look and movement; if this effect was not wholly unmixed with patronage, it still was kind.

"I am sorry," she said, "that my husband is out, and I am sorry to say that I don't know just when he will be at home." She stood and the man had risen again, with his portly frame and his invisible face between her and the light again. "If I could be of any use in giving him a message—" She stopped; it was really sending the man out of the house, and she could not do that; it was not decent. She added, "Or if you don't mind waiting a few minutes longer——"

She sat down, but the man did not. He said: "I can't wait any longer just now; but if Mr. Maxwall would like to see me, I am at the Coleman House." She looked at him as if she did not understand, and he went on: "If he doesn't recall my name he'll remember answering my advertisement some weeks ago in the *Theatrical Register*, for a play."

"Oh, yes!" said Louise. This was the actor whom she had written to in behalf of Maxwell. With electrical suddenness and distinctness, she now recalled the name, L. Sterne, along with all the rest, though the card of Mr. Lawrence Sterne had not stirred her sleeping consciousness. She had always meant to tell Maxwell what she had done, but she was always waiting for something to come of it, and when nothing came of it, she did not tell; she had been so disgusted at the mere notion of answering the man's advertisement. Now, here was the man himself, and he had to be answered, and that would probably be worse than answering his advertisement. "I remember," she said, provisionally, but with the resolution to speak exactly the truth; "I wrote to you *for* Mr. Maxwell," which did not satisfy her as the truth ought to have done.

"Well, then, I wish you would please tell him that I didn't reply to his letter because it kept following me from place to place, and I only got it at the *Register* office this morning."

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"I will tell Mr. Maxwell," said Louise.

"I should be glad to see his play, if he still has it to dispose of. From what Mr. Grayson has told me of it, I think it might —I think I should like to see it. It might suit the—the party I am acting for," he added, letting himself go.

"Then you are not the—the—star?"

"I am the manager for the star."

"Oh," said Louise, with relief. The fact seemed to put another complexion on the affair. A distaste which she had formed for Mr. Sterne personally began to cede to other feelings. If he was manager for the star, he must be like other managers, such as Maxwell was willing to deal with, and if he knew Mr. Grayson he must be all right. "I will tell Mr. Maxwell," she said, with no provisionality this time.

Mr. Sterne prepared to go, so far as buttoning his overcoat and making some paces toward the door gave token of his intention. Louise followed him with a politeness which was almost gratitude to him for reinstating her in her own esteem. He seemed to have atmospheric intelligence of her better will toward him, for he said, as if it were something she might feel an interest in: "If I can get a play that will suit, I shall take the road with a combination immediately after New Year's. I don't know whether you have ever seen the lady I want the play for."

"The lady?" gasped Louise.

"She isn't very well-known in the East yet, but she will be. She wants a play of her own. As I understand Mr. Grayson, there is a part in Mr. Maxwell's play that would fit her to a T, or could be fitted to her; these things always need some little adaptation." Mr. Sterne's manner became easier and easier. "Curious thing about it is that you are next door—or next floor—neighbors, here. Mrs. Harley."

"We—we have met her," said Louise in a hollow murmur.

"Well, you can't have any idea what Yolande Havisham is from Mrs. Harley. I shall be at the Coleman the whole evening, if Mr. Maxwell would like to call. Well, good-morning," said Mr. Sterne, and he got himself away before Louise could tell him that Maxwell would never give his play to a woman; before she could say that it was already as good as accepted by another manager; before she could declare that if no manager ever wanted it, still, as far as Mrs. Harley was concerned, with her smouldering eyes, it would always be in negotiation; before she could perform or express any utter and final refusal and denial of his abominable hopes.

It remained for her either to walk quietly down to the North River and drown herself or to wait her husband's return and tell him everything and throw herself on his mercy, implore him, adjure him, not to give that woman his play; and then to go into a decline that would soon rid him of the clog and hindrance she had always been to him. It flashed through her turmoil of emotion that it was already dark, in spite of Mr. Sterne's good-morning at parting, and that some one might speak to her on the way to the river; and then she thought how Maxwell would laugh when she told him the fear of being spoken to had kept her from suicide; and she sat waiting for him to come, with such an inward haggardness that she was astonished at sight of herself in the glass, to find that she was looking very much as usual. Maxwell certainly noticed no difference when he came in and flung himself wearily on the lounge, and made no attempt to break the silence of their meeting; they had kissed, of course, but not spoken.

She was by no means sure what she was going to do; she had hoped that there would be some leading on his part that would make it easy for her to do right, whatever the right was, but her heart sank at sight of him. He looked defeated and harassed. But there was no help for it. She must speak, and speak unaided; the only question was whether she had better speak before dinner or after. She decided to speak after dinner, and then all at once she was saying: "Brice, I have brought something dreadful on myself."

"At the lunch?" he asked, wearily, and she saw that he thought she had been making some silly speech she was ashamed of.

"Oh, if it had only been at the lunch!" she cried. "No, it was here—here in this very room."

"*I* don't know what's the matter with you, Louise," he said, lying back and shutting his eyes.

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"Then I must tell you!" And she came out with the whole story, which she had to repeat in parts before he could understand it. When he did understand that she had answered that advertisement in the *Register*, in his name, he opened his eyes and sat up.

"Well?" he said.

"Well, don't you see how wrong and wicked that was?"

"I've heard of worse things."

"Oh, don't say so, dearest! It was living a lie, don't you see? And I've been living a lie ever since, and now I'm justly punished for not telling you long ago."

She told him of the visit she had just had, and who the man was, and whom he wanted the play for; and now a strange thing happened with her. She did not beseech him not to give his play to that woman; on the contrary she said: "And now, Brice, I want you to let her have it. I know she will play Salome magnificently, and that will make the fortune of the piece, and it will give you such a name that anything you write after this will get accepted; and you can satisfy your utmost ambition, and you needn't mind me—no—or think of me at all any more than if I were the dust of the earth; and I am! Will you?"

He got up from the lounge and began to walk the floor, as he always did when he was perplexed; and she let him walk up and down in silence as long as she could bear it. At last she said: "I am in earnest, Brice, I am indeed, and if you don't do it, if you let me or my feelings stand in your way, in the slightest degree, I will never forgive you. Will you go straight down to the Coleman House, as soon as you've had your dinner, and tell that man he can have your play for that woman?"

"No," said Maxwell, stopping in his walk, and looking at her in a dazed way.

Her heart seemed to leap into her throat. "Why?" she choked.

"Because Godolphin is here."

"Godo——" she began; and she cast herself on the lounge that Maxwell had vacated, and plunged her face in the pillow and sobbed, "Oh, cruel, cruel, *cruel!* Oh, *cruel*, cruel, cruel, cruel!"

XX

MAXWELL stood looking at his wife with the cold disgust which hysterics are apt to inspire in men after they have seen them more than once. "I suppose that when you are ready you will tell me what is the matter with you."

"To let me suffer so, when you knew all the time that Godolphin was here, and you needn't give your play to that creature at all," wailed Louise.

"How did *I* know you were suffering?" he retorted. "And how do I know that I can do anything with Godolphin?"

"Oh, I *know* you can!" She sprang up with the greatest energy, and ran into the bed-room to put in order her tumbled hair; she kept talking to him from there. "I want you to go down and see him the instant you have had dinner; and don't let him escape you. Tell him he can have the play on any terms. I believe he is the only one who can make it go. He was the first to appreciate the idea, and—Frida!" she called into the hall toward the kitchen, "we will have dinner at once, now, please—he always talked so intelligently about it; and now if he's where you can superintend the rehearsals, it can be the greatest success. How in the world did you find out he was here?"

She came out of her room, in surprising repair, with this question, and the rest of their talk went on through dinner.

It appeared that Maxwell had heard of Godolphin's presence from Grayson, whom he met in the street, and who told him that Godolphin had made a complete failure of his venture. His combination had gone to pieces at Cleveland, and his company were straggling back to New York as they could. Godolphin was deeply in debt to them all, and to everybody else; and yet the manager spoke cordially of him, and with no sort of disrespect, as if his insolvency were only an affair of the moment, which he would put right. Louise took the same view of it, and she urged Maxwell to consider how Godolphin had promptly paid him, and would always do so.

"Probably I got the pay of some poor devil who needed it worse," said Maxwell.

She said, "Nonsense! The other act-

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ors will take care of all that. They are so good to each other," and she blamed Maxwell for not going to see Godolphin at once.

"That was what I did," he answered, "but he wasn't at home. He was to be at home after dinner."

"Well, that makes it all the more providential," said Louise; her piety always awoke in view of favorable chances. "You mustn't lose any time. Better not wait for the coffee."

"I think I'll wait for the coffee," said Maxwell. "It's no use going there before eight."

"No," she consented. "Where is he stopping?"

"At the Coleman House."

"The Coleman House? Then if that wretch should see you?" She meant the manager of Mrs. Harley.

"He wouldn't know me, probably," Maxwell returned, scornfully. "But if you think there's any danger of his laying hold of me, and getting the play away before Godolphin has a chance of refusing it, I'll go masked. I'm tired of thinking about it. What sort of lunch did you have?"

"I had the best time in the world. You ought to have come with me, Brice. I shall make you, the next one. Oh, and guess who was there! Mr. Ray!"

"*Our* Mr. Ray?"

"There is no other, and he's the sweetest little dear in the world. He isn't so big as you are, even, and he's such a merry spirit, he hasn't the bulk your gloom gives you. I want you to be like him, Brice. I don't see why you shouldn't go into society, too."

"If I'd gone into society to-day, I should have missed seeing Grayson, and shouldn't have known Godolphin was in town."

"Well, that is true, of course. But if you get your play into Godolphin's hands, you'll have to show yourself a little, so that nice people will be interested in it. You ought to have heard Mr. Ray celebrate it. He piped up before the whole table."

Louise remembered what Ray said very well, and she repeated it, to a profound joy in Maxwell. It gave him an exquisite pleasure, and it flattered him to believe that, as the hostess had said in response, they, the nice people, must see it, though he had his own opinion of nice people, apart from their usefulness in seeing his play. To reward his wife for it all, he rose as soon as he had drunk his coffee, and went out to put on his hat and coat. She went with him, and saw that he put them on properly and did not go off with half his coat-collar turned up. After he got his hat on, she took it off to see whether his cow-lick was worse than usual.

"Why, good heavens! Godolphin's seen me before, and besides I'm not going to propose marriage to him," he protested.

"Oh, it's much more serious than that!" she sighed. "Anybody would take *you*, dear, but it's your play we want him to take—or take back."

When Maxwell reached the hotel, he did not find Godolphin there. He came back twice, at intervals of half an hour. Then, as something in his manner seemed to give him authority to see him, the clerk volunteered to say that he thought likely he might find the actor at the Players' Club. In this hope he walked across to Gramercy Park. Godolphin had been dining there, and when he got Maxwell's name, he came half way down the stairs to meet him. He put his arm round him to return with him to the library.

There happened to be no one else there, and he made Maxwell sit down in an arm-chair fronting his own, and give an account of himself since they parted. He asked after Mrs. Maxwell's health, and as far as Maxwell could make out he was sincere in the quest. He did not stop till he had asked, with the most winning and radiant smile. "And the play, what have you done with the play?"

He was so buoyant that Maxwell could not be heavy about it, and he answered as gaily: "Oh, I fancy I have been waiting for you to come on and take it."

Godolphin did not become serious, but he became if possible more sincere. "Do you really think I could do anything with it?"

"If you can't nobody can."

"Why, that is very good of you, very good indeed, Maxwell. Do you know, I have been thinking about that play. You see, the trouble was with the Salome. The girl I had for the part was a thoroughly

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nice girl, but she hadn't the weight for it. She did the comic touches charmingly, but when it came to the tragedy she wasn't there. I never had any doubt that I could create the part of Haxard. It's a noble part. It's the greatest rôle on the modern stage. It went magnificently in Chicago—with the best people. You saw what the critics said of it?"

"No; you didn't send me the Chicago papers." Maxwell did not say that all this was wholly different from what Godolphin had written him when he renounced the play. Yet he felt that Godolphin was honest then and was honest now. It was another point of view; that was all.

"Ah, I thought I sent them. There was some adverse criticism of the play as a whole, but there was only one opinion of Haxard. And you haven't done anything with the piece yet?"

"No, nothing."

"And you think I could do Haxard? You still have faith in me?"

"As much faith as I ever had," said Maxwell; and Godolphin found nothing ambiguous in a thing certainly susceptible of two interpretations.

"That is very good of you, Maxwell; very good." He lifted his fine head and gazed absently a moment at the wall before him. "Well, then I will tell you what I will do, Mr. Maxwell; I will take the play."

"You will!"

"Yes; that is if you think I can do the part."

"Why, of course!"

"And if—if there could be some changes—very slight changes—made in the part of Salome. It needs subduing." Godolphin said this as if he had never suggested anything of the kind before; as if the notion were newly evolved from his experience.

"I will do what I can, Mr. Godolphin," Maxwell promised, while he knitted his brows in perplexity. "But I do think that the very strength of Salome gives relief to Haxard—gives him greater importance."

"It *may* do so, dramatically. But theatrically, it detracts from him. Haxard must be the central figure in the eye of the audience from first to last."

Maxwell mused for a moment of discouragement. They were always coming back to that; very likely Godolphin was right; but Maxwell did not know just how to subdue the character of Salome so as to make her less interesting. "Do you think that was what gave you bad houses in Chicago—the double interest, or the weakened interest in Haxard?"

"I think so," said Godolphin.

"Were the houses bad—comparatively?"

Godolphin took a little note-book out of his breast-pocket. "Here are my dates. I opened the first night, the tenth of November, with Haxard, but we papered the house thoroughly, and we made a good show to the public and the press. There were four hundred and fifty dollars in it. The next night there were three hundred; the next night, two eighty; Wednesday matinée, less than two hundred. That night we put on 'Virginius,' and played to eight hundred dollars; Thursday night, with the 'Lady of Lyons,' we had eleven hundred; Friday night, we gave the 'Lady' to twelve hundred; Saturday afternoon with the same piece, we took in eleven hundred and fifty; Saturday night, with 'Ingomar,' we had fifteen hundred dollars in the house, and a hundred people standing." Maxwell listened with a drooping head; he was bitterly mortified. "But it was too late then," said Godolphin, with a sigh, as he shut his book.

"Do you mean," demanded Maxwell, that my piece had crippled you so that—that——"

"I didn't say that, Mr. Maxwell. I never meant to let you see the figures. But you asked me."

"Oh, you're quite right," said Maxwell. He thought how he had blamed the actor, in his impatience with him, for not playing his piece oftener—and called him fool and thought him knave for not doing it all the time, as Godolphin had so lavishly promised to do. He caught at a straw to save himself from sinking with shame. "But the houses, were they so bad everywhere?"

Godolphin checked himself in a movement to take out his note-book again; Maxwell had given him such an imploring look. "They were pretty poor everywhere. But it's been a bad season with a good many people."

"No, no," cried Maxwell. "You did very well with the other plays, Godolphin. Why do you want to touch the thing again?

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It's been ruinous to you so far. Give it up! Come! I can't let you have it!"

Godolphin laughed, and all his beautiful white teeth shone. There was a rich, wholesome red in his smoothly shaven cheeks; he was a real pleasure to the eye. "I believe it would go better in New York. I'm not afraid to try it. You mustn't take away my last chance of retrieving the season. Hair of the dog, you know. Have you seen Grayson lately?"

"Yes, I saw him this afternoon. It was he that told me you were in town."

"Ah, yes."

"And Godolphin, I've got it on my conscience, if you do take the play, to tell you that I offered it to Grayson, and he refused it. I think you ought to know that; it's only fair; and for the matter of that, it's been kicking round all the theatres in New York."

"Dear boy!" said Godolphin, caressingly, and with a smile that was like a benediction, "that doesn't make the least difference."

"Well, I wished you to know," said Maxwell, with a great load off his mind.

"Yes, I understand that. Will you drink anything, or smoke anything? Or—I forgot! I hate all that, too. But you'll join me in a cup of tea downstairs?" They descended to the smoking-room below, and Godolphin ordered the tea, and went on talking with a gay irrelevance till it came. Then he said, as he poured out the two cups of it: "The fact is, Grayson is going in with me, if I do your piece." This was news to Maxwell, and yet he was somehow not surprised at it. "I dare say he told you?"

"No, he didn't give me any hint of it. He simply told me that you were in town, and where you were."

"Ah, that was like Grayson. Queer fish."

"But I'm mighty glad to know it. You can make it go, together, if any power on earth can do it; and if it fails," Maxwell added, "I shall have the satisfaction of ruining some one else this time."

"Well, Grayson has made nearly as bad a mess of it as I have, this season," said Godolphin. "He's got to take off that thing he has going now, and it's a question of what he shall put on. It will be an experiment with Haxard, but I believe it will be a successful experiment. I have every confidence in that play." Godolphin looked up, his lips set convincingly, and with the air of a man who had stood unfalteringly by his opinion from the first. "Now, if you will excuse me, I will tell you what I think ought to be done to it."

"By all means," said Maxwell; "I shall be glad to do anything you wish, or that I can."

Godolphin poured out a cloudy volume of suggestion, with nothing clear in it but the belief that the part of Haxard ought to be fattened. He recurred to all the structural impossibilities that he had ever desired, and there was hardly a point in the piece that he did not want changed. At the end he said: "But all these things are of no consequence, comparatively speaking. What we need is a woman who can take the part of Salome, and play it with all the feminine charm that you've given it, and yet keep it strictly in the background, or thoroughly subordinated to the interest in Haxard."

For all that Godolphin seemed to have learned from his experience with the play, Maxwell might well have thought they were still talking of it at Magnolia. It was a great relief to his prepossessions in the form of conclusions to have Grayson appear, with the air of looking for some one, and of finding the object of his search in Godolphin. He said he was glad to see Maxwell, too, and they went on talking of the play. From the talk of the other two Maxwell perceived that the purpose of doing his play had already gone far with them; but they still spoke of it as something that would be very good if the interest could be unified in it. Suddenly the manager broke out: "Look here, Godolphin! I have an idea! Why not frankly accept the inevitable? I don't believe Mr. Maxwell can make the play different from what it is, structurally, and I don't believe the character of Salome can be subdued or subordinated. Then why not play Salome as strongly as possible, and trust to her strength to enhance Haxard's effect, instead of weakening it?"

Godolphin smiled toward Maxwell: "That was your idea."

"Yes," said Maxwell, and he kept himself from falling on Grayson's neck for joy.

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"It might do," the actor assented with smiling eagerness and tolerant superiority. "But whom could you get for such a Salome as that?"

"Well, there's only one woman for it," said Grayson.

"Yolande Havisham?"

The name made Maxwell's heart stop. He started forward to say that Mrs. Harley could not have the part, when the manager said: "And we couldn't get her. Sterne has engaged her to star in his combination. By the way, he was looking for you to-day, Mr. Maxwell."

"I missed him," answered Maxwell, with immense relief. "But I should not have let him have the piece while I had the slightest hope of your taking it."

Neither the manager nor the actor was perhaps greatly moved by his generous preference, though they both politely professed to be so. They went on to canvass the qualities and reputations of all the other actresses attainable, and always came back to Yolande Havisham, who was unattainable; Sterne would never give her up in the world, even if she were willing to give up the chance he was offering her. But she was the one woman who could do Salome.

They decided that they must try to get Miss Pettrell, who had played the part with Godolphin, and who had done it with refinement, if not with any great force. When they had talked to this conclusion, Grayson proposed getting something to eat, and the others refused, but they went into the dining-room with him, where he showed Maxwell the tankards of the members hanging on the walls over their tables—Booth's tankard, Salvini's, Irving's, Jefferson's. He was surprised that Maxwell was not a member of the Players, and said that he must be; it was the only club for him, if he was going to write for the stage. He came out with them and pointed out several artists whose fame Maxwell knew, and half a dozen literary men, among them certain playwrights; they were all smoking and the place was blue with the fume of their cigars. The actors were coming in from the theatres for supper, and Maxwell found himself with his friends in a group with a charming old comedian who was telling brief, vivid little stories, and sketching character, with illustrations from his delightful art. He was not swagger, like some of the younger men who stood about with their bell-crowned hats on, before they went into supper; and two or three other elderly actors who sat round him and took their turn in the anecdote and mimicry, looked, with their smooth-shaven faces, like old-fashioned ministers. Godolphin, who was like a youthful priest, began to tell stories, too; and he told very good ones admirably, but without appearing to feel their quality, though he laughed loudly at them with the rest.

When Maxwell refused everyone's wish to have him eat or drink something, and said good-night, Grayson had already gone in to his supper and Godolphin rose and smiled so fondly upon him that Maxwell felt as if the actor had blessed him. But he was less sure than in the beginning of the evening that the play was again in Godolphin's hands; and he had to confirm himself from his wife's acceptance of the facts in the belief that it was really so.

(To be concluded in August.)

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WHIST FADS

By "Cavendish"

WHEN several thousand thoughtful people take up a science—or, what comes to the same thing, a scientific amusement—it is morally certain they will not rest content to leave it as they found it. Some of them will be trying experiments. Now, if these experiments are conducted on a sound basis, they deserve to be welcomed; if, on the other hand, they are mere hap-hazard leaps in the dark, they are only worthy of condemnation. It is the object of the present paper to examine critically some recent whist experiments, and to point out their true character. Even "fads" should not be condemned unheard.

Experimental whist commenced its career in America by the practice of leading nine, instead of fourth-best, from king, knave, nine, and one or more small cards. The lead of nine was to show absolutely the possession of king, knave, etc. It was not to be led from any other combination. It was, consequently, necessary to alter the received lead of nine, from ace, queen, ten, nine, and from ace, knave, ten, nine. This was seen and provided for, by recommending the lead of ace from those combinations.

Now, if any special advantage is to be gained by showing king, knave in hand, the nine lead might be submitted to as an irregular opening, with a particular object. But the reverse is the case. If the adversaries hold any high cards in the suit, the lead of nine, on this system, instructs them how to take the best chance of making tricks. Moreover, it gives less information than the lead of nine from the recognized combinations, as well as compelling unusual leads from them. Deeper analysis of this fad would be waste of space. It has been tried, and is now generally given up.

Simultaneously with this, or soon after, it was seriously announced that the discard of an eight (or higher), second hand, is a call for trumps.

The theory is that when second hand declines to trump a doubtful card, he is strong in trumps, and that, if he throws away a card at least as high as an eight, his other plain cards must be read eight or better.

Those who deem such play a call can hardly have realized what a call for trumps means. When a player throws away an unnecessarily high card before a low one, or calls, he says in effect, "Partner, blindly abandon your own game, lead me a trump, and I will answer for a great score." Many hands could be constructed in which a refusal to accept a force, accompanied by the discard of a high card has no such meaning.

It is true that a brainy player, finding strength in trumps, and strong, plain suits with his partner, might often be induced to lead a trump in consequence of a high discard, when otherwise he would not. That is a point of judgment. The exercise of judgment is quite different from blind abandonment. There are still a number of high-class players who regard a discard of eight or better as a call. It is, however, more consistent with reason for players before answering the supposed call to consult their hands with the object of determining whether under the circumstances a trump lead is in their opinion advisable.

Next, probably, in chronological order is the four signal. This is a deferred call. When an unnecessarily high card is followed at the first opportunity by a low one, the lead of a trump is commanded. Thus, North leads king; South (his partner) plays three. North next leads ace of the same suit; South plays two. South has unequivocally demanded an immediate trump lead. But suppose that to the first trick South plays three, and to the second plays four, and to the third plays two, deferring the completion of the call to the third round of the suit. It is evident he is not in a desperate hurry for a trump lead, or he would have completed the call on the second round. He has said, in whist language, "I have four trumps; I do not ask you to abandon your game to mine, as I am not strong enough to have trumps out whether it suits your hand or not. But, if

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it should happen to suit your hand to lead a trump presently, I can support you."

The above mode of play has found favor with some American players of the first flight, who deem it a decided trick winner.

But grave objections may be urged against the four signal. The concealment of a small card from partner during two rounds of a suit may cause him to misplace all the remaining cards of it, and may result in his playing the remainder of the hand on erroneous assumptions, until he is set right by the lead of a third round of his suit, or by some other means, such as a discard. A detailed explanation of this objection would be so highly technical that it is scarcely possible to place it clearly, in a few words, before any but an accomplished player. It will perhaps be sufficient to say here, that the more observant and skilful the partner, the more likely is he to be misled by such play, or, at least, to be put to guessing by it. A more formidable objection, and one more readily comprehended, is probably to be found in the fact that when the four signal is developed later in the game, it tells the adversaries just what it is to their advantage to know, *viz.*, that the possessor of four trumps is not strong enough to lead them, unless he finds some assistance from his partner. The opponents, acting on this information, will shape their course accordingly, by endeavoring to force the four signaller, and then to draw his residual teeth, or to weaken him in other ways patent to whist-players.

It cannot, however, be denied that the four-signal fad has the approval of a number of distinguished players. Therefore it must not be hastily disparaged ; perhaps the Scotch verdict of not proven may meet the case as it at present stands.

About the same period a good deal of ingenuity was expended in inventing systems to show two, three, or four trumps. They may be briefly dismissed. The answer to most of them (with the exception of the sub-echo) is, that exhibition of weakness in trumps is more likely to be of advantage to the adversaries than to the exhibitor. Four trumps must be classed as strength ; but to declare four, subject to the proviso that the accompanying strength in plain suits does not warrant a trump lead, is equivalent to a confession of weakness in plain suits.

There is, however, one class of conditions, in connection with number of trump showing fads, which requires examination. It is the irregular, original, plain suit lead, when an honor is turned up to the leader's right hand ; this lead is a request to partner to lead a trump through the honor.

This mode of leading is sometimes described as a call. But, if a player is strong enough to call for trumps he is strong enough to lead them. Having refrained from leading them, he can only request, and not command, a trump lead from his partner.

The main objection to an irregular, original lead is that it *is* irregular. The original lead should be directive. Then, or never, can most important information be communicated to partner. If this information is withheld for the sake of a possible subsequent lead, through an honor, the original leader is paying very dear for his whistle. Beyond this, it may be that the irregularity of the lead is not developed until too late for advantage to accrue from it ; meanwhile partner is in a puzzle, and probably miscalculates the leader's holding in all suits. Nevertheless, it must be allowed that many high-class players favor the scheme under discussion. It has, therefore, to be treated with gentleness, though it is not approved by those who prefer to give definite and precise information by the original lead. It is a fad, pure and simple ; is founded on no general principle of play, and should be avoided until it can be proved to be a distinct trick winner, as against players of equal calibre. It may well be doubted whether such proof is at present forthcoming.

The most daring innovation on accepted whist principles which has cropped up lately, is the practice of leading originally from a short suit in preference to a long one. It is claimed for short-suitism that it gives an opportunity of making small trumps by ruffing, and may tend to the establishment of a cross-ruff, and that it may result in having strong suits, and especially tenace suits, led to by the adversary. Now this is perfectly true ; but the plan renders it almost impossible for short suiters to bring in long-suits, and

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may meanwhile have assisted the adversaries to bring in theirs. It is not denied that guerilla tactics sometimes gain tricks; but it remains to be shown that they gain more on the balance than the recognized informatory long suit game. The problem is of such extreme complexity that no proof can be offered. The investigator is, therefore, driven to seek the opinions of experienced writers and players. This, it is admitted, is not so satisfactory as a demonstration would be; but when demonstration cannot be had, the only course left open is to consult authorities. From the time of Lord Folkestone's party (1728) to the present, there has been wellnigh the unanimous opinion of experts that the original lead should be from the strongest suit; and it has been stated (but on what authority seems doubtful) that about ninety per cent. of American whist-players continue to adhere to the long-suit game. It is contrary to all human experience that so large a percentage should be wrong. It is conceded that there may be exceptional hands; a system based on exceptions is not one to be regarded favorably, as a rule, when submitted to the test of common-sense.

An approximate solution of the problem will probably be found erelong from practical experience. The short-suit faddists play duplicate matches from which luck is, to a great extent, eliminated. If they win a considerable proportion of these matches, the whole theory of whist will have to be reconsidered; if, on the other hand, they are hopelessly beaten, short-suitism will die a natural death.

The discard from the best protected suit, on adverse declaration of strength in trumps, has lately been assaulted, and has even been called an exploded fallacy. It seems advisable to say a few words in its defence; but as the arguments *pro* and *con* require an intimate knowledge of whist, the subject will only be touched lightly. The manœuvres of intelligent players, with the exception of short suiters, tend to this: To establish a suit; then, with reasonable strength in trumps, to exhaust the opponents; and finally to bring in the established suit. If these tactics work successfully, or seem to give promise of a successful issue, long cards of an established suit should be religiously preserved. But it may be, and often is in actual play, that the wary adversary counterplots and strives to obstruct the design. Then the bigger battalion will generally carry the day, and, if against, defence must be substituted for attack. The question then is, What is the best defence? When the opponent is firing off his trump artillery, and is known to have plenty of ammunition in reserve, there is no chance for the defender by ordinary methods. He must, therefore, reverse his tactics, and try to save what little he can, by protecting his weak spots, and, to revert to card language, must discard from the suit in which he is well protected, but which he cannot hope to bring in.

There is another side to the shield. The man who starts the shooting may have encountered an adversary with as much ammunition as himself, or more, and who may shoot back. Then comes the trouble. Are the discards to be protective or the reverse? They become entirely a matter of judgment; and, as no rule can be laid down for judgment, the discards are often misleading. Then ensue recriminations, and the discard from strength is sneered at as an exploded fallacy. If the players who desire to explode it would only turn their attention to the fact that the first discard depends on who has the command of trumps when it is made, they would probably improve their game and would displace the exploded-fallacy fad from their imagination. Still, it has to be allowed that, under certain circumstances, the original discard is beset with difficulties. This, however, is no reason for attempting to explode a fallacy which is not a fallacy. The accepted style of discarding is consonant with sound reason; the only objection to it, and one which cannot be surmounted by introducing any other style, is that judgment is often requisite for its correct interpretation.

The rotary discard is beneath notice. Take the suits in any agreed on order, and discard from the one next to that which partner is to lead, jumping the trump suit. A short trial will prove the inefficiency of this fad.

There are other minor fads which are passed over in silence. It is not worth

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while to stick up wooden whist-men for the fun of knocking them over.

There remain for examination some modes of play respecting which good judges are not agreed. These cannot be properly denominated fads ; they are more rightly named disputed points. It may be premised that when not merely two experts, but two bands of experts, differ as to the best course to adopt in certain cases, there is probably not much to be lost or gained by the adoption of either. What is important, however, is, that partners should know each other's proclivities.

Should ace be led from ace and four small of a plain suit, or should the fourth best be led? This has been a vexed question for some years.

As whist is played in England (straight, five up, and counting honors), it seems probable that the original lead of ace is best. The game is too short to admit of not making a certain trick (bar trumping), when able. There is, perhaps, one exception, *viz.*, with such strength in trumps as to warrant a trump lead if partner can assist in the long suit headed by ace. But, when duplicate whist on the American method is the game, and every hand is played for what it is worth, the matter assumes quite a different aspect.

According to the best modern calculations, for which precise accuracy is not claimed (the problem not lending itself to absolute demonstration), there is a slight advantage, so far as the probability of making tricks in the suit is concerned, in leading the fourth best rather than the ace.

This, however, may be offset by other considerations which are of too remote and technical a character to be discussed here. One, however, may be mentioned, *viz.*, that the lead of ace at once declares great strength in the suit, while the lead of fourth best leaves such strength uncertain during the early part of the hand. Hence it may be fairly assumed there is not much to it one way or the other ; this bears out the premise that when doctors disagree, both sides may be justified in their opinions.

Should original fourth best, or fourth best of those remaining in hand, be led after an original lead of ace, from ace and four or more small ones? Of course, if the leader is one who does not lead ace originally, *cadit quæstio.* If he lead ace, and continues the suit, there is a division of opinion as to the best card with which to proceed. From a careful analysis, made by the present writer, it seems to be a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other, or nearly so, with a very slight advantage (as it appears to him) to the lead of the fourth best remaining in hand. The difference, however, if any, is so trifling, and its determination depends on so many factors, that no one can be said to be wrong in adopting either method. Again, it will be observed, the premise as to opposite opinions of experts is in full vigor.

Lastly, the Hamilton lead of ten, from queen, knave, ten, demands attention ; and it is rather an awkward customer to tackle.

To begin at the beginning, it should be observed that when a high card (other than ace from ace and small ones) is led originally it is chosen because, however the unknown cards lie, the command will remain on the second or third round with the original leader. Thus king or queen is led from suits headed by king and queen ; if the ace is forced out on the first round, the leader has the winning card of the suit. Again, from suits headed by queen, knave, ten, the first lead is queen or ten in preference to a small card. At the worst—that is, if partner has neither ace nor king—the leader will remain with the command on the third round. And for a similar reason, ten is usually led from king, knave, ten, and small, to prevent an adverse combination of ace, queen, nine, from winning three tricks in the suit.

Consequently, when a high card is led originally, certain combinations of high cards can be read in the leader's hand. When queen is led originally the combinations may be ace, king, queen, with at least two small ; or king, queen, with at least three small ; or queen, knave, ten, with one or more small. In no other case is the leader's partner uncertain as to which of three combinations has been opened.

It has, therefore, been proposed—and the proposal is certainly ingenious—to lead ten, from queen, knave, ten, and so to reduce the queen leads to two. But in order to render this action effective the lead of ten, from king, knave, ten, etc., must be dropped, and the lead of fourth best substituted. Then, every high-card

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lead will convey definite information to partner of one of two alternatives; the first lead may often decide between them, owing to the fall of the cards, or to the cards held by partner in the suit led; in default of this, the card chosen for the second lead will always decide. To explain in detail would involve a list of leads and a discussion of the inferences to be drawn from them. The discussion would then become too technical for the general reader, who, if he does not know the leads, can search for them in any text-book. For the whist-player, who already knows the leads, the insertion of them would be superfluous.

That the Hamilton idea simplifies the leads, and would be, in the long run, advantageous to the leader and his partner, goes without saying, were it not that the risk is run of losing tricks by leading small from king, knave, ten, etc., which is its necessary complement. The argument then is narrowed to this: Is it better to run the stated risk for the sake of giving valuable information at once? This question is not susceptible of decision by calculation; it can only be determined by a long series of experiments. Those who adopt the Hamilton scheme are of opinion that the occasional failure to obtain command in king, knave, ten suits, is of less importance than the certainty of giving definite information by the first card led; those who reject the Hamilton lead, of course hold the contrary. And, as before observed, when bands of experts differ on a given proposition, the probability is, there is not much to it either way.

With the intention of reconciling differences which at present prevail, it was resolved at the Whist League Congress of 1896 to appoint an advisory committee to consider the wisdom (or the reverse) of having a standing committee to examine the various systems of play now in vogue, and to recommend that which in their opinion is the best. The advisory committee has approved the appointment of a standing committee to report at the seventh congress, in 1897.

Glendower's calling spirits from the vasty deep is nothing to this. Short suiters will short suit, long suiters will long suit, and faddists will fad without the slightest regard to the recommendations of any committee. It is not to be supposed that because some eminent players advise the lead of card A, others, perhaps less known to fame, will abstain from leading card B, if they deem it more likely to turn out a trick winner. Each man who thinks at all about the game will persevere with his favorite mode of play, and will laugh to scorn the suggestions of any committee whose views do not coincide with his. The committee will undertake the impossible task of trying to persuade everybody to think alike. It is to be hoped their recommendations will not be very specific, as, in the contrary case, they will probably be mortified at finding their expert tender as much honored in the breach as in the observance.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

ONE of the first things said of New York by M. Ferdinand Brunetière was a thing to be remembered by those who are seeking to lead the studious life among difficult conditions; it was to the effect that the upper stories of the tall modern buildings "high up in the light and air," should be excellent places in which to work. M. Brunetière had had no personal experience of a meditative working existence at those architectural altitudes, ascended to and descended from with the swift motion of lifts, but his imagination discovered to him that a great deal of serenity—a serenity associated with spectacular visions of fine sunrises and sunsets—might invest it. Mr. Fuller, of Chicago, had already made an analogous discovery. This novelist has a fondness for characters that move and have their being at the top of high buildings, housed there like birds that have nested as far out of harm's way as possible, and he seems to find a certain satisfying pictorial quality in their position.

The Idealistic Use of Tall Buildings.

These things, we say, are worth remembering. A disinterested observer of New York might declare that a local reason, a reason of a scenic nature, so to put it, militated largely against its becoming an intellectual centre. It is a city unprovided with secluded corners, sheltered harbors amid its rapid currents, where that order of mind which cannot do its work without drawing sustenance from occasional contemplation, and from a certain amount of periodical revery and rumination, can turn for a moment aside from the turmoil and take its bearings and reorganize its forces. Museums and picture-galleries and libraries and historic churches (or even churches not historic) open all day and every day, are such secluded corners, such sheltered harbors; parks are, likewise, and green and peaceful suburbs reached by pleasantly insensible degrees. There is nothing "pleasantly insensible" in the processes of ferriage by which New Yorkers reach most of their suburbs, and of public picture-galleries and museums they cannot yet expect to have any great supply. There are the quiet upper stretches of Central Park, certainly; but, in the circumstances, that is little. Let a man stop to consider by how much the intellectual streams that have poured forth for centuries from some little German university town might have been shorn of their richness but for those "excursions" in the neighborhood which art and nature and custom have combined to make so frequent and easy; let him think what an ally the Sorbonne may have had in apparently unoccupied hours spent alone with a clarified vision of things in the rooms of the Louvre, or under a vine-covered arbor along the Seine's banks; let him realize what our own Boston's literary vitality in its best day may have owed to the gentle placidity of Cambridge's umbrageous streets, so near at hand. The studious spirit, the spirit of investigation, of generalization, and that brooding imaginative activity from which spring great creations in art and letters, demand a fostering local habitat, as well as an atmosphere of congenial minds—a habitat, by the way, which cannot be supplied by the domestic circle only. There are times when a man must leave behind him even the best influences of his daily existence. There should be spots where he may do so. It seems to be absolutely a condition of poise, health, vigor, to one who works and lives in any sort in and by the mind, that he must be able to "get away" sometimes; without elaborate preparation, on the instant's spur, perhaps, for a quarter of an hour, an hour,

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only, when the necessity comes, or—what's more to the purpose—before it comes. In New York, where shall he go? Escape is always possible if one may go far enough and take long enough in the process. But escape at short range, so to say, is what is required by the vast majority of intellectual workers. Has M. Brunetière suggested a solution?

Perhaps it is the aërial window of the tall, modern building that is to be the escape, the refreshment. Those wide sweeps which the eye can take over the house-tops to skyey horizons, and which may carry the thought with them, dragging it from its grooves and changing its currents, are to be as restful oases—reached with no more trouble than the raising of a curtain comes to—to the minds of intellectual workers. The gaze of such a worker might range from his perch in midair, at the close of the day, from the many-shipped New York Bay and the converging flow of the two great rivers, to the white buildings of Cathedral Heights. In steadying the nerves, in lifting the aspiration, in purging the soul from trivial obsessions, that flight of the glance and the brain would be no mean substitute for the dim chapel or the silent gallery in which the Old World student and thinker pauses to gather fresh courage, and to tune his forces anew to the key-note of his endeavor. The order of the inspiration may be different; it arouses us to feel that it need not be less potent.

If this is the idealistic use of the high modern building, in which, superficially, there appeared to be so little that could ever touch the ideal at any point, M. Brunetière has only perceived what many another student and scholar, born to our life and limited by its conditions, must thankfully perceive hereafter, not without a measure of exaltation.

THE FIELD OF ART

WOMEN ART STUDENTS' CLUBS.

THE Catherine Lorillard Wolfe Art Students' Club, established in the first days of last November, in Grace House, on Broadway, in this city, is one of the very latest organizations in the cause of the young woman student of art. It owes its existence to Mrs. Wm. W. Newell, who, with her husband, has been interested in the welfare of these students in Paris, and to Dr. Huntington of Grace Church. Two comfortable rooms on the second floor of Grace House, adjoining the rectory, formerly used by missionary and aid societies, were offered for the use of the club for a year, and funds were raised for its equipment. Of these two rooms, cheerfully furnished in red denim, with maroon curtains, the necessary tables, chairs, etc., one serves as a tea-room, in which, every afternoon from four to six, two ladies of the committee are in attendance to pour tea and distribute sandwiches, and the other offers one large table covered with periodicals and works of reference, and a second with a supply of neat stationery duly bearing the club imprint. The members have also the use of the circulating library connected with the church. The rooms are open from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; the annual due is $1, and there is no other expense. Within ten days of its organization the club had a list of forty members, and the advantages it offers are so great, and the class it appeals to is so numerous, that it is probable that the present accommodations will be too restricted before the end of the year. For the tenants of small and unwarmed hall bed-rooms, or of apartments occupied by

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three or four in common, with the accompanying and inevitable weariness of each other's constant society, for those whose income is so limited as to shut them out from most comforts, physical and intellectual, these warmed, well-lighted, and well-furnished rooms offer an opening into the world which they see around them. The pecuniary resources of these patient workers are in many cases pitifully small. It has been proposed to open soon at Twilight Park, in the Catskills, a boarding-house for these students, with rates adapted to their slender purses; and, in this city, it is even hoped by some of those most interested in the training of women in industrial design to erect a large apartment-house, with a restaurant attached, near the building in which the Art Students' League is established, for the accommodation of women students.

Various methods have been adopted to lighten this burden of poverty, both by the young aspirants themselves and by their friends, both at home and abroad, in crowded cities and in small summer settlements, and to these the young woman lends herself with that general cheerfulness, that lively interest in details and ability to make the most of small things, which give her in many cases an advantage over the man. The little club in Grace House, for her benefit exclusively, is similar in some respects to that of the Art Students' Association in Paris, organized five years ago, for students of both sexes, with reading-rooms, periodicals, entertainments, etc.; "the social life of the school" of the Chicago Art Institute "is fostered by the organization among the pupils of scientific, artistic, and literary clubs. It is believed that such organizations among the students themselves are important adjuncts to the symmetrical development of the scientist, the artist, and the scholar." The young women of Mr. Chase's famous Shinnecock summer school early came into the enjoyment of a large house on the hills provided for their special amusement as an Art Club in which to hold fancy-dress balls, witch parties, and other diversions; and various manifestations of this feminine capacity for relaxation will be recalled by innumerable visitors to picturesque summer-resorts in the land where these disciples have gathered, generally under the lead of some masculine preceptor. In one very paintable Connecticut village a real Japanese princeling, who was studying Western art methods, furnished for two or three summers deep and abiding joy to all the summer maids. The bedazzled scorn of the native rustics for these "purple girls" (as they have been called when led by a distinguished impressionistic landscape-painter) has only served to contribute to this holiday hilarity. The delights of small afternoon "teas" in very small housekeeping apartments are not monopolized by the women students, at home and abroad, but they are usually more cheerful and appropriate when not under masculine dispensation. Loftier flights are furnished by the issuing of small illustrated periodicals, dealing with art topics—a favorite enterprise with a few of the larger schools, one of the latest of these being a quarterly, *The Quarto*, by the pupils of the Slade School in England. The workers in Paris have until very recently enjoyed the great advantage over those in London of finding all the galleries and museums open on Sunday. The object of the Art Students' League of this city, as set forth in its first circular in June, 1875, was declared to be, not only "the attainment on the part of its members of a higher development in art culture," but also "the encouragement of a spirit of unselfishness and true friendship, mutual help in study, and sympathy and practical assistance (if need be) in time of sickness and trouble."

Unhappily, the burden of intelligent testimony, from those having the widest experience as instructors, seems to demonstrate the unwelcome fact that in very many cases it is but a mistaken kindness to encourage the study of art by educated young girls, as, indeed, it is but too often with their masculine fellow-students. Against this, of course, are to be set off the benefits that the community, or, at least, *her* community, may derive from the well-directed training of even an unsuccessful art student. Whether triumphant or disappointed, each would-be artist returns home sooner or later as a missionary of better culture, and, as Mr. Van Dyke has said, "they are all jesuitical in their advocacy of art." In this missionary work, the pupils from the industrial art schools are possibly even more valuable; it is Mr. Grant Allen's opinion, apropos of the Home Arts and Industries Association, that "in order to arouse artistic feeling in the people at large, they must all make something with their own hands themselves." Dürer's advice to certain young artists, to take counsel only of a man "who can explain his meaning *with his*

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hand," is applicable also to the artistic industries. The necessary encouragement of a due sense of the dignity and value of the latter branches need not, however, always be carried as far as the directors of the School of Industrial Art of the Pennsylvania Museum did recently when they declined to accept a free scholarship from the Academy of Fine Arts. It is but natural that in the exercise of some of the many branches of applied art, openings will be found for many more of these workers with little talent than in the more restricted professions of the painters, sculptors, and illustrators.

The oft-quoted impossibility of really *teaching* art adds to the difficulties of the student who brings to his tasks nothing more valuable than a strong desire. Even in the imparting of technical methods of expression, in the recognition of the danger that the preceptor may smother the pupil's struggling individuality under his own, there are the widest divergings. (Possibly one of the young woman's special disadvantages may be found in her greater proneness to accept masculine leads.) The most highly valued principles have been set aside in course of time as valueless, and the educational institutes vary as much as those of any other profession. The long course of assaults from outside which those of the Beaux-Arts and of the Royal Academy have sustained is matter of history, and that bulwark of British Art, the South Kensington, has lately been discovered to be so completely under the management of the "officers and ex-officers of the Royal Engineers" that its administration and its productions have been declared, on very good authority, to be "a very by-word in centres of artistic learning on the Continent."

Two of these fountains of instruction which are accepted as embodying the latest and most valuable principles, have been concerned with this great question of the female student. The school of Professor Herkomer, R.A., which enjoys a high reputation in Great Britain as one in which the "course of training is wholly opposed to the idea of forcing the neophyte into a groove in the way of a particular line of thought or action," as one in which "the learner should 'find his own identity,'" was by no means conducted on these high principles in the first few years after its founding in 1883. So strongly was the individuality of the Bavarian-British master impressed upon everything that some of the more intelligent and better equipped of the female scholars revolted. All visits to the art galleries of the metropolis, fifteen miles away, were discouraged on the grounds that "it would do them no good." On the oak panellings of the walls of the school-house was a singular absence of reproductions of works of art of any kind; in the "gallery" were some of the master's pictures and a cast of Thornycroft's "Teucer." Strict discipline was maintained, and attendance was expected at all the classes from life and in painting, morning, afternoon, and evening. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, the English bookbinder, is a convert to the Socialistic doctrines of William Morris and Walter Crane, and believes that the salvation of humanity is to be found in handicraft. Led by these principles, he abandoned his profession of barrister, and took up with that of a maker of books, in the treatment of the covers of which especially he has endeavored to demonstrate a new artistic individuality. If we may believe Mr. Brander Matthews, he is "one of the most characteristic personalities in the strange struggle for artistic freedom now going on in England." His theory of ornament is defined as designs "composed of a few simple tools, arranged upon a geometrical plan of equal simplicity, the figured tools being directly copied from natural forms," and the general effect sought being "one of great richness and elaboration." His methods and principles, somewhat modified, have been brought to this country by his only American pupil, Miss Nordhoff, who, with a strong feeling for decorative beauty, has found in this, with us, little worked field success in conveying by skilful handicraft artistic aspirations suggested as much as possible by the book itself. The joy of working with your own hands is indeed very sincere—as so many of the explorers of the lofty and wind-swept regions of pure intellect have testified when they came down; and it is this joy of material creation, of making something out of nothing like a very little god, that holds steadily to their work through poverty and great discouragement so many hundreds of men and women.

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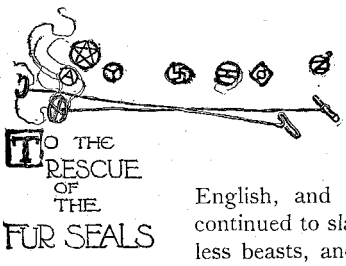
ABOUT THE WORLD

JUST as the world has become about resigned to the threatened extinction of the fur seal species, an energetic movement has been set on foot by our State department toward a final effort to give the Behring Sea herds a chance for existence.



The results of the Paris arbitration had been absolutely nil for any effective relief; the pelagic sealers, Russian, English, and American, have continued to slaughter the helpless beasts, and pelagic sealing has accounted for the death of some 1,100,000 animals—for with the 400,000 females killed at sea perished not only their unborn young, but 400,000 nursing pups that were left without food by the death of their mothers. Last year President Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, was appointed by President Cleveland to make a thorough and scientific investigation of the habits of the herds, and the causes of their rapid decline, and the results of the study are unusually interesting, especially in the charmingly simple and effective remedy which President Jordan proposes. After spending last summer in the northwest waters in a minute investigation of the animals, he has made an official report which places the entire responsibility for the decline of the herds on the pelagic hunters. Not only does land-killing fail to account for the decrease, but President Jordan thinks that it would actually operate to the advantage of the herds in reducing the natural mortality, provided only the bachelor seals were killed. To insure immunity for the mothers, President Jordan proposes the striking plan of branding the females so thoroughly that they will be practically unavailable for skin-hunters' purposes. He and his staff made a careful practical test of this method, and found that heavy and ineffaceable brands could be burned across the back of the mother seal, in the parts where the skin is most valuable, without hurting or seriously incommoding the animal. One is accustomed to think of seals as wary animals inhabiting the Arctic fastnesses of the northern waters, and anyone who has tried his hand at making pot shots with a rifle among the casual *phocæ* of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland waters may suspect the seriousness of a proposal to catch, brand, and turn loose practically every female seal in Alaskan waters. But President Jordan knows exactly what he is talking about. He and his aids branded more than three hundred and fifty animals in their experiments, and he calls into evidence the practice of giving the Aleutian Indians five thousand seals each year for food—a measure which involved the herding of about ten thousand animals in order that the quota of bachelors might be separated and killed. So much for the mothers and the more important sect; but President Jordan is not inclined to turn the noble army of bachelors over to the tender mercies of the sea-hunters. He thinks that it would be feasible to herd up, say 50,000 bachelors in July, on St. Paul's or St. George's Islands, and keep them fenced in during August. Since the climatic conditions of Behring Sea confine active operations in the open waters to these months, the poachers would be at a loss for game sufficient to justify their rather costly paraphernalia, with such a number of animals subtracted from the field, and with the females unmarketable, —and the industry must die. President McKinley has appointed ex-Secretary Foster and Hon. Charles S. Hamlin to do what can be

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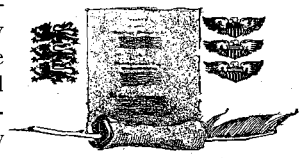
done this year, and this plan of President Jordan's should furnish the basis of such active precautions as actually to give the seal species a chance. It is thought that the two specific measures which we have outlined will not only stop the radical decrease in the herds, but will actually lead them to increase steadily to something like their former abundance.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE

THACKERAY ventured to say that the celebration of the Princess Alexandra's marriage was the greatest and most impressive fête ever planned in honor of a woman. If so, it is very safe to claim a superlative distinction for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, which is being cheered, preached, spoken, burnt, marched, and cannonaded as this magazine leaves the presses. The proposals for brilliant ideas of glorification which have agitated the epistolary friends of the *Times* during the past six months have run through all phases of human interest from a monster petition for the oblivion of the chimney-pot hat, to the total abolition of slavery in her Majesty's dominions. Another plan energetically put forward, founded an academy of philologists in honor of this sixtieth year of the Queen's reign, and composed of the most eminent scientists, whose *devoir* should be to look after the Queen's English, to see that its essential purity is preserved, and to weed out corrupting influences—in short, to preserve the English tongue, which, according to the London and Parisian essayists, is in danger of extinction along with the fur seals. The imaginary picture of such a body dealing with Walt Whitman is not without elements of humor. A fourth and very pretty scheme, emanating from some more poetic quality of loyalty, suggested that on the great Jubilee Day all rural and suburban England should repair to its fields, its trees, its mountains, its vales, its lakes, and its rivers, to choose the most beautiful of these works of nature, whether they be Exmoor Heath or only a lonely yew-tree, and bestow on them the Queen's name, to hold forever.

These are samples of the running fire of commemorative plans, which are suggestions not of irresponsible blatherskites and confirmed "Constant Readers," but of the most notable men in the kingdom. Back of them is a steady volley of local charitable efforts, headed by the plan of the Prince of Wales to raise a permanent endowment fund of £150,000 a year for the London Hospitals. With this suggestion as a fillip, there is surely not a benevolent society in England which has neglected this occasion to get itself out of debt or add to its income. If this department were given over entirely to a mere enumeration of their names, without a word of comment, there would be too little space to print the list, especially as many of the titles read like the "Queen Victoria Jubilee Nursing Institute Commemoration Fund," which had, months before the event, some hundreds of thousands of dollars to its credit. Innumerable towns are preparing to celebrate the occasion by clearing away slums, by erecting statues, by having art and artisan exhibitions, by erecting public buildings, endowing technical schools, renewing churches, establishing libraries, museums, public gardens, gymnasiums, coffee taverns, and drinking-fountains without end. And the addresses to Her Majesty! One London paper which has unsuspiciously begun the task of printing a note of national festivities suggests wearily that a wing of Buckingham Palace will have to be set aside for the warehousing of these addresses.

THE FATE OF THE ARBITRATION TREATY



THE Senate has now finally disposed of the treaty of arbitration. In its checkered career the most important clauses of the measure had already been amended to a degree that led the more enthusiastic friends of arbitration to cry out over its "evisceration." Of the important changes made by the Senate before the Treaty was deemed worthy of final annihilation, one withdrew the suggestion that King Oscar of Sweden should appoint the umpire of the second class of tribunals, and eased the minds of sturdy democrats, who feared even this much intervention from one tainted with the surroundings of monarchism. Another amendment allowed the President to appropriate any "jurist of repute" to be an arbiter, not limiting him to the members of the Supreme Bench, on the plea that the justices might be

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fully occupied with the exacting and important duties of their court. Finally, the most important, indeed the only greatly important, amendment provided that when a particular question arose for arbitration it should not be placed in the hands of the tribunal until the formal assent of the Senate were given. If there are many other Senates with the relative temper of the present body, one can imagine that this possible limitation would have become very real. But having thus provided that only such specific cases as they approved of should be arbitrated, our legislators came to an opinion, by a vote of 42 to 26, that no arbitration at all was even better. The vote was phenomenally outside of party lines or sectional prejudices, but it requires no especially keen analysis to find arrayed against the treaty all those names which have been impatient or sceptical of reform in other shapes.

The popular mood toward the matter of arbitration was strikingly shown by a device of the National Arbitration Commission, the results of which have just been made public. The Commission wrote to a great number of citizens, who might fairly be termed "representative," of the most diverse occupations with total disregard of the known or suspected sentiments of the persons approached, asking, "May we quote you as standing with ourselves in favor of the ratification of the Arbitration Treaty without amendment?" It is true that such a question would bring answers from a larger proportion of those who favored arbitration than of those who opposed it; but even thus the result shows that a vast majority of the intelligent people of the land wished the Senate to show far more hospitality to the original treaty than the measure received. Out of a total of one thousand and two answers, nine hundred and thirty-two assented without qualification; only twelve expressed opposition to the treaty; twenty-two thought it ought to be amended, while the rest, thirty-six, did not explain their position in refusing their support.

FOR more than a decade the Hon. Charles Algernon Parsons, a son of that Earl of Rosse who built the great telescope, has been working with devoted patience on the turbine problem, in the attempt to perfect a mechanism that would not allow the great relative loss of steam-power which had made this class of engines useless for the most important applications of power. The improvements made each year in turbine construction had in 1892 produced a machine that would generate one horse-power for each 15.1 pounds of steam used per hour, and in the last few years a number of turbines have been successfully constructed, some with so much as 900 horse-power, and an even greater relative efficiency.

The Fastest Ship Afloat.

Three years ago some gentlemen formed a syndicate to investigate the adaptability of the turbine engine for the propulsion of steamships. Last winter the Turbinia was built, and her successive trials, after various improvements and alterations, have shown this marvellous little vessel to have, even in her present state, a maximum speed of 32¾ knots, or 37½ miles per hour. There are some new torpedo boats which run just a trifling fraction of a mile more per hour, but they are vessels five or more times as large as the Turbinia. She is but 100 feet long and 9 feet beam, and it is almost incomprehensible to think of so slight a craft flying through the water at the rate of 37½ miles per hour. But even if there were not this extraordinary exhibition of speed, the trial of the Turbinia in England would have an unusual interest for marine engineers, and a glimmer, at least, of hope for all the sea-going public, in the totally new conditions of her methods of propulsion. The piston-rod jerking up and down for each revolution of the screw has absolutely disappeared. In its place there is practically a second screw on the shaft, inside the vessel. This is turned by the expansive power of the steam, and forces the shaft to revolve and the exterior propeller with it. The turbine weighs scarcely a fourth as much per horse-power as the engines and auxiliary machinery of the great express steamers of to-day. But most important of all, since the turbine is a perfect rotary engine, there is scarcely any increase of vibration with increase of speed, whereas with ordinary marine engines one finds a fearful addition of jar and wrack with every knot gained.

If the Turbinia means that we are to get to Europe in three days at 37½ knots—it would take three days and a-half—without any vibration to speak of in the hull, she will be welcome indeed. But even without this benefaction there is more radical importance in her feats than in any departure in marine construction that has been seen for many days, and the public will look forward to the trial trips yet to come with vivid interest.

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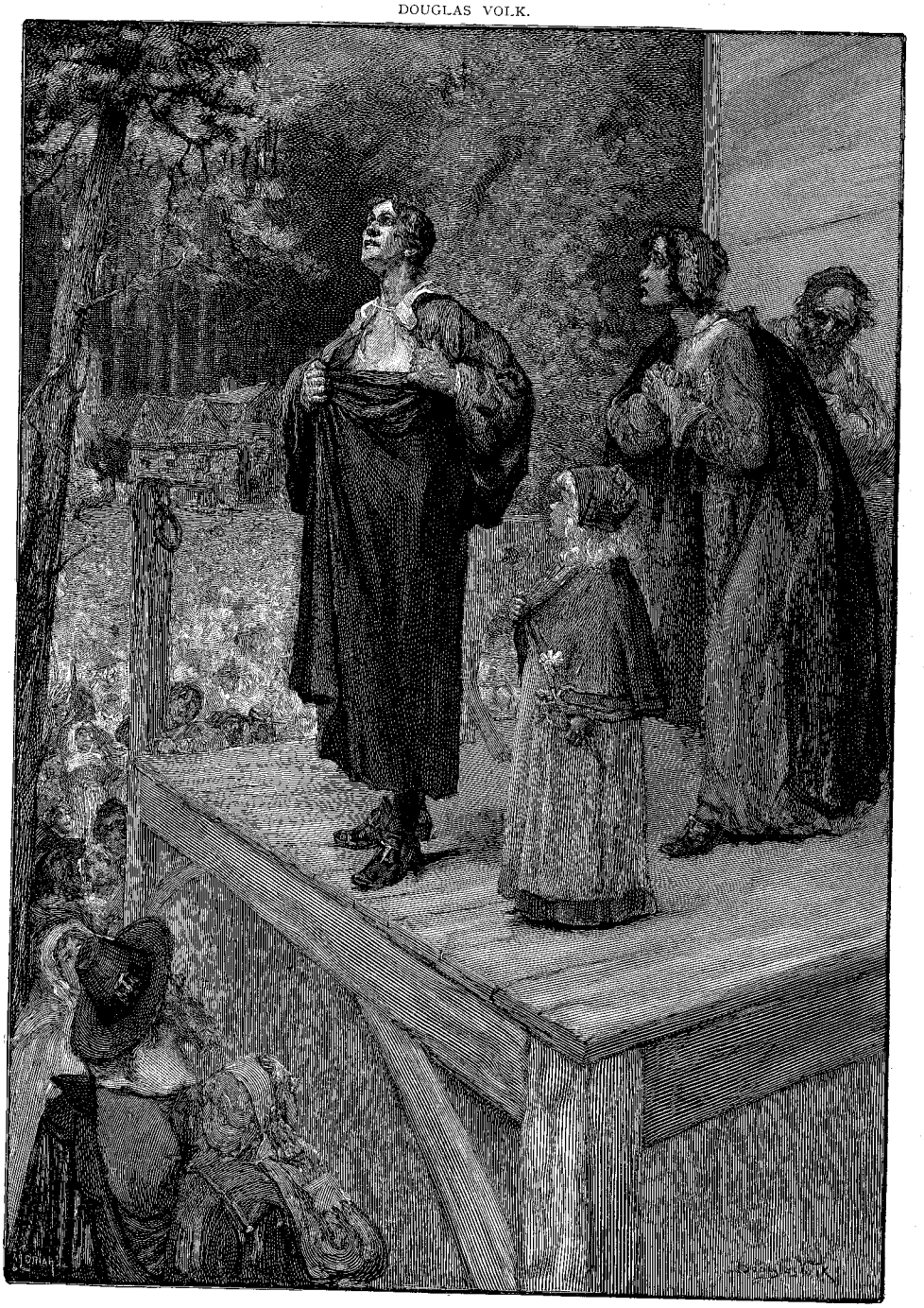

SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—VIII.

DIMMESDALE'S REVELATION.—*The Scarlet Letter, Chapter XXIII.*

Stand any here that question God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold a dreadful witness of it!

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